WEEK ENDING JULY 9, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Beginning **LILLIAN GISH - *The* INCOMPARABLE *by* SIDNEY SUTHERLAND**

also **P. G. WODEHOUSE, GENERAL MITCHELL, FREDERICK PALMER**

This meets that CRAVING *you feel for* "*a* CHANGE *at* BREAKFAST"

A natural craving, say dieticians, that must be met; the result of monotony in diet. You meet it now with food that's "good" for you and wonderfully delicious, too

BREAKFAST, according to the leading dietary thought of today, is a meal that must not be slighted. Yet, as everyone knows, it is the most difficult meal of the day to properly tempt the appetite.

Most people eat the same thing day after day at breakfast. Most people become tired of this monotony. The appetite, refusing to be stimulated through lack of variety, rebels. And because of this, what you *force* yourself thus to eat often fails to nourish.

Thus your craving for a "change" may be construed as Nature's request for food that will, because of its deliciousness, or "difference," be more readily digested and assimilated.

That is why *variety* in the breakfast menu is so universally urged today—both for your appetite's sake and for health's sake.

For that reason, thousands are turning to Quaker Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice; the most unique cereal foods known. Prepared under a process applied to no other cereal foods in the world, they supply the great adventure of variety.

Foods that supply it

Instead of forcing the appetite, they *tempt* it. Instead of coming as food that is "good for you," they come with the enticement of confections, and thus tempt the appetite into accepting essentially needed grain food.

They taste like toasted nutmeats. They attract like no other cereal. Children revel in their unique richness.

Each grain is steam-puffed to eight times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken in this process and digestion thus made easy.

Rich in food elements

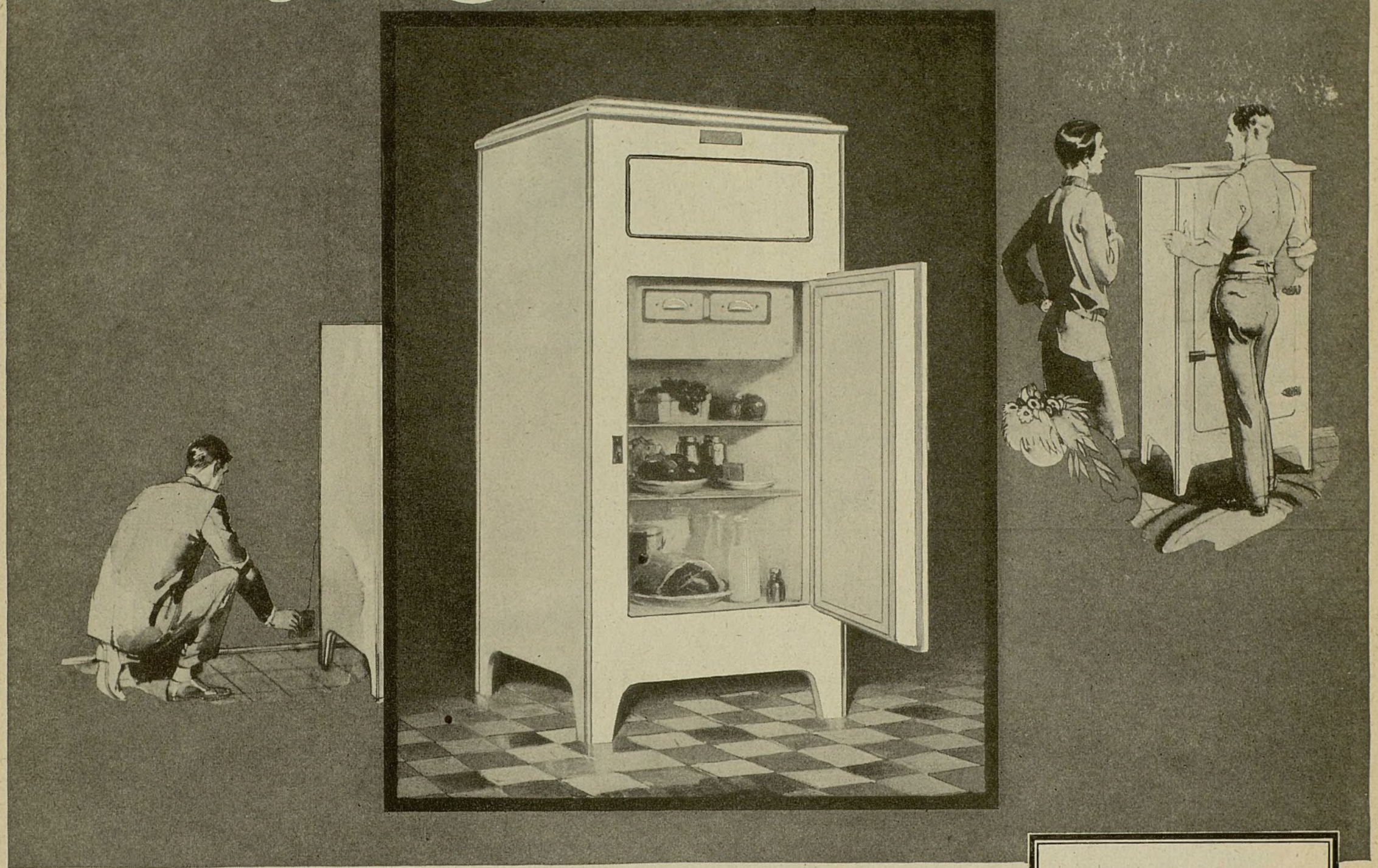
Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam-exploded to fairy richness. Almost 20% is bran, but you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, minerals of wheat, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, steam-exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

Serve with milk or cream or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tidbit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or, as a before-bed snack.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

FRIGIDAIRE



Thousands have waited for a compact, convenient sized, self-contained Frigidaire, at a low price. And it's here. At a price so low that it puts dependable, automatic refrigeration within the means of every home that has electric current.

This new model for $195

F.O.B Dayton, Ohio

puts FRIGIDAIRE *within the reach of every family*

1

Plugs in any convenient electric outlet—EASY TO MOVE.

2

Automatically maintains constant low temperatures—*without* ice, *without* attention.

3

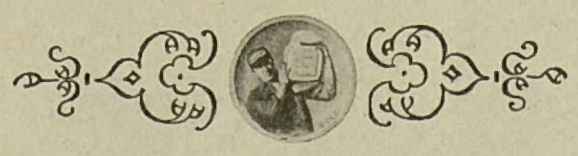
Freezes FIVE POUNDS of ice cubes between meals.

4

Has practically FIVE CUBIC FEET of food storage space.

A genuine Frigidaire complete for $195! Ample food capacity, plenty of ice cubes, sturdy Duco-finished metal cabinet, economical frost-coil cooling—all the features that have made Frigidaire the world's largest selling electric refrigerator are found in this new model. The correct engineering, the mechanical precision and the long-lived construction that characterize all products of General Motors are more than ever apparent in this new Frigidaire for $195, the lowest price in Frigidaire history.

Only Frigidaire could offer such value.

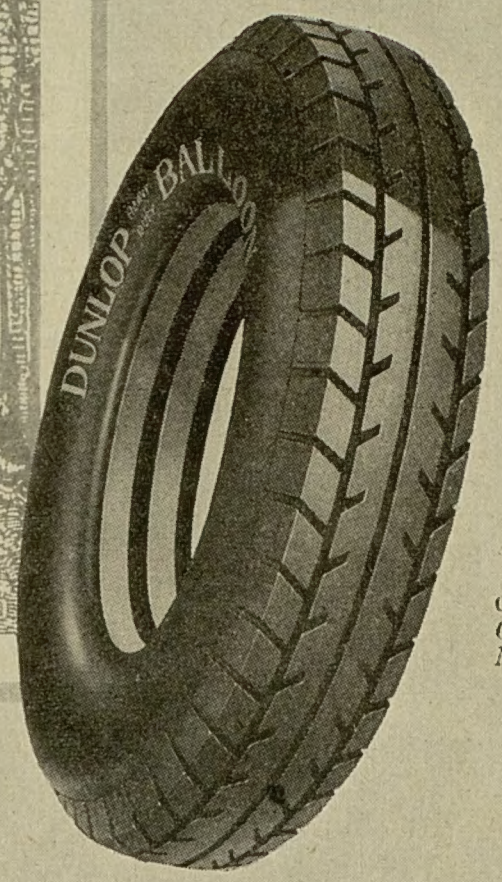


Only through Frigidaire's enormous production of 2,000 complete Frigidaires a day, backed by General Motors' almost unlimited financial resources and buying power, could such an electric refrigerator be offered to the American public at a price so low.

See this new Frigidaire. Examine the fine workmanship, the beautiful finish of the cabinet. See the quiet, efficient operation of its mechanism. When you have done this, and learn that you can have this model delivered to your home for a small first payment on General Motors' terms, you will buy *your* Frigidaire now and end all need of outside ice supply, *forever*.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
Dept. W-64 Dayton, Ohio

PRODUCT · OF · GENERAL · MOTORS



GIANT TREES *of* CALIFORNIA.
One of the seven wonders of North America. . . . . Can you name the other six?

Why should you think about tires?

TIME was when you *had* to think about tires. Rubber tires were new–an experiment.

Today, Dunlop has done your tire thinking for you. Hundreds of experts have scoured the world for the finest cotton and the toughest rubber. Immense laboratories have tested and re-tested to combine them in the finished tire. Modern factories make each Dunlop tire or tube *uniformly good*.

Now, all you need remember is to put Dunlops on your car. Then you can forget tires–secure in the knowledge that 39 years' experience has given to Dunlops a whip-like toughness that mocks the miles and resists the severest going.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

EVERY 2¼ SECONDS *someone buys a* DUNLOP TIRE

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

JULY 9, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4
No. 10

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

LET THE EAGLE SCREAM AGAIN

This week brings the Eagle's birthday—his one hundred and fifty-first—and it is his day to scream.

We are sitting on top of the world just now, but we don't deserve all the credit. It's due partly to luck and partly to the fact that when things broke right for us, we were ready to seize the opportunities that the rest of the world threw into our lap.

The fault will be all our own if any other nation displaces us. Nobody stays on top very long without deserving to, and that requires strength, vigilance, genuine merit.

We are a strong nation because we developed from the hardiest material the world had to offer at the time this continent began to be populated. Our country was settled by the most daring men and women of the most virile nations, recruited from the common people, as distinguished from royalty and titled nobility.

They shook themselves loose from hereditary aristocracies. Because they were free, nothing cramped their style and they moved rapidly onward to greater and greater power.

They found America inhabited only by Indians, a country of unlimited resources, made to order to leap ahead under the spur of a free people's tremendous energy.

We have always been a contentious people. We grew strong through conflict, internal and external. We waged war and established glorious traditions for the inspiration of succeeding generations.

The Eagle screamed loudly and perhaps sometimes out of tune in our brave early days. We never ran from a fight. We took on England twice, whipped her once and got a draw the other time—and England was the world's strongest power.

Next, Spain felt the heel of our boot. We "bought" Florida after threatening to seize it. A quarter century later we grabbed nearly a million square miles from Mexico to make more slave States.

Soon afterward we began a bloody civil war that nearly wrecked us and abolished slavery. Then a lot of little Indian wars. Later we booted the Spaniard out of his last Pacific and Atlantic islands.

Three centuries had utterly destroyed the mighty Castilian empire. Another three, or two, or one, may destroy us. Modern inventions of war and peace have accelerated amazingly the pace at which individuals and nations live.

The World War put us unquestionably on top. Some say we profiteered on the war. But it wasn't our war. We didn't dream it was coming. We kept out of it as long as we could, went in at the finish, and helped to end it. If Europe chose deliberately to destroy itself and place us in the leadership of the world, let Europe quarrel with Destiny, not with us.

From where we stand now there is no place to go but down. Our job is to remain on top as long as we can. The way to do that is to deal fairly but firmly with all other nations; make them respect us and our leadership. We must be prepared to defend what is ours. We must be so powerful that no rival will dare attack us.

So much for the future. Looking backward over the course of history since July 4, 1776, we think the Eagle is entitled to a good, raucous scream at least once a year—on his birthday.

IN THIS ISSUE

Lillian Gish the Incomparable.....By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 7
Being the true story of a great tragedienne (Part One)

Pig-Hoo-o-o-o-ey.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 12
In which a lover makes a silk purse of a sow's ear

The Flowering Plante.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 21
The Cat and the Canary's heroine blossoms into fame

The Gettysburg Fourth of July.....By FREDERICK PALMER 23
A vivid picture of the greatest battle on American soil

The Red Knight of Germany.....By FLOYD GIBBONS 31
The story of the Kaiser's deadliest war bird (Part Four)

The Greatest Sport in the World....By GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL 41
It's tiger hunting, says the famous flying officer

Husbands or What Have You?.....By CHARLES J. MCGUIRK 47
A writer who criticized wives gets it in the neck

Man Was Not Made to Live Alone.By MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE 51
The tragedy of a bachelor who was converted

The New Sky Pilots.....By QUIN A. RYAN 59
Putting the gospel on the air

The Devil's Mantle.....By FRANK L. PACKARD 64
A romance of the South Seas (Part Three)

Groomed for Play.....By MARY K. BROWNE 71
Tips from a famous woman athlete on dressing for sports

News of the World (p. 11); Twenty Questions (46); For the Love o' Lil (50); Bright Sayings of Children (50); Fashions (54 and 55); Patterns (55); Vox Pop (56); Cross-Word Puzzle (60); Sam Loyd Puzzle (60); Story for Children (63); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (69); Food (70).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

HELLDORADO: Two-gun Bill Hart of the movies was a piker as compared with the real gunmen of Arizona's wild old days. The true story of the gamblers, cattle rustlers, road agents, and other bad men of those times around Tombstone, as told by WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE, is more thrilling than any screen story.

SOFT-HEARTED GENE: Here's the latest one on Tunney. He can hammer another man's face to pulp, but it brings tears to his eyes to hurt a dumb animal. Fact. Read what HUGH FULLERTON tells about the champ's latest complex.

THE FOOTPRINT ON THE WALL is a story of a romance that dropped in through an artist's skylight.

FAIR AND FOOT-LOOSE WIDOWS: You may find them everywhere from Paris to Singapore. As somebody once said: "They buy steamer tickets on the way back from the cemetery." But what lures these relicts of well-to-do men abroad? FREDERICK TISDALE tells you.

July 9, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 10
Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Application for transfer of second-class entry from Chicago, Ill., to New York, N. Y., pending. Copyright, 1927, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Articles, short and long fiction desired. Address Editor, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. (Allow four weeks for change of address.)

FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

in smartest gathering places of smartest America

The Mt. Washington Hotel at Bretton Woods, N. H., a rendezvous of sportlovers of the smart set. At tea or tennis, on the links or bridle path, one meets those distinguished members of the Blue Book, after whom the rest of America patterns itself.

YET—*obtainable in your own neighbourhood, at a shop never more than a few squares' distance*

For Town & Country, an assortment specially selected for summer at one dollar the pound. Other famous packages include the Chocolate Bazar at two dollars the pound, and the Choice Box, Cavalier, Triad, Twenty-Odd at one dollar and a half the pound—all reflecting the same high quality and social acceptance of Johnston's.

WHERE the "right thing" is a fetish—at Newport and Bar Harbor—at Asheville and Southampton—in the great fashion centers of cosmopolitan life, and wherever gentlefolk practice the social graces, Johnston's is the accepted *mode.*

Thus, one gives this fine candy, secure in the knowledge of admitted correctness—or brings it into his own home to take its place among the good things of life.

The Town & Country Box is an excellent selection for all purposes—as a gracious offering to one whose social debtor you are. Or for the thoughtful week-end gift to an hospitable hostess.

You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

© 1927

Lillian GISH

The Incomparable

Being the True Story of a Great Tragedienne

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

THE veiled eyes of Lillian Gish exclude all mankind from her inner self. Below are several scenes from her long list of celebrated rôles.

PRELUDE

prelude: An introductory performance, action, event, etc., preparing for a more important matter; especially, *Music*, a strain . . . introducing the theme or chief subject, as of a fugue, suite, etc.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

THERE are four ways in which the story of a woman's life may be written: you may accumulate a mass of bald statistics—dates and incidents—which will contain about as much drama and interest as a Euclidean theorem; you may simulate the function of a phonograph record and impart the information that such and such, and such, are her mental measures, and such and such the impression you carry away from a conversation with her; you may behold her and, having beheld, wax merely lyrical—or, discarding the third method as unbalanced, you may combine the first two with the fourth, now to be set forth in this my overture, and approximate the perfect biography; the perfect biography being, after all, simply a genuinely revelatory chronicle of a woman's soul and what the world has done to it.

It is a delicate thing, and one to be approached with diffidence, to stand before a celebrated woman and say to her:

"And now, having learned your history and your philosophy, allow me, please, to examine your heart, that I may tell all those who have admired you in silence what lies therein."

Especially is this difficult if, because of her nature and because of what life has brought to her, she has inclosed herself within a barricade so impalpable as to defy definition, of so gossamer a quality as to be almost imperceptible

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Seven

ble, yet of so inflexible and impenetrable a character as to exclude all mankind, no matter how disinterested its prying and how academic its purpose.

Thus did Lillian Gish and I stand facing each other: she, eager and gentle and wishful to be of help in the writing of her career; I, questing, deferential, bewildered by the wall around the garden wherein lay the real story of her life—the wall of her strange reserve, the barrier she was trying so earnestly to help me climb, but didn't know how to reach down to where I stood outside, because all her life she has stood beyond a moat from all the world.

"True," she mused one day while we sat on her ivy-wreathed veranda and gazed across the purple shadows of Santa Monica Canyon toward a tangerine sun sinking into a couch of clouds resting upon the horizon of the Pacific Ocean—"true, you cannot ask a woman outright to reveal her heart. But ought you to ask me? Haven't I shown mine on the screen?"

I looked at her as she leaned back against her pillowed forearms in her wicker peacock chair. Oh, the soft and silken loveliness of her throat! The delicacy of the facial oval with the sweeping line from temple to chin; the ivory tinction of her cheek; the careless artistry of her tangled hair; the great gray eyes whose griefs and smiles a million audiences have gazed upon with breathless wonder at her consummate art; the little mouth whose sagas of sorrow and pæans of palpitant happiness have become tradition in the picture world.

At these things I looked—and at the pallid, fragile hands that have writhed with her terrors and fluttered as the wings of little white butterflies in her brief moments of portrayed joy; the thin shoulders at whose despairing signal a generation of shoulders have sagged in darkened theaters throughout the world; the willowy waist which has shrunk from the knuckled impact of the tragedies her heroines have interpreted in her day; the long, gracile legs that have borne her stumbling up the inclines of so many a Via Dolorosa; the little arched feet that have danced across meadows among the buttercups and beneath peach blossoms in a picture whose beauty can never fade from the tear-mist memories of those who have beheld it.

All of her, an exquisite little white flame caught here on earth an hour or two to teach and to enchant.

"No," I answered, following her finger to where she pointed—at the long, rippling whitecaps at the foot of the distant cliffs; "no, you have never shown them *your* heart."

SHE looked inquiringly at me. This thought came to me: that from the frost-breathing huddle of fur-garbed groups in a little theater in Helsingfors to the fan-cooled aisles of a Manila picture house; from the niceties of attire in a Piccadilly Circus music hall to the mantillas and tortoise-shell combs of a Valparaiso *cine;* from the poi-munching Kanakas eying a canvas suspended in the open under the palms of Samoa to the throngs tumbling out of movie palaces into the midnight traffic jam of Longacre Square—all across and up and down the world—the millions had sat in silence for fourteen years and watched what she has had to give them.

"No," I went on; "they have not yet been vouchsafed a glimpse of *your* heart. They have seen the hearts of *Elsie Stoneman*, of *Henrietta*, of *Anne Moore*, of *The Girl*, of *Lucy*, of *Angela*, of *Romola*, of *Hester*, of *Mimi*, of *Annie Laurie*. Those are the hearts you have shown them. I should like to show them yours."

We stared at each other.

"Tell me how I can help you," she asked presently.

"I don't know," I confessed, conscious still of the invisible veil that hung motionless and opaque somewhere in the mysterious interior of her gray eyes.

Just as you may say in all confidence to a nightingale, "Your song is captivating!" so you may speak to Lillian Gish; for her modesty and detachment are as genuine as they are rare in the world of pictures. I know, because of late I have strolled through that world, and self-effacement is a thought that seldom comes to mind while on that stroll.

And yet, here is a woman who has survived—nay, walked in the van of—the vast changes in her kaleidoscopic art; a mere girl whose triumphant, continuing career is a dazzling contrast to the brief brilliance of half a hundred screen stars who have burned their little zenith hour and shot down to oblivion—a great figure in the film world who finds it hard, seemingly painful, to talk about herself.

"YET it can be done, this printed portrait of yourself, and it ought to be done," I ventured, encouraged by her honest zeal to lend a hand. "Maybe it requires an unusual approach. If, now that you have just finished one picture and are soon to start another and thus have a few idle days at your command, if you would contribute just two things to our joint quest in the coming weeks, I believe we can reach our objective."

"Yes?" She leaned forward eagerly.

"Your patience and your time," I said. "You see," I went on, "you are the outstanding tragedienne of the world today. The Rachels and the Bernhardts and the Réjanes and the Duses are in Valhalla with the Titans whose ink-born dreams gave them their ladders to immortality. Only the Gish remains. In all the world there is, I think, no woman who is your rival in your art. Your lot is isolation. And while those deathless artists, like Saul, held their thousands captives in the hollow of their hands, you, like David, have kept your millions willing prisoners by the steady gaze of your eyes.

"And if you have climbed to that peak you occupy alone today in spite of the infancy and limitations and the commercialism and the unguessed resources of your field—the motion picture—what higher and nobler summits are you not still destined to scale, as the years bring to producers fuller cognizance of the potentialities of the screen and bring lovelier and more magnificent visions to your soul?

"So, I think it time your story were given to the world. Free from the transparencies and banalities of press-agentry, divested of the time-worn practices of the commonplace biography, shorn of the obvious and innocent of the stereotyped, the chronicle of Lillian Gish ought to be made available to the countless throngs that have followed you for years and loved you and wondered who and what you are.

"Maybe together we can do our duty. It will be easy to gather the data I require for chronological purpose, and it should not be difficult to jot down memoranda for the record of your philosophy, that child of all your experiences and your conclusions. But—"

She waited. I wondered how the indispensable factor might be attained. It seemed to me that it could be captured if we might stand

A scene from La Bohème with Miss Gish and Roy D'Arcy, who played the villain's rôle.

A casual picture of the tragedienne and Ronald Colman taken by an old bridge on the Amalfi Drive in Italy while The White Sister was being made.

together at dawn and look down upon a bed of dew-sprinkled pansies.

If we could walk through the old missions of southern California and in the twilight of the broken naves watch the ghosts of the black friars and the white sisters pass through the crumbling cloisters.

If, in some little tavern overlooking the mirroring sea, we might break bread at high noon. If the warmth of the afternoon sun and the tepid caress of the surf brought a recess of silence to mere talk. If we could stand upon a headland and watch the first stars in the purpling east wave *au revoir* to the drowsy sun in the pink-gold horizon across the world. If, under tall candles, we might dine and talk of Caribbean serenades and of the exotic wines and native viands the menus of a distant world had taught us.

If we might alight from a car where a ribbon of concrete ended its winding way atop some overhanging hill and, standing there in the lightly moving air of night, gaze down upon the myriad twinkling lights of beautiful Los Angeles and her brood of little mountain-nestling towns.

IF she would talk to me before the dancing cedar flames within her fireplace of the paintings and the marbles and the guitars of her beloved Italy, the world-swaying vision of empire that is London, the reddened bandages about the heads of poilus staggering back from the trenches where she went to make her great war picture. Talk to me of what the screen meant to her and what she saw above and beyond its present progress; of what she has done and of what she hopes to do.

I touched tentatively and only lightly on this program.

"If," I explained, "we might together traverse this admittedly unusual schedule, why, I'm sure that presently, both of us fully aware of its merely reportorial significance, I should find your heart cupped in my palms. And there I might examine it at leisure, feeling its warmth, watching it pulsate, listening to what songs might dwell among its little strings and go echoing through its secret chambers.

"Then, with your vast help, I should in all humility try to weave a rope of words into a net of narrative that might be tossed out around the world, so that all who wished to see its loveliness might be drawn close to join me as I looked upon that heart."

Lillian Gish turned from the ivied pillar against which she had gone to lean the while I diagramed the pathway to her story. She laughed lightly, her eyes wide. After a bit she nodded and spoke:

"What a nice anæsthetic you suggest for the operation! I don't know—do you think we can get what you call the real story of myself that way? Please believe me when I say I want to co-operate with you, to help you find what you came after.

"Even if we should not live up to that interesting itinerary, why, I think I know now what you want, and I shall try to give without reserve the chronicle you seek."

We had accomplished what we both wanted—the basis of a common language; and so 'twere wisdom to pilot the craft of conversation into shallower and more familiar soundings. I reached for my pencil. Again she nodded—and we proceeded confidently toward the goal of our several meetings, the setting down in full of the real, as well as the reel, story of Lillian Gish.

Reel One

"WHERE are the pictures going?" I asked Miss Lillian Gish, on a cloudless mid-afternoon toward the end of March.

Harry, her butler, left a tray with tea and things, and disappeared from the wide, red-tiled porch that overlooks Adelaide Drive—a road that runs along the southern lip of the great crevasse called Santa Monica Canyon. As Miss Gish studied her answer, she cocked her head in wordless interrogatory as to my wishes in the matter of loaf sugar and sliced lemon.

I told her, looking out across the enormous barranca which ends in a huge, abrupt V at the ocean. Little dwellings—flat Spanish bungalows with arched windows and gay colors contrasting with the sharp-tilted English cottages and stuccoed walls and leaded panes—clung to the tree-smothered sides of the ravine, fine roadways meandering from house to house.

'Tis a magnificent view. The shore line swings north and then northwest in a crescent until the rugged mountains lose their sharp outlines in the haze of spray and distance. Far to the southwest the faint gray eminence of Catalina Island slumbers in a blue horizon. Nearer at hand are the groves of Palisade Park, sentineled palms whose razored fronds reach toward each other in symmetrical, eager arc. Benches and a rustic railing give sanctuary to those who would sit on the crown of the lofty bluff and look out across the azure serenity of the Pacific Ocean.

I handed back my cup and waited. I might have known that from that keen mind novelties must issue; but I was not prepared for the radical angle of her response. One expects less from the modern young woman.

"What an overwhelming question—where are the pictures going?" she echoed. "Why, they are going so far and so high and in so many different dir ons that I might need a week to tell you w I think. We have just started; we are still in toyland; we have only the vaguest glimmer of an idea as to what it's all about. I shall have to talk to you at great length about where the pictures came from before I can tell you fully where they're going.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Nine

"But I can tell you one or two things the pictures are going to do. They are going to wipe out religious creeds and they're going to end patriotism. They are the only universal fact in the world today—the only thing on earth that does not require language for transmitting across frontiers and for reception and understanding.

"Human nature in the most remote huts under the northern lights is identical to that which exists in the thatched shacks that girdle the globe at the equator.

"BIRTH, life, death—these are the same everywhere, in palace or in kraal. Love, hatred, jealousy, ambition, hunger, remorse, hope, pity, cruelty, kindness, hospitality, pride, envy, superstition, fear, shyness, greed, satiety, cowardice, bravery—all these things are common to all men. They came with us from the womb and they go with us to the tomb, basically alike in their origins and causes, in their manifestations, in their effect on behavior, in their results; differing only in the minor matter of custom and geographical practice.

"A rose is a thing of beauty in Lapland or Tasmania and in all the reaches of the world between. Only in pictures can the idea embodied in and conveyed by a rose be carried to all four corners of the earth. And if a rose, with all its enchanting implications, is common property to all humanity, why should not that far more beautiful and stupendous and important thing—God—become alike the joint possession of all His children everywhere?

"Religion is fundamentally the same thing in all climes: it is that seeking for security throughout an eternity that commences at the grave; that hunt for solace here, that search for mind tranquillity, which alike animates all mankind, no matter under what constellation the worshipers live. As the ages have sundered mankind into tribes and nations, drawing between them imaginary boundaries and terrific walls of prejudice and misunderstanding, so has the worship of the one true God become diversified and complicated and the source of bitterness and misunderstanding.

"And since we merely tread different paths from birth to death, the paths depending solely on which side of a frontier we live, why is it illogical to believe, as I so stanchly believe, that eventually the motion picture will reach into all parts of the world, appeal to all men with a common tongue, and persuade all men to merge their sects in one communal highway down which we all may journey toward the inevitable spade of the gravedigger?"

An obvious question rose to my lips, but I withheld it a moment, as Miss Gish swept ahead, with rapt eyes fixed on the vision of a universal brotherhood in the domain of the temporal no less than in the realm of the spiritual.

"Patriotism, too, must go. Patriotism today is nothing more than that magnified greed for material things which was practiced by the earliest tiny tribes. And just as those wandering savage units deceived themselves into justifying their depredations and barbaric coveting of their neighbors' buffalo hides, and flint arrows, and beauteous maidens, and water holes, so the great powers today stultify themselves with propaganda giving justification for their wars and commercial forays and military alliances and larcenous coveting of their neighbors' worldly possessions.

"Warring creeds and cruel, self-blinding patriotism have been the cause of ninety-nine per cent of all the blood and all the tears that have been shed in all the world throughout all history.

"We've hated the temples next door and the way the people there made obeisance to the gods within; and we've hated the folk across the street because, perhaps, their eyes were aslant, their skin a different hue from ours, and because the pasture behind their house seemed greener than our own.

"In the name of the one true and living God we have massacred the poor strangers beyond the fence when we could not bend them to our way of kneeling; and in the name of patriotism and superior civilization we have slaughtered the family across the road when we could not confiscate their pasture and incorporate *them* into our national breed.

"If it is wrong for a German and a Frenchman to meet in the street and wage a deadly duel, I hold that it is a wrong ten million times greater for ten million Germans and Frenchmen to tear each other to crimson shreds with machine guns—not, as the world chooses to insist at this stage of our progress, ten million times more proper, simply because graybeards sitting in the personal safety of obscure chancelleries choose to deem the moment proper and propitious to declare war.

"Nor is it my rôle to assign the blame, if any blame there be for the horrors of the last war, to a people living on one side of the River Rhine or to another people living on the other bank.

"I only know that from the earliest tablets unearthed in the dust-buried ruins of the plains below Babylon we have the record of this thing called patriotism, the clay tablets still faintly red with the dried blood of men who have been butchered because one man thought his God more divine and puissant than his fellow's, and because one tribe deemed all the virtues of civilization to be monopolized under the banner that it flew at the entrance of its captain's tent.

"AND I think it high time for humanity to wipe the madness from its eyes and acknowledge that all the old experiments and practices, both in religion and in nationalism, are failures, and that they must be altered to include a new conception of religious relations and social obligations—that, under one deity and under one sense of human duty, the world folk may dwell together in sanity and tolerance and harmony.

"And the only medium whereby this end may be achieved is the motion picture, the visual Esperanto that all who *see* can *hear!* The silver screen is the only universal billboard whereon all men in all parts of the world can read without words the advertisements of destiny.

"Once this advertisement of the beauty and truth of co-operation and kindness and worldwide justice is carried to all the earth and repeated until all humanity understands, then indeed will the millennium be approximated. And my firm conviction is that the motion picture will bring the thing to pass."

Wide World photo

Miss Gish among the ruins of the ancient Colosseum at Rome.

Those who have watched Lillian Gish on the screen, lo! these many years, will appreciate the interest I experienced in watching her achieve her climax. It is a thing of curves rather than of dramatic angles. I mean, her gestures are restrained, her art subdued, her personality gentle; and I add, for those who have never listened to her speech, that her voice is low and mellow and in harmony with the masterly technique with which she emphasizes her effects. I shall have much to say about that technique and that dynamically effective restraint.

Just now, in the opening stanzas of our many conferences, I was eager to explore the territory beyond her somewhat startling prophecies. I had begun by asking her where the pictures were going rather than whence they had come, because, patently, a hundred actresses might be asked the latter, whereas I felt that unless she had given thought to the future of her profession her views of its past would be of minor import.

"Rather a formidable task for the films, is it not," I asked, "to assign to them the function of remolding the two vital impulses of mankind: its zealous and implicit certainty that its respective deities are the only right ones, and its jealous and unswerving assurance that its particular brand of nationalism is the only one fit to survive?"

"Oh, it will take time. But it will come. Already, and the pictures are really only twelve years old—for, after all, nothing that came before The Birth of a Nation counts—already the screen has standardized the expression of many of our emotions throughout the world. This is an involved topic and I shall dilate upon it later.

"JUST now I can illustrate my statement by saying that audiences in Chicago and in Tibet now think of the same thing when they see a movie of a man gazing at a woman and heaving his chest.

"Formerly, Chicago might have thought he was panting after a hard run, and Tibet might have interpreted it as meaning heartburn. Now they both know it means love! And Chinamen and Hottentots and Bolivians and Alaskans all know what the heroine of today's photoplay is trying to convey when she studies the calluses in her hands: they know that life has been cruel and that she has had to go to work!

"Well, one learns from McGuffey's before one delves into. Freud—and so the baby industry is teaching all the world to think along certain grooves. Later, the deeper and more important truths will be understood and accepted for what they are—truths. Don't you think this points the way to a universal conception of one God and one social responsibility?"

"You make it plausible," I acknowledged. "But—whose films are going to bring about this oneness of human thought?"

"I don't know who will make the pictures; it will be a long, long time before it happens—" she began.

"No, no," I interrupted. "I mean whose viewpoint is to prevail? Will it be John Wesley's, or St. Peter's, or John Calvin's, or Gautama's, or Lao-Tsze's, or Mrs. Eddy's, or Billy Sunday's—or whose?"

Miss Gish stared at me, without seeing me, a long time. Behind the strange wall of her reserve it was to be my rare fortune later to scale, until I could perceive the loveliness of the garden wherein she walks alone, I could almost *hear* the baby brain cells clicking as they absorbed the terrific question and evolved an answer.

I almost melted in repentance for putting such a problem before her; for it was so obvious that she realized the danger in her reply, the misinterpretations that might follow, that were almost certain to follow, anything she said.

And there was nothing I could do to help her—for she had made a tremendously significant prophecy, and she had laid herself wide open to my question. And unless she was honestly prepared and courageous enough to carry on in the ominous area behind that prophecy, why, either she had not really given the thing much thought or she ought not to have made her extraordinary forecast.

I believed, too, that those who will read this story of her life were entitled to a test of that courage and to learn the workings of her heart and mind.

Presently the mysterious focus of her eyes altered, contracted, and returned until, looking at me, she saw me! Then she answered.

I think that you will be surprised by what she said.

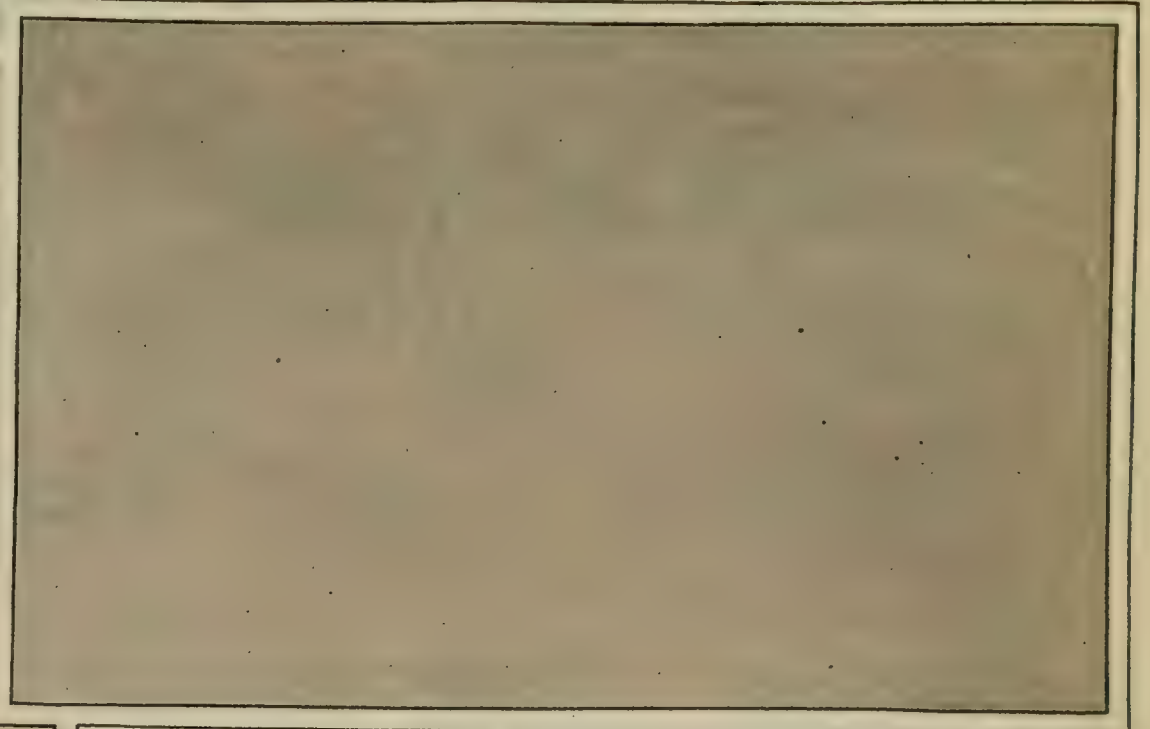
Reel Two of Mr. Sutherland's epic of the motion-picture tragedienne will be shown in next week's LIBERTY.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

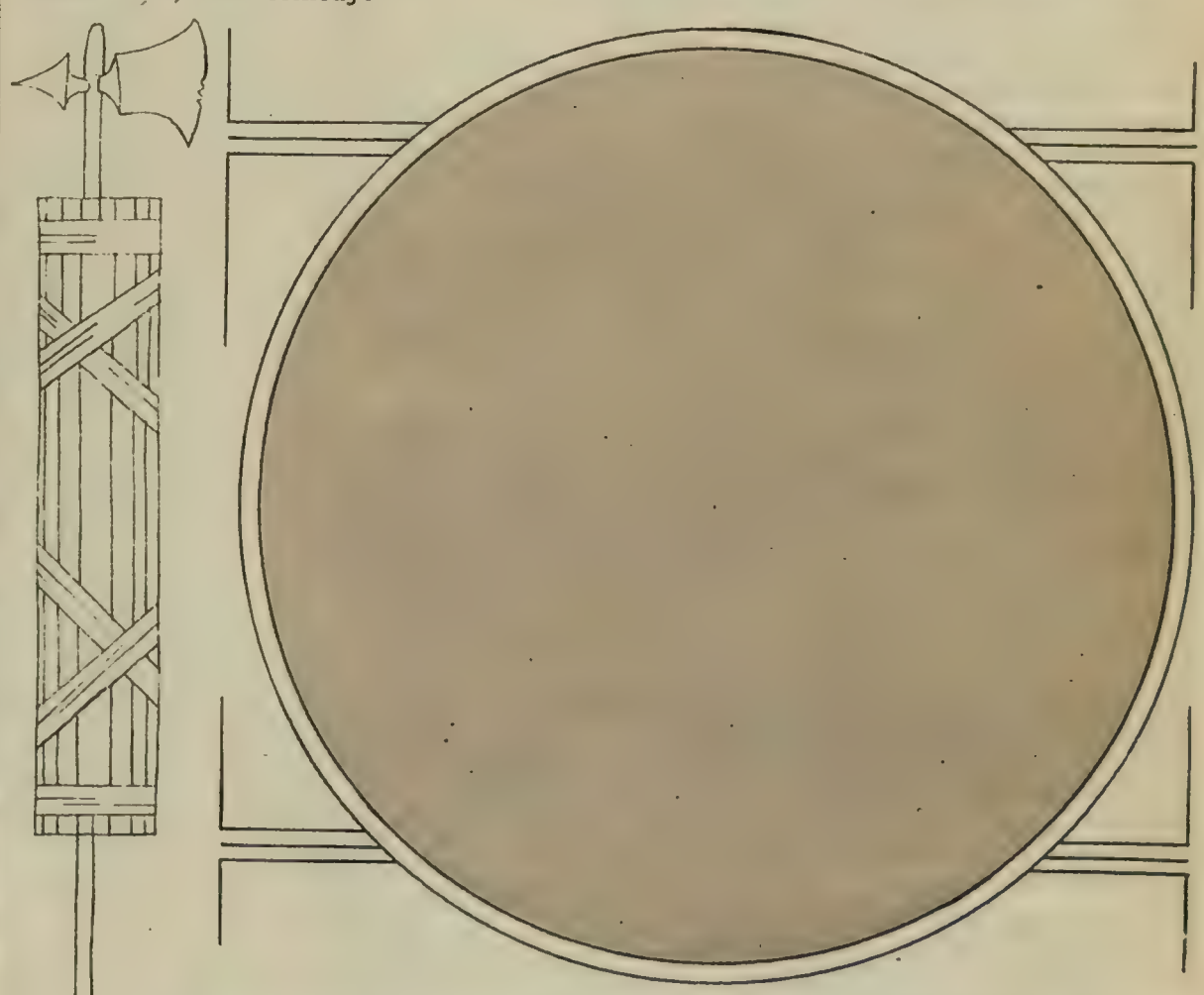
PUBLICITY MADNESS: Roy K. Albertus steps from roof of thirty-two-story building before gasping crowd as publicity stunt. Notes found on Albertus indicated he had not decided what publicity would be for when he had it.



LONDON BEAUTIFUL ON MIDSUMMER DAY: St. James' Park from Waterloo Place with the towers of the Foreign Office, the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey in the distance.

A REFORMER'S BORESOME RECREATION: Knight of the Right Jeremiah Flut takes a night off from his arduous duties in cleaning up the American stage and goes to see a nice, clean comedy.

HOLLYWOOD FASHION NOTE: Scarlet coat, white cord breeches, primrose waistcoat, and black, pink-topped boots are superseding the usual breeches and open-throat shirt among the better-dressed movie directors.



REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF LONDON DARKENED BY THE ECLIPSE OF JUNE 29: View in Trafalgar Square looking toward the Nelson Monument, the National Gallery, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Pig-Hoo-o-o-o-ey

In Which a Lover Makes a Silk Purse Out of a Sow's Ear

A Short Story by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

THANKS to the publicity given to the matter in the *Bridgnorth, Shifnal, and Albrighton Argus* (with which is incorporated the *Wheat-Growers' Intelligencer and Stock-Breeders' Gazetteer*), the whole world today knows that the silver medal in the fat pigs' class at the Eighty-seventh Annual Shropshire Agricultural Show was won by the Earl of Emsworth's black Berkshire sow, Empress of Blandings.

Very few people, however, are aware how near that splendid animal came to missing the coveted honor.

Now it can be told.

This brief chapter of secret history may be said to have begun on the night of the 18th of July, when George Cyril Wellbeloved, pig man in the employ of Lord Emsworth, was arrested by Police Constable Evans of Market Blandings for being drunk and disorderly in the taproom of the Goat and Feathers. On July 19, after first offering to apologize, then explaining that it had been his birthday, and finally attempting to prove an alibi, George Cyril was very properly jugged for fourteen days without the option of a fine.

On July 20, Empress of Blandings, always hitherto a hearty and even a boisterous feeder, for the first time on record declined all nourishment. And on the morning of July 21, the veterinary surgeon, called in to diagnose and deal with this strange asceticism, was compelled to confess to Lord Emsworth that the thing was beyond his professional skill.

The effect of the veterinary surgeon's announcement on Lord Emsworth was overwhelming. As a rule, the wear and tear of our complex modern life left this vague and amiable peer unscathed. So long as he had sunshine, regular meals, and complete freedom from the society of his young son Frederick, he was placidly happy.

But there were chinks in his armor, and one of these had been pierced this morning. Dazed by the news he had received, he stood at the window of the great library of Blandings Castle, looking out with unseeing eyes.

As he stood there, the door opened. Lord Emsworth turned and, having blinked once or twice, as was his habit when confronted suddenly with anything, recognized in the handsome and imperious-looking woman who had entered, his sister, Lady Constance Keeble. Her demeanor, like his own, betrayed the deepest agitation.

"Clarence," she cried, "an awful thing has happened!"

Lord Emsworth nodded dully.

"I know. He's just told me."

"What! Has he been here?"

"Only this moment left."

"Why did you let him go? You must have known I would want to see him."

"What good would that have done?"

"I could at least have assured him of my sympathy," said Lady Constance stiffly.

"Yes, I suppose you could," said Lord Emsworth, having considered the point. "Not that he deserves any sympathy. The man's an ass."

"Nothing of the kind. A most intelligent young man, as young men go."

"Young? Would you call him young? Fifty, I should have said, if a day."

"Are you out of your senses? Heacham fifty?"

"Not Heacham; Smithers."

As frequently happened when in conversation with her brother, Lady Constance experienced a swimming sensation in the head.

"Will you kindly tell me, Clarence, in a few simple words, what you imagine we are talking about?"

"I'm talking about Smithers. Empress of Blandings is refusing her food, and Smithers says he can't do anything about it. And he calls himself a vet!"

"Then you haven't heard. Clarence, a dreadful thing has happened. Angela has broken off her engagement to Heacham."

"And the agricultural show on Wednesday week!"

"What on earth has that got to do with it?" demanded Lady Constance, feeling a recurrence of the swimming sensation.

"What has it got to do with it?" said Lord Emsworth warmly. "My champion sow, with less than ten days to prepare herself for a most searching examination in competition with all the finest pigs in the county, starts refusing her food—"

"WILL you stop maundering on about your insufferable pig and give your attention to something that really matters? I tell you that Angela—your niece Angela—has broken off her engagement to Lord Heacham and expresses her intention of marrying that hopeless ne'er-do-well, James Belford!"

"The son of old Belford, the parson?"

"Yes."

There was a silence. Brother and sister remained for a space plunged in thought. Lord Emsworth was the first to speak.

"We've tried acorns," he said. "We've tried skim milk. And we've tried potato peel. But no, she won't touch them."

Conscious of two eyes raising blisters on his sensitive skin, he came to himself with a start.

"Absurd! Ridiculous! Preposterous!" he said hurriedly. "Breaking the engagement? Pooh! Tush! What nonsense! I'll have a word with that young man. If he thinks he can go about the place playing fast and loose with my niece and jilting her without so much as a—"

"Clarence!"

Lord Emsworth blinked. It seemed to him that in his last speech he had struck just the right note—strong, forceful, dignified.

"I'M not e guing," s Angela. "I simply sayi that I'm goi to marry Ji my if we ha to starve in t gutter."

"Eh?" he muttered, brought to earth again.

"It is Angela who has broken the engagement."

"Oh, Angela?"

"She is infatuated with this man Belford. And the point is, what are we to do about it?"

Lord Emsworth reflected.

"Take a strong line," he said firmly. "Stand no nonsense. Don't send 'em a wedding present."

There is no doubt that, given time, Lady Constance would have found and uttered some adequately corrosive comment on this imbecile suggestion; but even as she was swelling preparatory to giving tongue, the door opened and a girl came in.

Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN

She was a pretty girl, with fair hair and blue eyes that, in their softer moments, probably reminded all sorts of people of twin lagoons slumbering beneath a southern sky.

This, however, was not one of those moments. To Lord Emsworth, as they met his, they looked like something out of an oxyacetylene blowpipe. Angela, it seemed to him, was upset about something; and he was sorry. He liked Angela.

To ease a tense situation, he said:

"Angela, my dear, do you know anything about pigs?"

The girl laughed—one of those sharp, bitter laughs that are so unpleasant just after breakfast.

"Yes, I do. You're one."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Aunt Constance says that if I marry Jimmy you won't let me have my money."

"Money? Money?" Lord Emsworth was mildly puzzled. "What money? You never lent me any money."

Lady Constance's feelings found vent in a sound like an overheated radiator.

"I believe this absent-mindedness of yours is nothing but a ridiculous pose, Clarence. You know perfectly well that when poor Julia died she made you Angela's trustee."

"And I can't touch my money without your consent till I'm twenty-five."

"Well, how old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"THEN what are you worrying about?" asked Lord Emsworth, surprised. "No need to worry about it for another four years. God bless my soul, the money is quite safe. It is in excellent securities."

Angela stamped her foot. An unladylike action, no doubt, but much better than kicking an uncle with it, as her lower nature prompted.

"I have told Angela," explained Lady Constance, "that, while we naturally cannot force her to marry Lord Heacham, we can at least keep her money from being squandered by this wastrel on whom she proposes to throw herself away."

"He isn't a wastrel. He's got quite enough money to marry me on, but he wants some capital to buy a partnership in a—"

"He is a wastrel. Wasn't he sent abroad because—"

"That was two years ago. And since then—"

"My dear Angela, you may argue until—"

"I'm not arguing. I'm simply saying that I'm going to marry Jimmy if we have to starve in the gutter."

"What gutter?" asked his lordship, wrenching his errant mind away from thoughts of acorns.

"Any gutter."

"Now, please listen to me, Angela—"

Lord Emsworth had the sensation of having become a mere bit of flotsam upon a tossing sea of female voices. He looked wistfully at the door—

IT was smoothly done. A twist of the handle and he was galloping gayly down the stairs. He charged into the sunshine.

His gayety was not long-lived. Each step that took him nearer to the sty where the ailing Empress resided seemed a heavier step than the last. He reached the sty and, draping himself over the rails, peered moodily at the vast expanse of pig within.

For, even though she had been doing a bit of dieting of late, Empress of Blandings was far from being an ill-nourished animal. She resembled a captive balloon with ears and a tail, and was as nearly circular as a pig can be without bursting.

Nevertheless, Lord Emsworth, as he regarded her, mourned and would not be comforted. A few more square meals under her belt, and no pig in all Shropshire could have held its head up in the Empress' presence. And now, just for lack of those few meals, the supreme animal would probably be relegated to the mean obscurity of an "honorably mentioned."

He became aware that somebody was speaking to him and, turning, perceived a solemn young man in riding breeches.

"I say," said the young man.

Lord Emsworth, though he would have preferred solitude, was relieved to find that the intruder was at least one of his own sex.

"I say, I've just ridden over to see if there was anything I could do about this fearful business."

"Uncommonly kind and thoughtful of you, my dear fellow," said Lord Emsworth, touched. "I fear things look very black."

"It's an absolute mystery to me."

"To me, too."

"I mean to say, she was all right last week."

"She was all right as late as the day before yesterday."

"And then this happens—out of a blue sky, as you might say."

"Exactly. It is insoluble. We have done everything possible to tempt her appetite."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PIG-HOO-O-O-O-EY
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"Her appetite? Why—is Angela ill?"

"Angela? No, I fancy not. She seemed perfectly well a few minutes ago."

"You've seen her this morning, then? Did she say anything about this fearful business?"

"No. She was speaking about some money."

"It's all so dashed unexpected."

"Like a bolt from the blue," agreed Lord Emsworth. "Such a thing has never happened before. I fear the worst. According to the Wolff-Lehmann Feeding Standards, a pig, if in health, should consume daily nourishment amounting to fifty-seven thousand eight hundred calories, these to consist of proteids four pounds five ounces, carbohydrates twenty-five pounds—"

"What has that got to do with Angela?"

"Angela?"

"I came to find out why Angela has broken off our engagement."

Lord Emsworth marshaled his thoughts.

"Ah, yes, of course. She has broken off the engagement, hasn't she? I believe it is because she is in love with someone else. Yes, now that I recollect, that was distinctly stated. Angela has decided to marry someone else. I knew there was some satisfactory explanation. Tell me, my dear fellow, what are your views on linseed meal?"

"What do you mean, linseed meal?"

"Why, linseed meal," said Lord Emsworth, not being able to find a better definition, "as a food for pigs."

"Oh, curse all pigs!"

Lord Emsworth watched him, as he strode away, with an emotion that was partly indignation and partly relief—indignation that a landowner and a fellow son of Shropshire could have brought himself to utter such words, and relief that one capable of such utterance was not going to marry into his family.

HE had always in his woolen-headed way been very fond of his niece Angela, and it was nice to think that the child had such solid good sense and so much cool discernment. Many girls of her age would have been carried away by the glamour of young Heacham's position and wealth; but she, divining with an intuition beyond her years that he was unsound on the subject of pigs, had drawn back while there was still time and refused to marry him.

A pleasant glow suffused Lord Emsworth's bosom, to be frozen out a few minutes later as he perceived his sister Constance bearing down upon him. Lady Constance was a beautiful woman, but there were times when the charm of her face was marred by a rather curious expression; and from nursery days onward his lordship had been aware that this expression meant trouble. She was wearing it now.

"Clarence," she said. "I have had enough of this nonsense of Angela and young Belford. The thing cannot be allowed to go drifting on. You must catch the two-o'clock train to London."

"What! Why?"

"You must see this man Belford and tell him that, if Angela insists on marrying him, she will not have a penny for four years. I shall be greatly surprised if that piece of information does not put an end to the whole business."

Lord Emsworth scratched meditatively at the Empress' tanklike back. A mutinous expression was on his mild face.

"Don't see why she shouldn't marry the fellow," he mumbled.

"Marry James Belford?"—exasperatedly.

"I don't see why not. Seems fond of him and all that."

"You never have had a grain of sense in your head, Clarence. Angela is going to marry Heacham."

"Can't stand that man. All wrong about pigs."

"Clarence, I don't wish to have any more discussion and argument. You will go to London on the two-o'clock train. You will see Mr. Belford. And you will tell him about Angela's money. Is that quite clear?"

"Oh, all right," said his lordship moodily. "All right, all right, all right."

THE emotions of the Earl of Emsworth, as he sat next day facing his luncheon guest, James Bartholomew Belford, across a table in the main dining-room of the Senior Conservative Club, were not of the liveliest and most agreeable. It was bad enough to be in London at all on such a day of golden sunshine. To be charged with the task of blighting the romance of two young people for whom he entertained a warm regard was unpleasant to a degree.

For, now that he had given the matter thought, Lord Emsworth recalled that he had always liked this boy Belford. A pleasant lad, with, he remembered now, a healthy fondness

"Oh, curse all pigs!" young Heacham muttered. Lord Emsworth watched him with indignation.

for that rural existence which so appealed to himself. It occurred to Lord Emsworth, as it has occurred to so many people, that the distribution of money in this world was all wrong. Why should a man like pig-despising Heacham have a rent roll that ran into the tens of thousands, while this very deserving youngster had nothing?

These thoughts not only saddened Lord Emsworth—they embarrassed him. He hated unpleasantness, and it was suddenly borne in upon him that, after he had broken the news that Angela's bit of capital was locked up and not likely to get loose, conversation with his young friend during the remainder of the lunch was likely to be somewhat difficult.

He made up his mind to postpone the revelation. During the meal, he decided, he would chat pleasantly of this and that; and then, later, while bidding his guest good-by, he would spring the thing on him and dive back into the recesses of the club.

Considerably cheered at having solved a delicate problem with such adroitness, he started to prattle.

"The gardens at Blandings," he said, "are looking particularly attractive this summer. The rose garden—"

"How well I remember that rose garden," said James Belford, sighing slightly and helping himself to Brussels sprouts. "It was there that Angela and I used to meet on summer mornings."

Lord Emsworth blinked. This was not an encouraging start, but the Emsworths were a fighting clan. He had another try.

"I have seldom seen such a blaze of color as was to be witnessed there during the month of June. The place was a mass of flourishing Damasks and Ayrshires and—"

"Properly to appreciate roses," said James Belford, "you want to see them as a setting for a girl like Angela. With her fair hair gleaming against the green leaves—"

"More Brussels sprouts, my dear fellow?"

"—and her little feet brushing the dew from the turf—"

"The cheese is good here. You must try our Stilton."

"—she makes a rose garden seem a veritable paradise."

"No doubt," said Lord Emsworth. "No doubt. I am glad you appreciated my rose garden. At Blandings, of course, we have the natural advantage of loamy soil, rich in plant food and humus—"

"ANGELA tells me," said James Belford, "that you have forbidden our marriage."

Lord Emsworth choked dismally over his chicken. Directness of this kind, he told himself with a pang of self-pity, was the sort of thing young Englishmen picked up in America. In those energetic and forceful surroundings you learned to Talk Quick and Do It Now and all sorts of uncomfortable things.

"Er—well, yes, now you mention it, I believe some informal decision of that nature was arrived at. You see, my dear fellow, my sister Constance feels rather strongly—"

"I understand. I suppose she thinks I'm a sort of prodigal."

"No, no, my dear fellow. She never said that. Wastrel was the term she employed."

"Well, perhaps I did start out in business on those lines. But you can take it from me that when you find yourself employed on a farm in Nebraska belonging to an applejack-nourished patriarch with strong views on work and a good vocabulary, you soon develop a certain liveliness."

"Are you employed on a farm?"

"I was employed on a farm."

"Pigs?" said Lord Emsworth in a low, eager voice.

"Among other things."

Lord Emsworth gulped. His fingers clutched at the tablecloth.

"Then, perhaps, my dear fellow, you can give me some advice. For the last two days my prize sow, Empress of Blandings, has declined all nourishment. And the agricultural show is on Wednesday week. I am distracted with anxiety."

James Belford frowned thoughtfully.

"What does your pig man say about it?"

"My pig man was sent to prison two days ago— Two days!" For the first time the significance of the coincidence struck him. "You don't think that can have anything to do with the animal's loss of appetite?"

"Certainly. I imagine she is missing him

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

More popular than ever in summer!

So invigorating So convenient

Now is the time especially when women welcome a release from the hot kitchen. Yet they know how beneficial it is to have one hot dish with the summer meals, to invigorate and to aid the digestion.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup requires but the addition of an equal quantity of water and a few minutes simmering. Ready for the table in almost no time! Yet it provides the tonic, bracing effect of rich beef broth blended with fifteen tempting vegetables, nourishing cereals, and appetizing herbs and seasoning.

You will often make it the principal dish of the meal, for its thirty-two different ingredients supply real satisfaction to the noontime or suppertime appetite.

This soup is richly supplied with the valuable mineral salts so essential to growing children.

With the meal or as a meal soup belongs in the daily diet

12 cents a can

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

I always write with true delight
The things I'll serve for dinner
The nicest part is at the start
For Campbell's is a winner!

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

The Beauty Men Admire

Is natural beauty—which to thousands means "that schoolgirl complexion"—kept and guarded in this simple way

GOOD complexions are too priceless for experiment.

Remember that before Palmolive came, women were told "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only, to safeguard your complexion.

In your own interest, don't take chances. See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.

Retail Price 10c

3575

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

NATURAL skin loveliness is the clever woman's goal. For she knows that thus alone true attractiveness is gained.

For that reason, present-day beauty culture is based on natural rules in skin care—soap and water, a clean skin, pores kept free of beauty-destroying matter.

The only secret is in knowing which soap to use, to be sure that only a proved complexion soap touches the face. A good complexion is too precious to risk to any other sort.

Thus, millions, advised by beauty authorities, use Palmolive *and no other* on their faces, a soap made of rare cosmetic oils, a soap made to be used freely, lavishly, on the skin.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

and pining away because he isn't there."

Lord Emsworth was surprised. He had only a distant acquaintance with George Cyril Wellbeloved; but from what he had seen of him he had not credited him with this fatal fascination.

"She probably misses his evening call."

Again his lordship found himself perplexed. He had had no notion that pigs were such sticklers for the formalities of social life.

"His call?"

"He must have given some special call when he wanted her to come to dinner. One of the first things you learn on a farm is hog-calling. Pigs are temperamental. Call them wrong, and they'll starve before they'll put on a nosebag. Call them right, and they'll follow you to the ends of the earth with their mouths watering.

"I knew a man out in Nebraska who used to call his pigs by tapping on the edge of the trough with his wooden leg."

"Did he, indeed?"

"But a most unfortunate thing happened. One evening, hearing a woodpecker at the top of a tree, they started shinning up it; and when the man came out he found them all lying in a circle with their necks broken."

"This is no time for joking," said Lord Emsworth, pained.

"I'm not joking. Solid fact. Ask anybody out there. But if you want information about hog-calling, you've come to the right man. I studied under Fred Patzel, the champion. I've known pork chops to leap from their plates when that man called 'Pig-hoo-o-o-o-ey!'"

"Pig—?"

"—hoo-o-o-o-ey."

"Pig-hoo-o-o-o-ey."

"You haven't got it quite right. The first syllable should be short and staccato, the second long and rising into a falsetto, high but true."

"Pig-hoo-o-o-o-ey."

"Pig-hoo-o-o-o-ey."

"Pig-hoo-o-o-o-ey!" yodeled Lord Emsworth, flinging his head back and letting it go in a high, penetrating tenor voice, which caused ninety-three Senior Conservatives, lunching in the vicinity, to congeal into living statues of alarm and disapproval.

"More body to the 'hoo,'" advised James Belford.

"Pig-hoo-o-o-o-ey!"

The Senior Conservative Club is one of the few places in London where luncheers are not accustomed to getting music with their meals. White-whiskered financiers gazed bleakly at bald-headed politicians, asking silently what was to be done about this. Bald-headed politicians stared back at white-whiskered financiers, replying in the language of the eye that they did not know. The general sentiment prevailing was a vague determination to write to the committee about it.

"Pig-hoo-o-o-o-ey!" caroled Lord Emsworth. And, as he did so, his eye fell on the clock over the mantelpiece. Its hands pointed to twenty minutes to two.

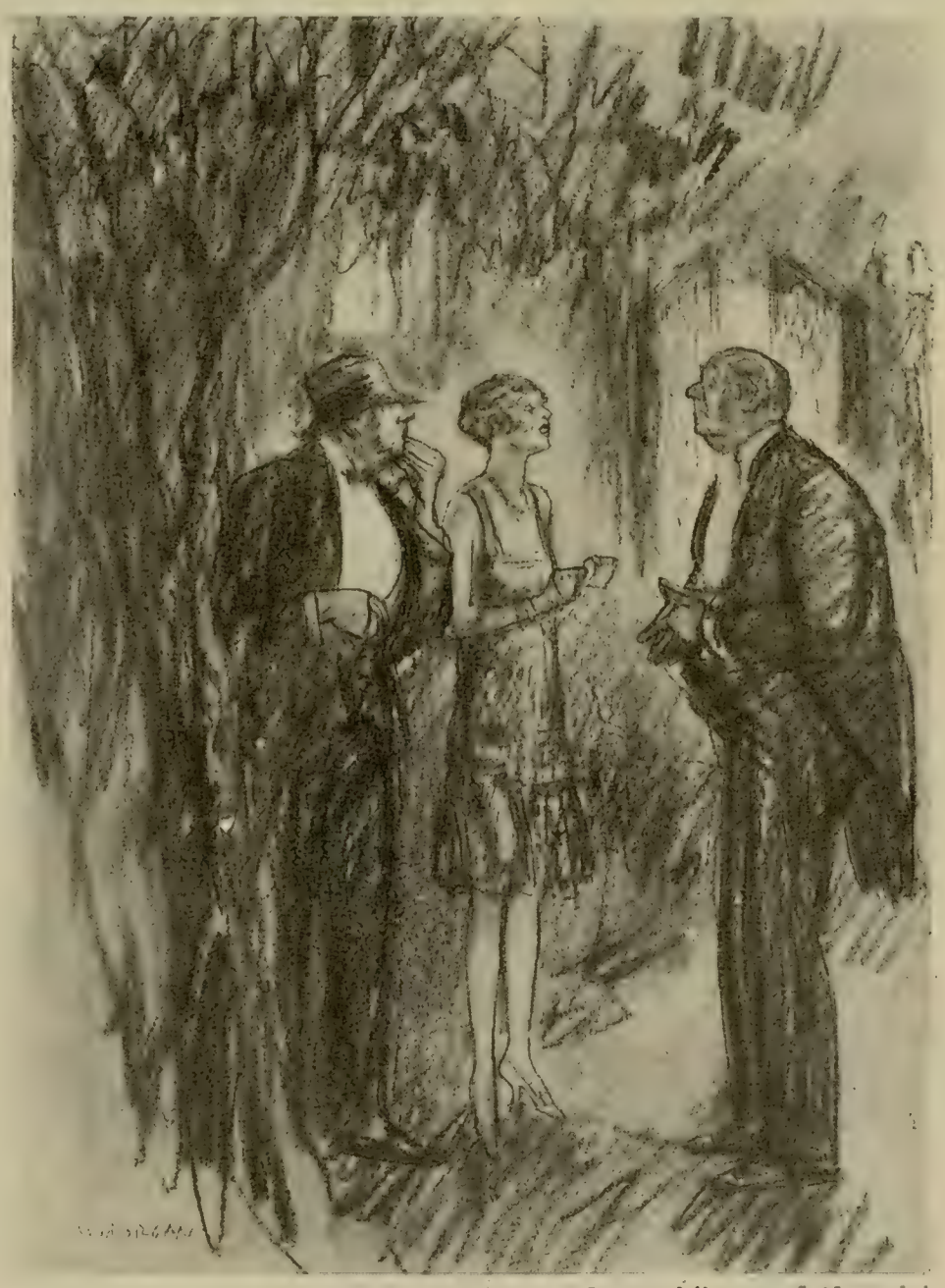
HE started convulsively. The best train in the day for Market Blandings was the one that left Paddington Station at 2 o'clock sharp. After that there was nothing till the five-five.

He was not a man who thought often, but, when he did, to think was with him to act. A moment later he was making for the door that led to the broad staircase.

Whispering the magic syllables, he sped to the cloakroom and retrieved his hat. Murmuring them over and over again, he sprang into a cab. He was still repeating them as the train moved out of the station; and he would doubtless have gone on repeating them all the way to Market Blandings, had he not, as was his invariable practice when traveling by rail, fallen asleep after the first ten minutes of the journey.

The stopping of the train at Swindon Junction awoke him with a start. He sat up, wondering, after his usual fashion on these occasions, who and where he was. Then he remembered his name. He remembered that he was on his way home from a visit to London. But what it was that you said to a pig when inviting it to have a bite of dinner, he had completely forgotten.

IT was the opinion of Lady Constance Keeble, expressed during dinner in the brief intervals when they were alone, and by means of silent telepathy when Beach, the butler, was adding his dignified presence to the proceedings, that her brother Clarence, in his expedition to London to put matters plainly to James Belford, had made an outstanding idiot of himself. There had been no need whatever to invite the man Belford to lunch; but, having invited him to lunch, to leave him sitting without having clearly stated that Angela would have no money for four years was the act of a congenital imbecile. Lady Constance had been aware ever since their childhood days that her brother had about as much sense as a—



"Come on, Beach. Push it over the thorax!" urged the girl eagerly. "You don't know it, but this is a matter of life and death."

Here Beach entered, superintending the bringing in of the savory, and she had been obliged to suspend her remarks.

This sort of conversation is never agreeable to a sensitive man, and his lordship had removed himself from the danger zone as soon as he could manage it. He was now seated in the library, sipping port and straining a brain which nature had never intended for hard exercise in an effort to bring back that word of magic of which his unfortunate habit of sleeping in trains had robbed him.

"Pig—"

He could remember as far as that; but of what avail was a single syllable? Besides, weak as his memory was, he could recall that the whole gist or nub of the thing lay in the syllable that followed.

Lord Emsworth finished his port and got up. He felt restless, stifled. The summer night seemed to call to him like some silver-voiced swineherd calling to his pig. Possibly, he thought, a breath of fresh air might stimulate his brain cells.

He wandered downstairs; and, having dug an old slouch hat out of the cupboard where he hid it to keep his sister Constance from impounding and burning it, he strode heavily into the garden.

He was pottering aimlessly to and fro in the parts adjacent to the rear of the castle when there appeared in his path a slender female form. He recognized it without pleasure.

Any unbiased judge would have said that his niece Angela, standing there in the soft, pale light, looked like some dainty spirit of the moon. Lord Emsworth was not an unbiased judge. To him Angela merely looked like trouble.

"Is that you, my dear?" he said nervously.

"Yes."

"I didn't see you at dinner."

"I didn't want any dinner. The food would have choked me. I can't eat."

"It's precisely the same with my pig," said his lordship. "She hasn't touched food for two days. Young Belford tells me—"

INTO Angela's queenly disdain there flashed a sudden animation.

"Have you seen Jimmy? What did he say?"

"That's just what I can't remember. It began with the word 'pig'—"

"But after he had finished talking about you, I mean. Didn't he say anything about coming down here?"

"Not that I remember."

"I expect you weren't listening. You've got a very annoying habit, Uncle Clarence," said Angela maternally, "of switching your mind off and just going blah when people are talking to you. It gets you very much disliked on all sides. Didn't Jimmy say anything about me?"

"I fancy so. Yes, I am nearly sure he did."

"Well, what?"

"I cannot remember."

There was a sharp clicking noise in the darkness. It was caused by Angela's top front teeth meeting her bottom front teeth, and was followed by a sort of wordless exclamation.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," said Lord Emsworth plaintively.

"Do what?"

"Make clicking noises at me."

"I will make clicking noises at you. You know perfectly well, Uncle Clarence, that you are behaving like a bohunkus."

"A what?"

"A bohunkus," explained his niece coldly, "is a very inferior sort of worm. Not the kind of worm that you see on lawns, which you can respect, but a really degraded species."

"I wish you would go in, my dear," said Lord Emsworth. "The night air may give you a chill."

"I won't go in. I came out here to look at the moon and think of Jimmy. What are you doing out here, if it comes to that?"

"I came here to think. I am greatly exercised about my pig, Empress of Blandings. For two days she has refused her food, and young Belford says she will not eat until she hears the proper call. He very kindly taught it to me, but unfortunately I have forgotten it."

"I wonder you had the nerve to ask Jimmy to teach you pig calls, considering the way you're treating him."

"But—"

"And all I can say is that, if you remember this call of his and it makes the Empress eat, you ought to be ashamed of yourself if you still refuse to let me marry him."

"My dear," said Lord Emsworth earnestly, "if, through young Belford's instrumentality, Empress of Blandings is induced to take nour-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PIG-HOO-O-O-O-EY
Continued from Page Seventeen]

ishment, there is nothing I will refuse him."

"Honor bright?"

"I give you my solemn word."

"You won't let Aunt Constance bully you out of it?"

Lord Emsworth drew himself up.

"Certainly not," he said proudly. "I am always ready to listen to your Aunt Constance's views, but there are certain matters where I claim the right to act according to my own judgment." He paused and stood musing. "It began with the word 'pig'—"

From somewhere near at hand music made itself heard. The servants' hall, its day's labors ended, was refreshing itself with the housekeeper's gramophone. To Lord Emsworth the strains were merely an additional annoyance. He was not fond of music.

"Yes, I can distinctly recall as much as that. Pig—Pig—"

"WHO—"

Lord Emsworth leaped in the air. It was as if an electric shock had been applied to his person.

"WHO stole my heart away?" howled the gramophone. "WHO—?"

The peace of the summer night was shattered by a triumphant shout:

"Pig-HOO-o-o-o-ey!"

A window opened. A large bald head appeared. A dignified voice spoke:

"Who is there? Who is making that noise?"

"Beach!" cried Lord Emsworth. "Come out here at once."

"Very good, your lordship."

AND presently the beautiful night was made still more lovely by the added attraction of the butler's presence.

"Beach, listen to this."

"Very good, your lordship."

"Pig-hoo-o-o-o-ey!"

"Very good, your lordship."

"Now you do it."

"I, your lordship?"

"Yes. It's a way you call pigs."

"I do not call pigs, your lordship," said the butler coldly.

"What do you want Beach to do it for?" asked Angela.

"Two heads are better than one. If we both learn it, it will not matter should I forget it again."

"By Jove, yes! Come on, Beach. Push it over the thorax!" urged the girl eagerly. "You don't know it, but this is a matter of life and death. 'At-a-boy, Beach!"

It had been the butler's intention, prefacing his remarks with the statement that he had been in service at the castle for eighteen years, to explain frigidly to Lord Emsworth that it was not his place to stand in the moonlight, practicing pig calls. If his lordship saw the matter from a different angle, than it was his painful duty to tender his resignation, to become effective one month from that day.

But the intervention of Angela made this impossible to a man of chivalry and heart. A paternal fondness for the girl, dating from the days when he had stooped to enacting—and very convincingly, too, for his was a figure that lent itself to the impersonation—the rôle of a hippopotamus for her childish amusement, checked the words he would have uttered.

She was looking at him with bright eyes, and even the rendering of pig noises seemed a small sacrifice to make for her sake.

"Very good, your lordship," he said in a low voice. "I shall endeavor to give satisfaction."

"Stout fellow, Beach! What's the matter with Beach? He's all right! Who's all right? Beach is all right!" said Angela, and the butler bowed, feeling like a knight who has received the thanks of his lady.

"I would merely advance the suggestion, your lordship," he said, "that we move a few steps farther away from the vicinity of the servants' hall. If I were to be overheard, it would weaken my position as a disciplinary force."

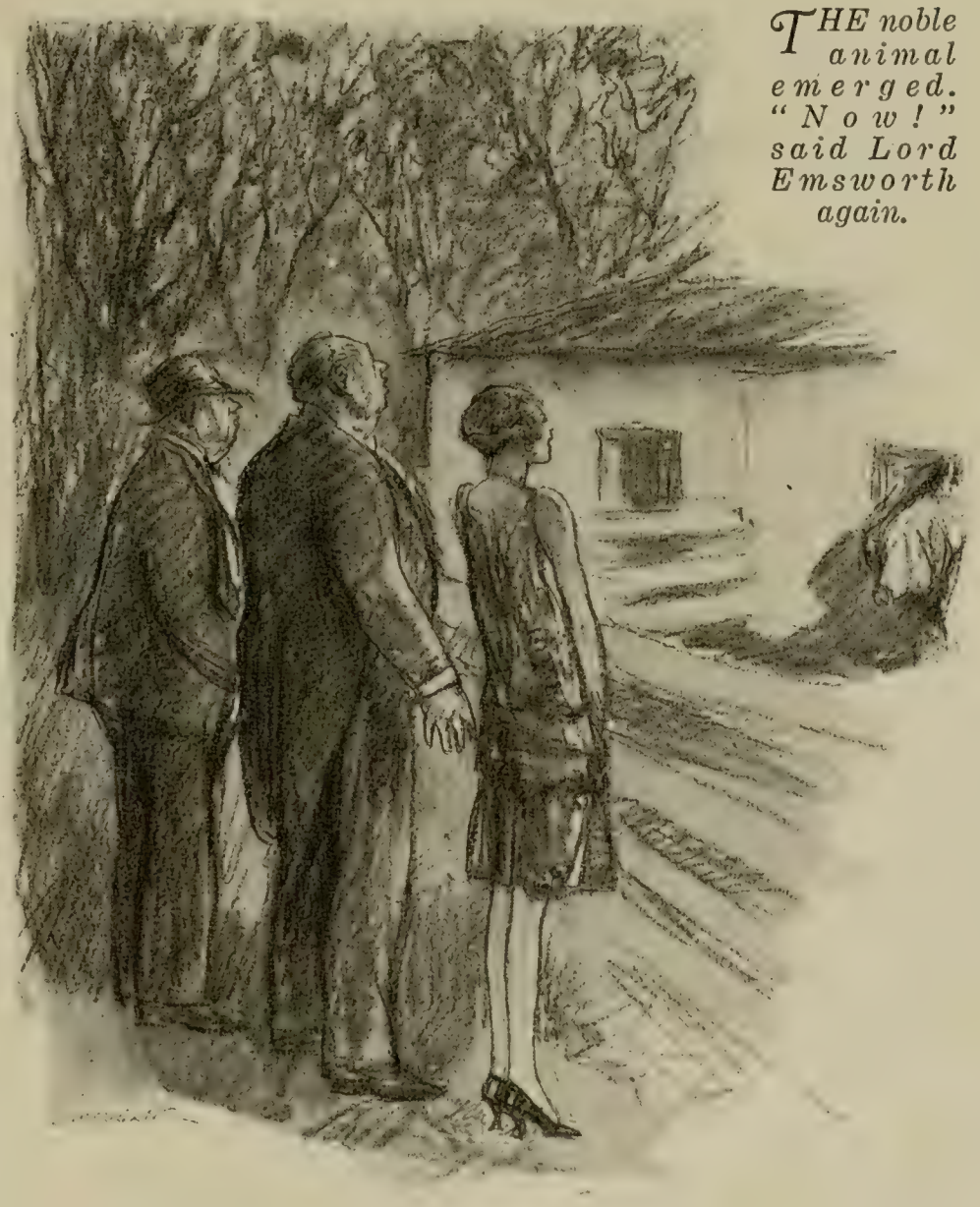
"What chumps we are!" cried Angela. "The place to do it is outside the Empress' sty. Then, if it works, we'll see it working."

Lord Emsworth found this a little abstruse, but after a moment he got it.

"Angela," he said, "you are a very intelligent girl. Where you get your brains from I don't know. Not from my side of the family."

THE residence of the Empress of Blandings looked very snug and attractive in the moonlight. But beneath even the beautiful things of life there is always an underlying madness. This was supplied in the present instance by a long, low trough, only too plainly full to the brim of succulent mash and acorns. The fast, obviously, was still in progress.

The sty stood some distance from the castle walls, so that there had been ample opportunity for Lord Emsworth to rehearse his little company during the journey. By the time they had ranged themselves against the rails, his two assistants had become absolutely letter-perfect.



THE noble animal emerged. "Now!" said Lord Emsworth again.

After a moment, "Now!" said his lordship.

There floated out upon the summer night a strange, composite sound that sent the birds shooting off their perches like rockets. Angela's clear soprano rang out like the voice of the *Village Blacksmith's* daughter. Lord Emsworth contributed a reedy tenor. And the bass notes of Beach probably did more to startle the birds than any other item in the program.

They paused and listened. Inside the Empress' boudoir sounded the movement of a heavy body and an inquiring grunt. The next moment, the sacking that covered the doorway was pushed aside, and the noble animal emerged.

"Now!" said Lord Emsworth again.

Once more that musical cry shattered the silence of the night. But it brought no responsive movement from Empress of Blandings. She stood there, motionless, her nose elevated, her ears hanging down, her eyes everywhere but on the trough where, by rights, she should now have been digging in. A chill disappointment crept over Lord Emsworth, to be succeeded by a gust of petulant anger.

"I might have known it," he said bitterly. "That young scoundrel was deceiving me."

"He wasn't!" cried Angela indignantly. "Was he, Beach?"

"Not knowing the circumstances, miss, I cannot venture an opinion."

"Well, why has it no effect, then?" demanded Lord Emsworth.

"You can't expect it to work right away. We've got her stirred up, haven't we? She's thinking it over, isn't she? Once more will do the trick. Ready, Beach?"

"Quite ready, miss."

"Then, when I say 'three.' And this time, Uncle Clarence, do please for goodness' sake not yowl like you did before. It was enough to put any pig off. Let it come out quite easily and gracefully. Now, then; one, two—three!"

The echoes died away. As they did so, a voice spoke:

"Community singing?"

"Jimmy!" cried Angela, whisking round.

"Hullo, Angela. Hullo, Lord Emsworth. Hullo, Beach."

"Good evening, sir. Happy to see you again."

"Thanks. I'm spending a few days at the vicarage with my father."

Lord Emsworth cut in peevishly upon these civilities.

"Young man," he said, "what do you mean by telling me that my pig would respond to that cry? It does nothing of the kind."

"You can't have done it right."

"I did it precisely as you instructed me. I have had, moreover, the assistance of Beach here and my niece Angela—"

"The future Mrs. Belford," interjected the girl. "Jimmy darling, Uncle Clarence says—"

"Let's hear a sample," said the young man.

LORD EMSWORTH cleared his throat.

"Pig-hoo-o-o-o-ey!"

James Belford shook his head.

"Nothing like it," he said. "You want to begin the 'hoo' in a low minor of two quarter notes in four-four time. From this build gradually to a higher note, until at last the voice is soaring in full crescendo, reaching F sharp on the natural scale and dwelling for two retarded half notes, then breaking into a shower of accidental grace notes."

"God bless my soul!" said Lord Emsworth, appalled. "I shall never be able to do it."

"Jimmy will do it for you," said Angela. "Now that he's engaged to me, he'll be one of the family and always popping about here. He can do it every day till the show is over."

James Belford nodded.

"I think that would be the wisest plan. You need a voice that has been trained in the open prairie. You need a manly, sunburned, wind-scorched voice, with a suggestion in it of the crackling of corn husks and the whisper of evening breezes in the fodder. Like this!"

James Belford swelled before their eyes like a young balloon. The muscles on his cheeks stood out, his forehead became corrugated, his ears seemed to shimmer. Then, at the very height of the tension, he let it go like, as the poet beautifully puts it, the sound of a great Amen.

"Pig-HOOOOOO-OOO-OOO-O-O-ey!"

They looked at him, awed. Slowly, fading off across hill and dale, the vast bellow died away. And suddenly, as it died, another, softer sound succeeded it—a sort of gulpy, gurgly, plobby, squishy, wofflesome sound, like a thousand eager men drinking soup in a foreign restaurant. And, as he heard it, Lord Emsworth uttered a cry of rapture.

The Empress was feeding.

THE END

Now $14.50 Complete

FANDANGO Auto Seat Covers

Protect and Beautify Your Car

SUMMER with its dust and sunny glare demands protection to the upholstery of your car, whether your automobile is brand new or has been in use for two or three years. FANDANGO AUTO SEAT COVERS completely cover upholstery and afford perfect protection. In addition, they add beauty to your car and prolong the life of the upholstery.

Four Vital Improvements

Only FANDANGOS snap on or off in a few minutes. *Only* FANDANGOS are attached with absolutely no tacking or sewing. *Only* FANDANGOS leave upholstery and interior unmarred when removed. *Only* FANDANGOS have the new patented fasteners whose features insure perfect satisfaction.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed

FANDANGO AUTO SEAT COVERS fit as smoothly as the original upholstery. Master patterns are cut for every car to insure perfect fit. If these covers do not satisfy in fit, workmanship, material and appearance, you can return them and *money will be refunded.* $50 to $75 made-to-order seat covers cannot look, fit or wear better than FANDANGOS.

Keep Clothes Clean

A most important feature during Summer when light colored clothes are worn by men, women and children. Frolicking children, greasy hands, muddy feet, road dirt and dust have no terrors for FANDANGOS.

10 Pieces in Every Set

Sets are complete. Covers for seats, backs, side panels, arm rests, and door covers with large pockets. The back part of front cover reaches the floor, thus offering full protection against the feet of the rear seat occupants in the car.

If your dealer cannot supply you with new FANDANGO AUTO SEAT COVERS, fill out and mail coupon to us direct. Send no money!

Made for COACHES, SEDANS
COUPES, BROUGHAMS

4 or 5 passenger cars	$14.50
7 passenger cars	18.50
2 passenger coupes *(except Ford and Chevrolet)*	9.95

FORDS

All models Coupes and Roadsters	$5.95
Coaches, Sedans, Touring Cars	9.95

CHEVROLETS

Coupes	$6.95
Sedans, Coaches, Touring Cars	10.95

1924, 1925, 1926, 1927 Models—

BUICK	PACKARD	OAKLAND
CADILLAC	PAIGE	OLDSMOBILE
CHANDLER	AUBURN	OVERLAND
CLEVELAND	HUPMOBILE	PONTIAC
CHRYSLER	NASH	REO
DODGE	AJAX	STAR
ESSEX	LITTLE MARMON 8	STUDEBAKER
FLINT	LOCOMOBILE Jr. 8	WILLYS-KNIGHT
JEWETT	MAXWELL	WHIPPET
HUDSON	LA SALLE	

Send No Money—Mail Coupon Now

DURANT MOTOCOVER CO., INC.
200 6th Avenue, *Dept. A-5,* New York City

Please send me one complete set of Fandango Auto Seat Covers. I will examine them and pay expressman upon delivery if satisfactory.

Note: Check full information. Print name and address plainly.

☐ Model ☐ Master ☐ Standard ☐ Special ☐ Light
☐ Advance ☐ 4 Cylinders ☐ 6 Cylinders ☐ 8 Cylinders ☐ 2 Door
☐ 4 Door ☐ 4 Passenger ☐ 5 Passenger ☐ 7 Passenger ☐ Coupe ☐ Coach
☐ Brougham ☐ Sedan ☐ Blue leatherette trim ☐ Grayleatherette trim

*Your name*_____

*Address*_____

*Name of Car*_____ *Year of Car*_____

DURANT MOTOCOVER CO., Inc. • *Dept. A-5, 200 Sixth Ave.* • NEW YORK CITY

FANDANGO

AUTO SEAT COVERS *Protect & Beautify Your Car*

Dayton Thorobred Extra-heavy Tubes. Grey—of finest rubber. Red—of purest antimony. Steam-welded and reinforced at valve base. They ***will*** *hold air.*

MORE MILES —more Safety—more Comfort— more Speed — with the REVOLUTIONARY Dayton Stabilized Balloon

TODAY thousands of motorists acclaim the revolutionary Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon a noteworthy companion to *the pioneer low air pressure tire*—the Dayton Thorobred Cord. Its matchless performance, remarkable endurance, and trouble-free service quickly won their enthusiastic endorsement.

Stabilized construction was developed exclusively by Dayton engineers. It combines every tire advantage—long life, easy steering, smooth riding, and utmost safety. Stabilizing bands of friction rubber draw center of tread parallel to center of rim, thus preventing "shimmying." Flat, center-traction tread has complete four-point road contact. No singing, no rumbling. Quick-grip, quick-release non-skid gives lightning "get-away"—no slipping or sliding. All rubber used is specially tempered by an *exclusive* Dayton process and will survive the drubbing punishment of extra thousands of miles of ruts and roads.

Go to the Dayton dealer near you. Examine this amazing Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon. Find out from actual users why this tire is in a class by itself. Do this before you buy tires.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO., Dayton, Ohio

Dayton STABILIZED BALLOONS

ON WHEELS OF LARGE DIAMETER—install Dayton Thorobred Cords—superlative tire values that smash all mileage records. The Dayton Thorobred is *the pioneer low air pressure tire* — the first to combine comfort with safety and endurance.

The FLOWERING Plante

How the Heroine of The Cat and the Canary Blossomed into Fame

An Article by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

LIFE is one thrill after another for Laura La Plante, movie Cinderella, in her latest picture.

LAURA LA PLANTE is another of those gilded Cinderellas of the movies. At fourteen she was the breadwinner of her family. At twenty-three she is one of the heiresses of Hollywood.

Miss La Plante was born in St. Louis in 1904. That was the year Kaiser Wilhelm sent his wedding presents for exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair—and the special attention of South St. Louis.

There was no question about the lack of finances in the La Plante *maison.* Laura's mother was the daughter of a Missouri farmer. Her father was a French dancing teacher. The outlook was not very promising for the blue-eyed, blonde child of the household.

Miss La Plante's family removed to San Diego, owing to her father's illness, and at fifteen she was applying to the casting directors' windows of the Hollywood studios. The family, now consisting of Laura, her mother, and her sister, moved to Los Angeles and lived on Bunker Hill.

Al Christie, manufacturer of the comedies bearing his name, was the first producer to give a job to Miss La Plante. He let her play the rôle of *Jiggs'* daughter in his Bringing Up Father series. That was in 1919.

After the Christie engagement, Miss La Plante won a place as heroine of Tom Mix's horse operas. You would be surprised to know how many now famous film actresses made the step upward via Mr. Mix's melodramas.

However, nobody took particular note of the blonde from St. Louis until Charlie Ray gave her the leading rôle of *Myrtle* in his James Whitcomb Riley effort *sans* subtitles, The Old Swimmin'-Hole. That was hit Number One for Laura.

Next, she landed a place at Universal City, this time playing the guileless lass saved from the villain by Hoot Gibson. She was promoted to leading woman for Reginald Denny in several comedies.

After that Universal made her a star; not, however, at one of those big stellar salaries. It was up to Laura La Plante to prove whether or not she meant anything at the box offices. She proved it by becoming Universal's best sales bet, just as Lon Chaney is the best-seller at Metro-Goldwyn, Colleen Moore at First National, and Harold Lloyd at Famous Players. Just the other day Miss La Plante was given a new contract and a decidedly increased salary. Meanwhile (and this happened just a few months ago), the little girl from St. Louis had married William A. Seiter, the director.

Miss La Plante's new picture is The Cat and the Canary, a film version of the mystery shocker seen on Broadway a couple of years ago. This is one of those spooky thrillers in which hairy hands reach out of draperies to steal jewels, and trick bookcases open up to swallow unsuspecting victims.

A DRAMATIC moment in The Cat and the Canary, the new spook film. The players, left to right, are: Creighton Hale, Gertrude Astor, Forrest Stanley, and Miss La Plante.

It seems that the will of a queer old millionaire is to be read in his ramshackle mansion twenty years after his demise. The heroine gets the legacy, provided she sleeps in his musty, deserted bedroom and is able to prove her sanity in the morning.

Miss La Plante is the much-pursued heroine who inherits the house of the thousand secret panels. There is nothing particularly remarkable about her performance. She is just as usual—a little bit too brittle and too perfectly marcelled.

The Cat and the Canary is neatly directed by an imported German megaphone wielder, Paul Leni. He tells his story in a series of trick shots adroitly calculated to preserve the atmosphere of haunts and dire deeds.

This Leni hails from Stuttgart. At sixteen he was an art secessionist. By turns he has been a costume designer, a film director (best known for The Three Waxworks), and a stager of German movie-theater prologues. The Cat and the Canary savors just a bit of The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari. Nevertheless, it is a strong and sustained thriller with a well maintained interest.

There is too much slapstick comedy. Creighton Hale, playing the nervous comedy hero, is guilty of some of this. At that, Hale is in his element in The Cat and the Canary. Remember his work with Pearl White in those pioneer serial shockers, The Exploits of Elaine and The Iron Claw?

Hale was born in Cork, Ireland, and his real name is Patrick Fitzgerald.

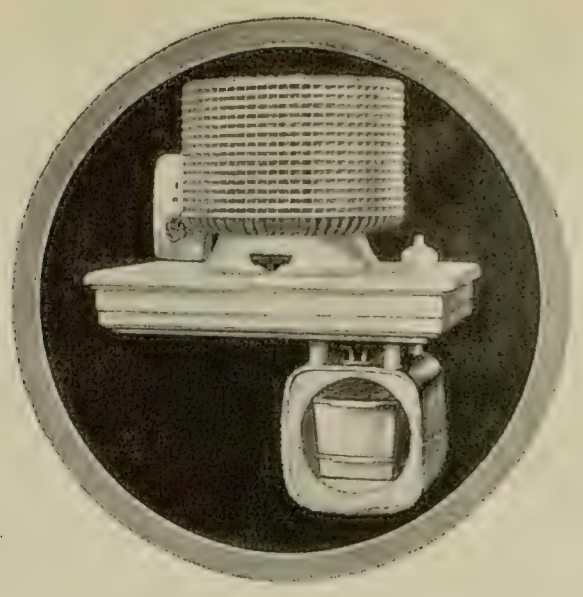
Brief Comment

Señorita—Bebe Daniels does a Doug Fairbanks in this South American serio-comedy romance. A variation of the old *Montague-Capulet* feud with an *Oliveros* in love with a *Hernandez.* The result is fair entertainment.

Convoy—A weak Secret Service melodrama bolstered up with authentic sea shots taken during the World War, borrowed from the Navy Department archives. The result looks like the mixture of a great news reel with an awful film drama.

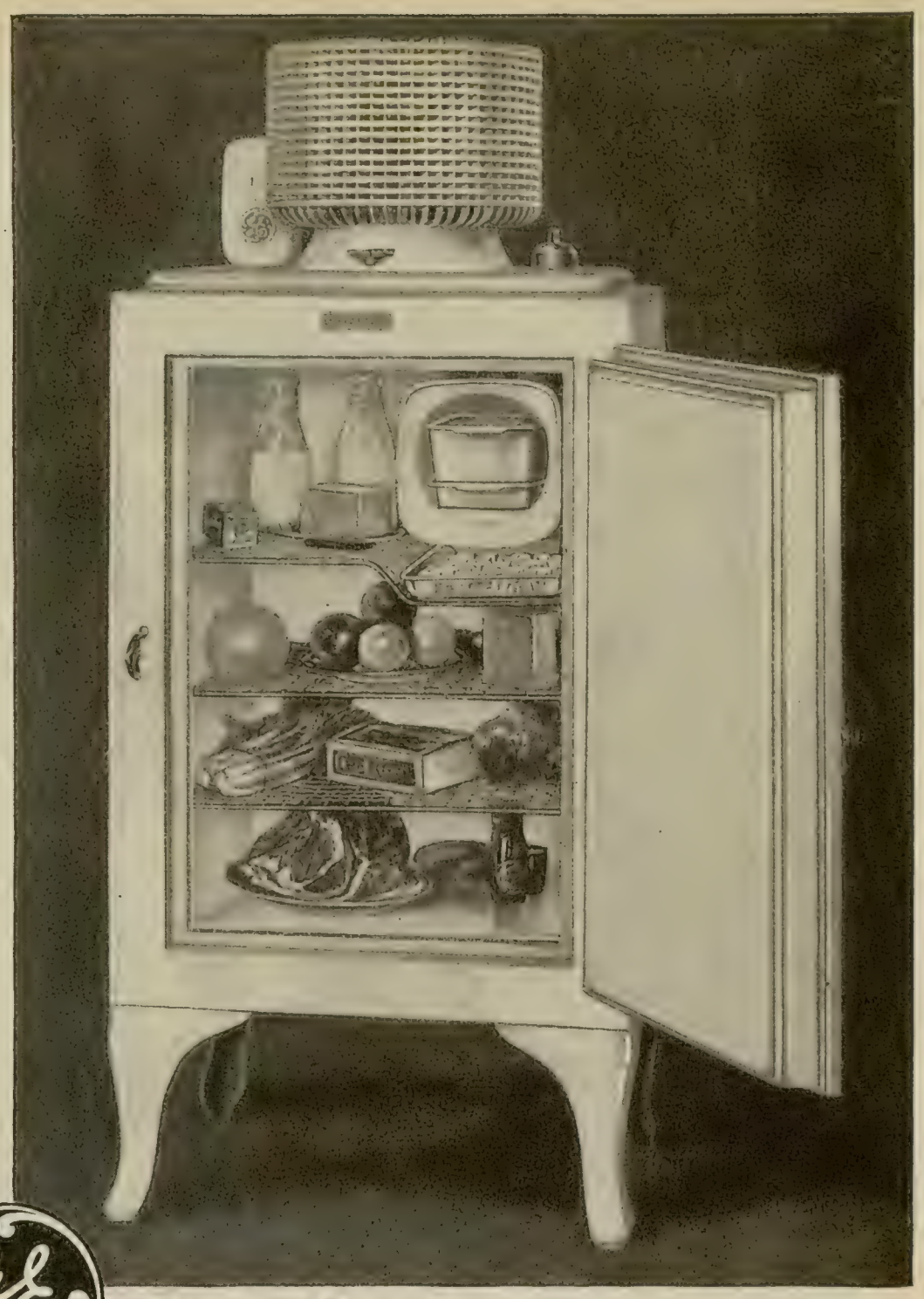
Do you know that—

The Broadway success, Her Cardboard Lover, has been purchased by Famous Players for Clara Bow? . . . Dorothy Gish is to make The Constant Nymph for British Films, Inc.?



A Simpler and Different Electric Refrigerator

The Creation of
General Electric



GE Refrigerator

HERE is a new development in electric refrigerators for the home that every person interested in a refrigerator will want to see—the creation of General Electric.

It marks an entirely new conception of electric refrigeration. It marks an entirely *new* type of icing unit—a type unlike any other you have ever seen.

The entire mechanism of the General Electric Icing Unit is housed on top of the cabinet in one hermetically sealed casing. (Note illustration.) That is *all* the mechanism—none below the box, none in the basement. There are no pipes, no drains, no attachments. All bulky machinery is eliminated—virtually all servicing. Operating automatically, you need never touch it—never oil it. Current consumption is reduced to a minimum.

The result of fifteen years of intensive research

This new-day refrigerator embodies the best thought of the leading electrical research organization of the world.

It has reduced electric refrigeration to a point of *simplicity* which makes it almost as easy to operate as an electric fan—and almost as portable. You may place it anywhere—move it anywhere. Just plug it into any electric outlet and it starts.

The General Electric Refrigerator—designed to accommodate this revolutionary icing unit—has distinct advantages. It can be installed anywhere. It maintains a most uniform temperature. It needs no attention. It is unusually quiet. It is always clean because the circulation of air through the coils drives dust away—prevents it from settling.

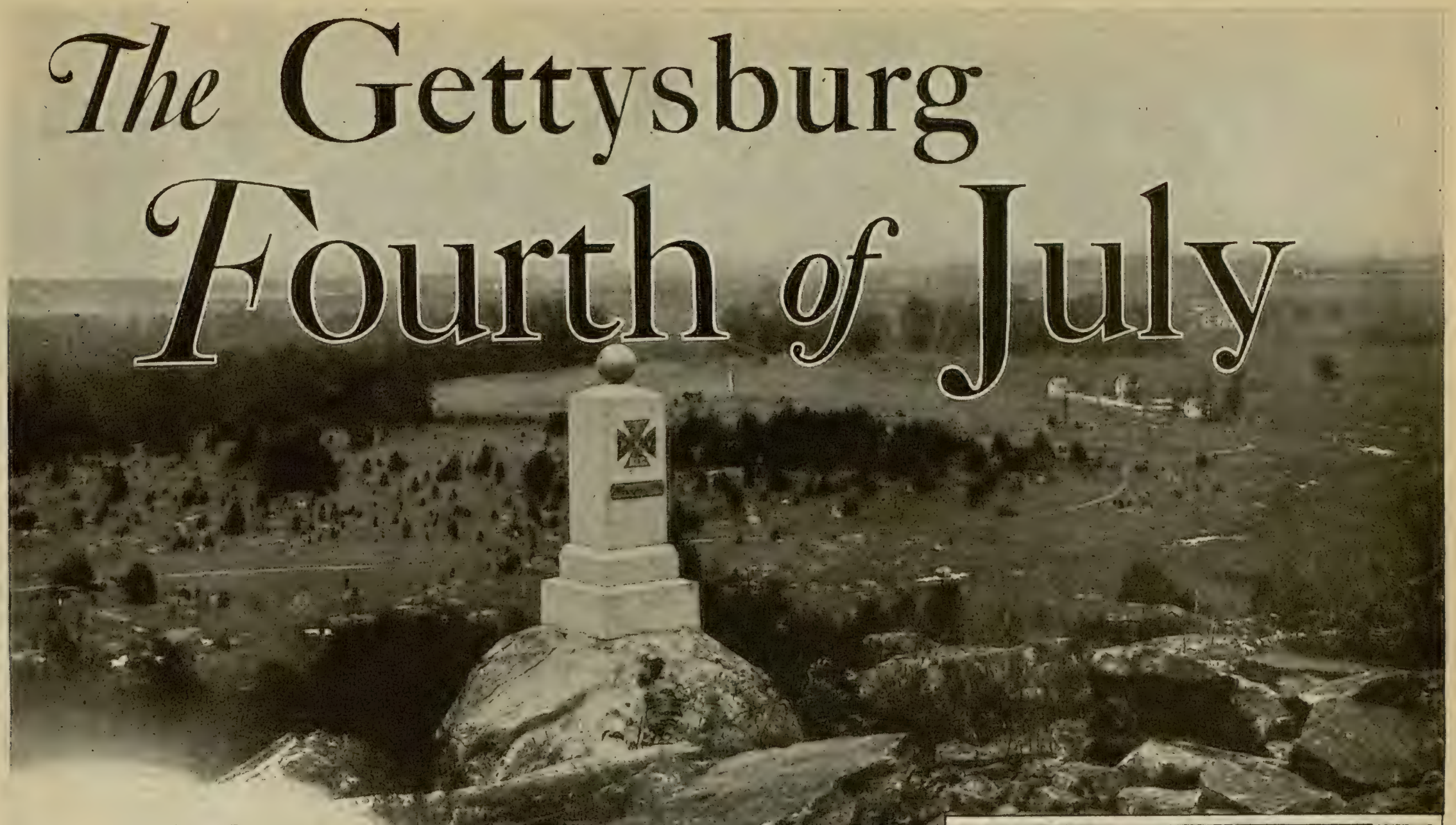
You will want to see this refrigerator. But, meanwhile, send for booklet No. 7-L which tells all about it, including the various sizes which are available.

, , ,

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Gettysburg Fourth of July



A Modern War Correspondent Paints a Vivid Picture of the Greatest Battle on American Soil

An Article by

FREDERICK PALMER

"NO home militia! It's those sons of guns of Black Hats again!" Thus old-timer knew that he was to meet old-timer; veteran steel that it was to clash with veteran steel. Thus began the pivotal battle of the Civil War fought on July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, upon whose result North and South hung in mortal suspense until it had the news of the stupendous decision on the morning of July 4.

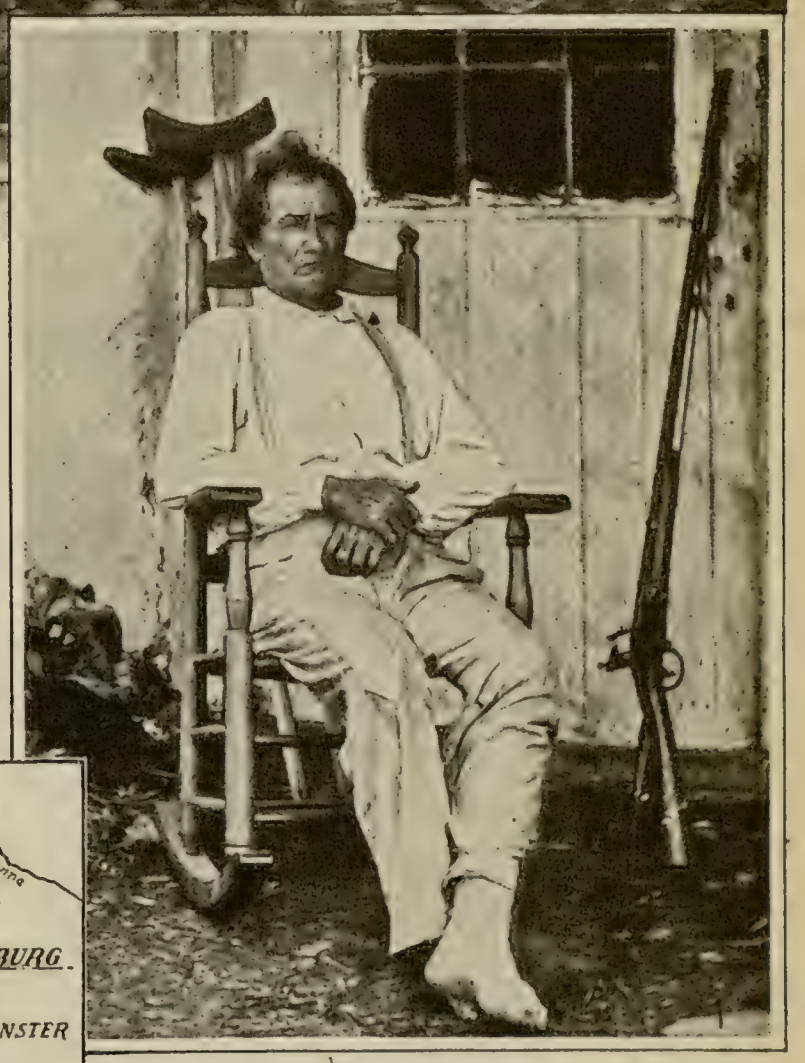
On the afternoon of June 30 the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia, which had belabored each other for two years, were converging on the sleepy little town of Gettysburg in southern Pennsylvania. Gettysburg was at the junction of important roads. Armies march on roads; their transport is tied to roads. It is the roads that lead armies to battlefields.

Eleven thousand Federal cavalry, under Pleasanton, and 11,000 Confederate cavalry under Stuart—in the days when the horse was still mighty in war—were ranging far and wide in regions new to their hoof beats. On front and flank each screened their own army's movement, and scouted for information of the enemy. They were ready to dismount and form line with their carbines, or charge, leather to leather, sabers flashing.

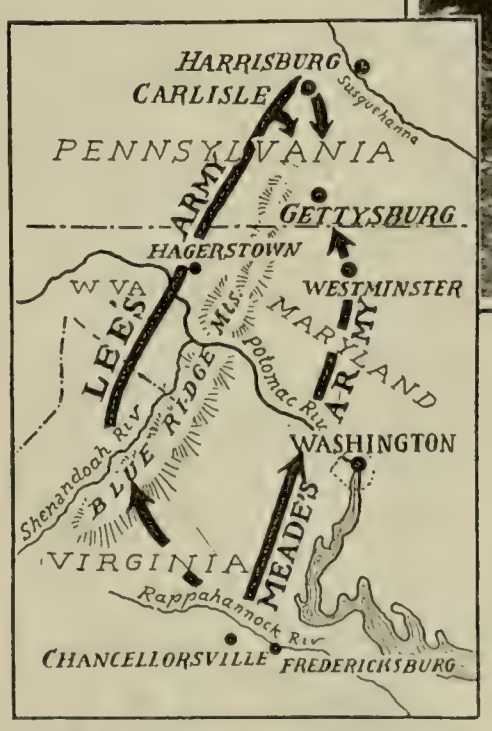
Abraham Lincoln had much on his mind, very much, since disaster had dashed the high hopes of the spring campaign. The Federal generals had been outwitted again, this time at Chancellorsville by "Stonewall" Jackson's swift maneuver and lightning stroke.

Jackson had fallen in the hour of his greatest victory, but his spirit was at Lee's elbow. The offensive had been wrested from the Federals. Lee's legions swept around the Army of the Potomac and up the Shenandoah Valley for the invasion of the North. President Lincoln summoned all the half-trained men and militia of Pennsylvania to hasty defense.

Lee, too, had much on his mind. Southern spirits must be kept up by a counterstroke against the coming fall of Vicksburg, which would let the Mississippi run free to the sea, cutting the Confederacy in two. The coming battle between Americans was to be also a world decision. For Europe was watching the map.



Little Round Top (above)—"the greatest hill in our military history"; and John Burns, veteran of the War of 1812, who at seventy appeared on the Union line at Gettysburg in a swallow-tailed coat. He received three wounds.

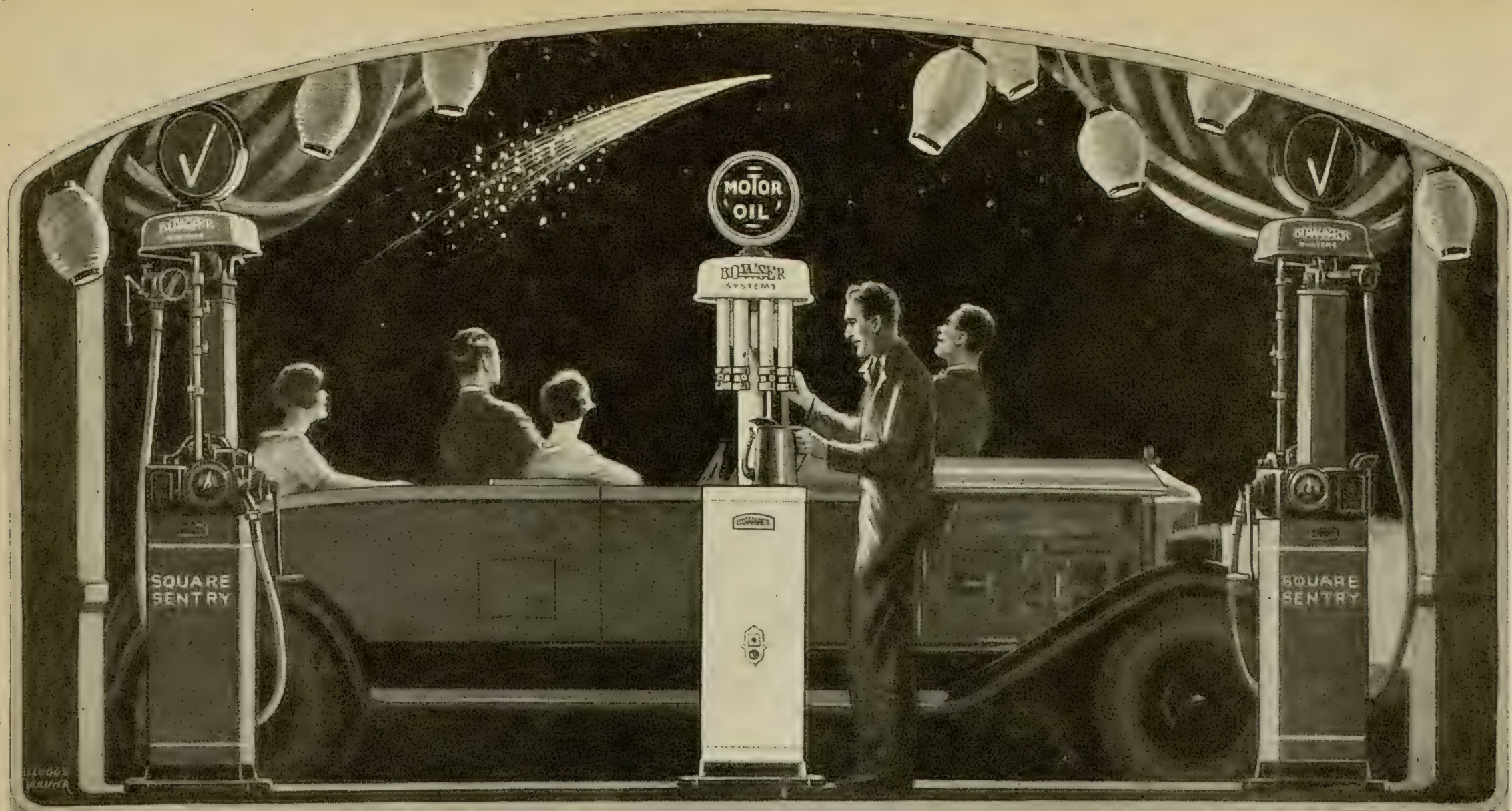


The Army of the Potomac paralleled Lee's march north. The armies met at the junction of roads at Gettysburg.

It favored two nations where there was one. But it wanted to be sure to back the right horse.

A victory in Pennsylvania, far nearer the Canadian than the Mexican border, and the South saw the war was won. Europe would throw the weight of its recognition on the Southern side, which meant to the struggling Confederate States all that French aid had meant to the thirteen colonies in the Revolution. The beleaguered South's blockaded

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]



"Ah-h-h-h-h!"

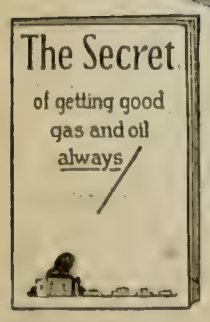
AS FAR ABOVE other oil service as the gleaming skyrocket is above the lowly "flowerpot"—that's the

Fountain of Illuminated Oil

Safe. Accurate. Eliminates substitution dangers. Shows you the oil in its natural color—shows you it is clean and undiluted—pure as the day it was made.

A "lighthouse" to guide you to good oil and gas service—to a *dependable* station where you will be well treated. Stop at the Fountain—you'll like it!

Men who are considering going into the filling station business are invited to correspond with Bowser



free

Send in the coupon. Get FREE the "Secret" of buying oil and gas *safely*.

BOWSER
ESTABLISHED 1885

S. F. BOWSER & COMPANY, INC.
Dept. O Fort Wayne, Ind., U. S. A.
Please send me "The Secret of Getting Good Gas and Oil — Always!"

My name.....
My address.....
I generally buy my gas and oil from:
Station name.....
Station address.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

ports would be open to the flow of arms and supplies from abroad.

Such was the stake calling to Lee's lean veterans, their steps sped by the prospect of plenty in a promised land instead of starvation rations until their own crops were harvested. Battle-scarred Virginia was at their backs. Their beloved Southland would no longer be the cockpit of war.

Leaving Washington in their rear, past Baltimore, over the Pennsylvania border, their dusty columns wound through a rich country of young crops until they were in Carlisle; until they were almost in sight of Harrisburg—and no opposition yet, not even the Home Guard.

But Lee learned that the Army of the Potomac was on the move, paralleling his course as it swung through Maryland. Now that he was no longer behind the Shenandoah River, he must not farther extend himself. The Federals might come up in his rear and cut his communications. There was a limit to the audacity that had carried him so far. He drew back from Carlisle, and turned to face the oncoming enemy.

This time he must do the attacking. It was the Federals who would choose their position, and dig in to receive the charges.

Lee had about 70,000 men against the Federals' 80,000. While the Southern forces could never be larger, the North's would never be smaller. Many time-expired Federals had gone home; hosts of others were training in the richer and more populous North.

"We should not, therefore, conceal from ourselves," Lee had written to President Jefferson Davis on June 10, "that our resources in men are constantly diminishing, and the disproportion in this respect between us and our enemies, if they continue united in their efforts to subjugate us, is constantly augmenting."

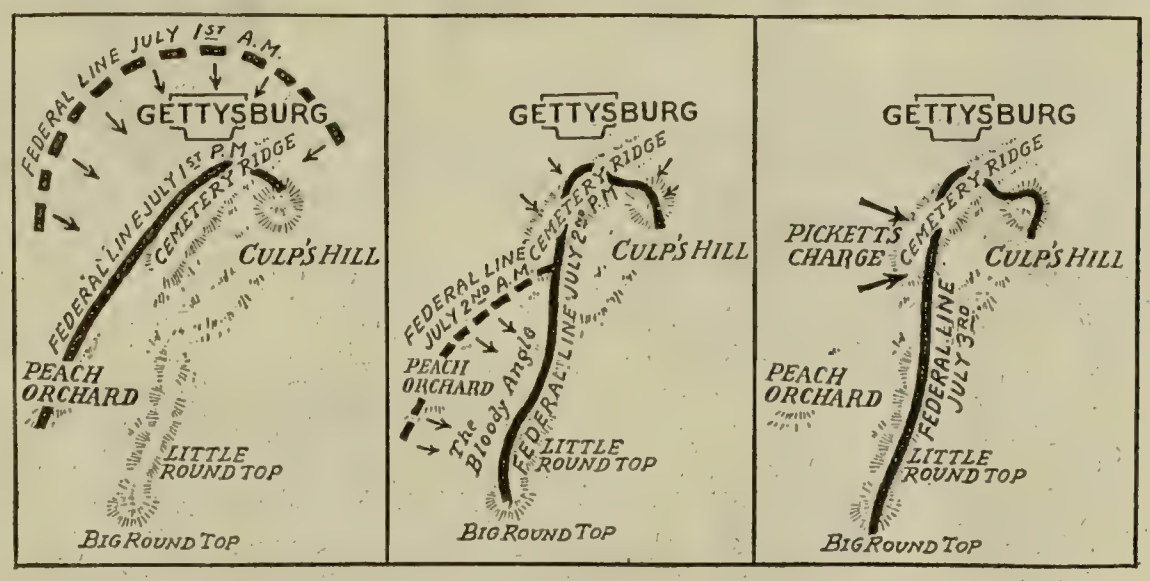
An offensive army should have about 25 per cent superiority to win. But Lee had had inferior numbers at Chancellorsville, where Jackson had "got there first with the most men" at the critical point. He had lost Jackson, that swift, crushing right arm; but he still had Longstreet and Hill and Ewell—tried generals under the old tried commander, who knew one another's minds in the very instinct of team play. Generalship might still prevail. That they would beat the Yankees to it was again the Confederate hope.

That hope was the higher because again the Army of the Potomac had changed generals. Meade, who had taken Hooker's place in this crisis, had been only four days in command. His was no name to conjure with to his soldiers. He did not know his generals nor did they know him. He, too, had much on his mind.

His army was strung out on the roads; Lee's, better massed and better able to get there first with the most men on June 30, as the dust from soldier steps rose skyward from the landscape in midsummer heat.

The people of Gettysburg, gaping in their doorways, had their first intimation of what was coming as Buford's division of Federal cavalry rode through the streets looking for the heads of the Confederate columns.

Buford had the roads into town. He would bivouac for the night and await the arrival of the Federal infantry.



The first day: Meade's half-organized Federal line was driven through Gettysburg and back on Cemetery Ridge by Lee's more compact force.

The second day: While Lee attempted to take Culp's Hill, Longstreet was successful in driving back the Federal left across the Bloody Angle.

The third day: Failing to turn the Federal flanks, Lee risked everything on one tremendous charge of Pickett's 14,000 picked fighting men.

MEADE'S plan had been to fight on his chosen ground of Pipe Creek; but high-spirited Reynolds, commanding the First Corps, with his men already in the streets when he climbed the seminary belfry the next morning, decided otherwise. Born in Pennsylvania, he would fight for his own soil. He would hold Gettysburg, and there, beyond the town, between those converging roads.

He had the soldiers to do it with, Wadsworth's veteran division. "Who can if we cannot?" they said when they marched into position.

The Wisconsin men, the Iron Brigade, was in that division. They had been in every big battle of the Army of the Potomac so far. They were going to be in every big battle until the war was over. They gloried in their peculiar black hats, and in what was under the hats.

Archer's brigade, Stonewall Jackson trained, had also been in every battle. They had met the Iron Brigade often, but now were thinking as veterans going against the Home Guard. Then, suddenly, they identified the reception committee in the edge of McPherson's Woods about to meet attack with attack.

Those damned Black Hats again! The Army of the Potomac was in front. "Hell and repeat," was going to be to pay right there and then.

Come on, you Black Hats—you aren't pushing us around Virginia now. Come on, you lean, corn-fed, yelling rebs—you'll never get back to ole Virginny.

Archer's men had been coming on a little too confidently and carelessly, as veterans are wont to do when the going appears easy. The professional had lowered his guard, thinking he had to do with a trifling amateur. Veteran is prompt to take advantage of veteran's nodding. The Black Hats got Archer's men on the hip and messed them up.

After two years of fierce war, when command is earned in the field, wits work fast and team play is quick in response. Generals directed in the field under fire in the days of close formations and short battle lines. Reynolds himself was there in the thick of it.

Space here for John Burns, seventy, citizen of Gettysburg, who was not in uniform. If those pesky rebs were getting as far north as this, he guessed it was time he defended his own home. White head bare, eyes young in defiance, he appeared in a swallow-tailed coat trimmed with slick brass buttons, grasping an old long rifle.

Veterans granted him veteran's place with a cheer. If he could stick it, they could. When he was offered a cartridge box, he replied that he had always carried his bullets in his pocket when he went hunting, and he could shoot as straight without taking up with any of these newfangled contraptions. He was wounded three times before he had to quit.

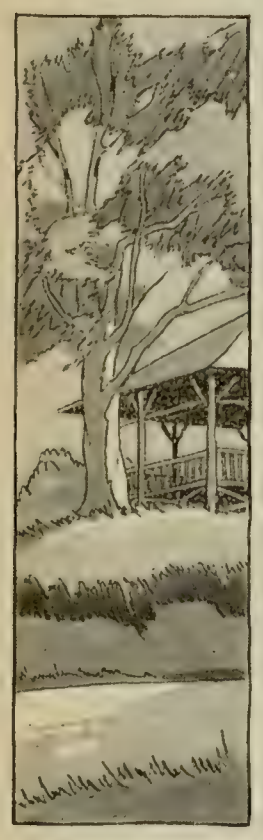
Vantage out; vantage in! A pitched battle this was to be, all the way. Temporary vantage against Archer on the left; but the right soon pressed back. Reynolds, reforming his lines, rallying them, was shot dead by a sharpshooter as Stonewall Jackson had been; for generals were the big game to the marksmen.

A heavy blow, that, the loss of this most supple and aggressive of corps commanders, who had fought his way to the top.

Doubleday to take his place. His superior, Howard, on the field. One-armed Howard faced one-legged Ewell, strapped in his saddle. Howard, bitter for having been made foolish by Jackson at Chancellorsville, and Ewell seeking to live up to a Jackson part in Jackson's shoes. That morning, when an officer reported that the Confederates were advancing, Howard had told him that he had mistaken rail fences for skirmish lines. He was soon to see them as

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

$1385 An Amazing Low Price *for* Hupmobile Quality and the Most Modern Features



Clear Vision Bodies: Composite construction with narrow corner pillars of steel. Genuine plate glass windows. Vision-Ventilating windshield.

Beautiful, Durable Lacquer Finish: Color treatments refreshingly varied. Contrasting "reveals" around windows.

Genuine Mohair Upholstery: Attractively patterned hardware; large "remote control" door handles.

New-Type Manifold Heat Control: Shortens the warming-up period after starting a cold engine.

Vibration Damper completes Hupmobile mastery over vibration factors at every speed.

Handsome New Instrument Panel: All instruments, including gasoline gauge, conveniently grouped together under one glass, indirectly lighted.

Light Controls on Steering Wheel: at the driver's finger-tips. Tilting beam headlights for night driving.

Four-Wheel Brakes: Gas filter; oil filter; full-pressure lubrication; balloon tires and snubbers; cam and lever steering gear; automatic windshield cleaner; rear view mirror; solid walnut steering wheel—every feature that the modern car should have.

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door	$1385
Brougham, five-pass., two-door	1385
Coupe, two-pass. with rumble seat	1385
Roadster, with rumble seat -	1385
Touring, five-passenger - -	1325

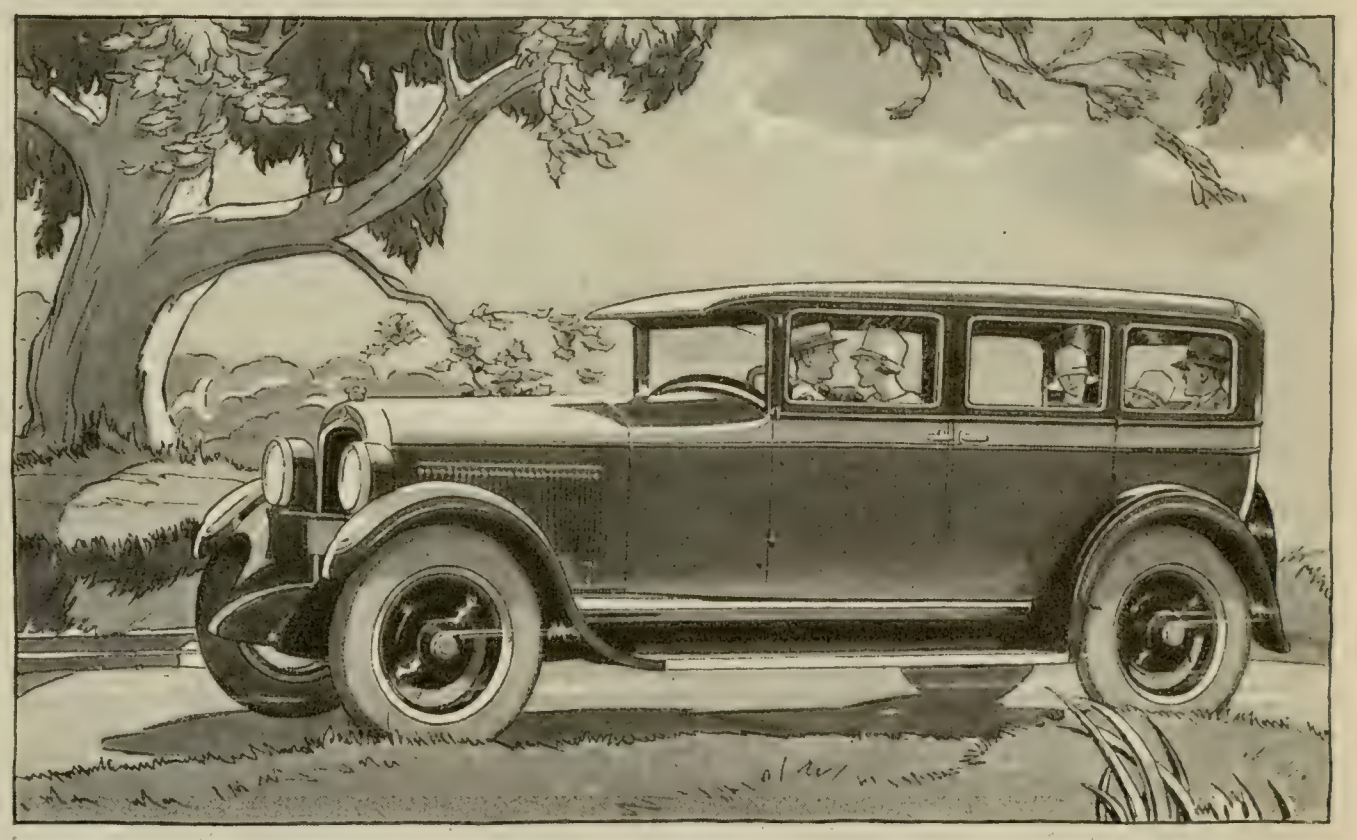
f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

The "Plus" in Hupmobile Manufacture

To make sure that this Six is all that a six should be, Hupmobile deliberately has stepped up its manufacturing costs a full tenth—put in 10 per cent extra quality—and taken the extra cost out of selling margin, instead of increasing the purchase price.

Costly grade A materials instead of cheaper grade B or C; Hupmobile's own laboratory tests and shop inspections; Hupmobile's own powerful engine and vital parts, built in Hupmobile's own exacting way.

These things— the "plus" in Hupmobile manufacture — make this car America's closest-priced Six and demonstrably the finest quality six listing under $1500.



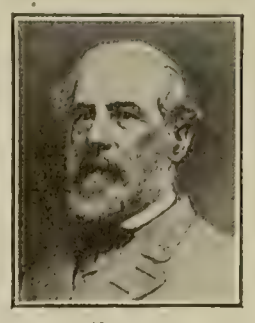
THE CLOSEST PRICED SIX IN AMERICA

WHEN you see and drive the new series Hupmobile Six Sedan, you'll appreciate at once the fact that Hupmobile has added 10% extra quality without adding to the purchase price ✓ ✓ ✓ In its refreshing beauty, marked riding comfort, zestful performance, and unusually complete equipment, you'll recognize unmistakably extra value for a six listing under $1500 ✓ ✓ ✓ Comparison will convince you of the needlessness of a motor car investment above this figure, even when demanding the very utmost in modern six-cylinder motoring.

Hupmobile Six

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]
moving rail fences, bayonet-crested.

Howard, when he looked out from the belfry, had decided that the ridge back of the town was the place to make a stand. But the Federals in front of the town had the bear by the tail. They must fight where they were. Vantage out; vantage in! A deadly business, that, in the railway cut, with the Federals driving down from the banks; but revenge was soon taken in hot blood.



Lee—"magnificent in defeat."

Federal gameness was grudgingly yielding one untenable position after another to the gameness of increasing enemy numbers. A lull at midday, as sweating, thirsty fighters wiped the grime from their faces and drew breath, while the Confederates disposed their arriving battalions and urged those in the rear to hurry for the next smash.

The Federals prayed that reinforcements would come.

SERENE and confident, Lee saw his columns coming up in order. Sore-troubled Meade, tall, heavy set in his saddle, his big nose standing out in front of eyes hollow from fatigue—fifteen miles away when the fighting began—saw his plans all broken, with the head of his army engaged beyond his chosen ground and the immediate reach of his main body.

Lee had the ball. The Federals had to fall back from the converging forces in face of the "rebel yells" in the triumph that renewed aggressive ardor. A fresh Federal corps did arrive, but too late to get a grip. It was caught in confusion by pressing numbers well disposed on both flanks.

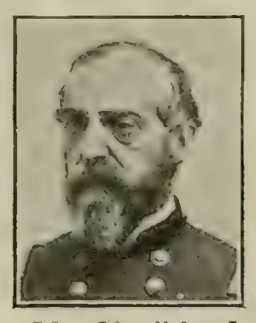
The Federals had to go or a part of Meade's army might be surrounded. Back now through the streets of Gettysburg, under cross fire, to the ridge back of the town, where the blown troops coming from the rear were forming a reserve.

Reynolds' men had left half their numbers behind; and the dead and wounded of the advance Confederate divisions lying with the Federal dead and wounded, hot blood cooled in pain and fellowship, told the story of the price the Confederates also had paid. Pettigrew's brigade of Confederates had had 600 effectives in the morning. It was now reduced to 200 and was to be down to eighty on the night of July 3.

Hancock—"the field tactician."

The first round—rather the first twenty rounds of a sixty-round fight—was over. For one day could not decide the issue when battle-hardened brother, on his own soil, fought battle-trained brother who saw final victory in sight as the reward of desperate courage.

And the honors of that first day were with Lee. Jacksonian strategy lived, though Jackson was dead. But if Reynolds were dead, Hancock, the superb, the master among Federal field tacticians, was in the saddle. When the Yanks saw him come riding, they knew that those smart rebel generals would not "make a monkey" of their leader this time.



Meade—"fond of councils of war."

It was he who formed the reserves, back of the town, on the crest of the slope of the local cemetery. His quick eye had seen the position where the Federals must make their stand. He had instantly ridden hard and sent others riding hard to occupy it before the Confederates could.

Three miles long, that famous Cemetery Ridge. You may look down on it all from an observation tower today and see in it the

The National Monument at Gettysburg, on the spot where Lincoln made his famous address.

markers and monuments of the regiments that held it, as clearly as on the map.

At the end away from the town—the Federal left—it breaks into two conical hills, Little Round Top, fifty feet high, and, across a deep cut, Big Round Top, 150 feet high. Keep Little Round Top in mind. It is the greatest hill in our military history. On it the decision was made.

Longstreet—Lee's chief aid.

At the cemetery just back of the town the ridge turns at right angles and ends in irregular, sprawling Culp's Hill, rising 150 feet from the creek at its base. So natural bastions covered both ends of the final line of defense with rocky, wooded slopes—the wickedest kind of ground for a soldier to scale under plunging fire and bayonet thrusts from cover.

The bend at Culp's gave the Federals the interior line, which meant that reinforcements to endangered points must go across lots. The French had the interior line against Von Kluck's flanking movement in the Battle of the Marne, when the front was more than 100 times three miles in length, but the principle is the same. Communications are easier, too. Meade, from the middle of the ridge, could see all his forces, or his officers could, as he was nearsighted.

Pickett—leader of the last charge.

But an army with an interior line has its flanks bent back. Crush them in, and the army is under cross fire, compelled to retreat through a funnel spout. An offensive army always tries to get the strangle hold by flanking the defensive.

And an army with the exterior line has to march reinforcements around the semicircle. Lee's left, behind Culp's Hill, was hidden from view at his headquarters. But his army was in three parts, large corps under the three tried masters who knew his mind. Meade was combining his small corps in haste to give more power to Hancock as his right arm.

Lee would crush in the flanks by attacking Culp's Hill, while an avalanche of blows on the Federal left by Longstreet was begun at the same moment and kept up ceaselessly, so Meade could spare no reinforcements from one hard-pressed part of his line for another.

ALL night long, as the Federals dug in on Culp's Hill and back of the cemetery and the portion of the ridge at that end, the creak of gun carriages could be heard in the valley. Far away was the tread of Meade's columns that had not yet arrived, hurrying forward.

More Federal infantry and more guns were coming. Sykes' and Sedgwick's corps couldn't be up until well into the next day. Meade had 300 cannon to Lee's 190. But Meade could use only the men and guns he had on the battlefield. Every hour, every minute, was vital. Lee must get the jump early. He had all his troops up except Pickett's division. He could be there again "first, with most men," if he struck promptly.

Meade was convinced that Lee would not attack his left flank toward Little Round Top. So Longstreet's avalanche could take him by surprise. At dawn, Meade was not seeing Little Round Top. That was yet to be discovered. He was looking down into the valley where his line dipped from the town end of Cemetery Ridge in face of Seminary Ridge.

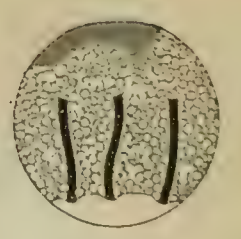
Sickles—"a roaring bull of a man."

And what a tactical disposition he saw for Longstreet to surprise! There in the valley, Sickles' corps had bivouacked for the night after

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

"Small-bubble" lather

softens beards better

BECAUSE water is what really softens beards—because midget bubbles hold more water than giant ones—take the water directly to the bottom of each whisker, right where the razor does its work (see lather pictures above), that is why Colgate's "small-bubble" lather gives better shaves.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable all day.

FREE—A WEEK'S BETTER SHAVES

Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-G, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

ADDITIONAL DIVIDEND. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

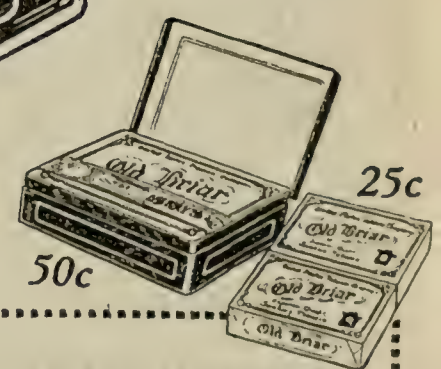
SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

CAN YOU IMAGINE this surging theatre throng along Broadway all agreeing on *one* star as the greatest? Of course not! Yet this throng is but a fraction of vast multitudes of smokers who are welcoming and praising *one* pipe tobacco—Old Briar—as "the best pipe smoke ever made."



THE most convincing thing in the world about Old Briar Tobacco is the wholehearted praise of the smoker himself. It's just plain common sense that pipe smokers are turning to the best tobacco they can get. A pipeful of Old Briar costs so little, they are entitled to it.

Light up *your* pipe full of Old Briar. Draw in the ripe fragrance of this wonderful tobacco. Enjoy its full, pleasant aroma—its extra smoothness—its comfort. Smoke it awhile. Notice how mild and cool it is—how completely satisfying! Now, you know why a world of pipe smokers are welcoming Old Briar Tobacco—the ladies, too, enjoy its fragrance.

It has taken years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step *perfected.*

And, every day, thousands of pipe smokers are proving for themselves that Old Briar Tobacco is the best pipe smoke they ever had.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER: It costs so little to smoke a pipeful of the best Tobacco ever made, you are entitled to enjoy it. We will mail you the regular OLD BRIAR 50c Humidor Box on receipt of this coupon with your name and address. In addition, we will send you a 25c pocket package of OLD BRIAR—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the Postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

Your Dealer's Name .....

Address .....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon.
Tear out the coupon now, while it's handy.

LB 7-9-27

A world of pipe smokers have learned for themselves that a pipeful of OLD BRIAR costs only a fraction of a cent more than a pipeful of ordinary tobacco. Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

TO DEALERS: *Old Briar is sold in Pocket packages at 25c and Humidor boxes at 50c, $1.00 and $2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealers' prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.*

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

its hard march. It awoke to find itself with a wing in the air on wickedly indefensible ground at the foot of the slope of Seminary Ridge, the Confederate jumping-off place.

If then, with the Federals wide open, unfamiliar with their own positions, the avalanche had come! An "if" to haunt Southern memory, dwelling on the loss of the speedy Jackson.

Meade was sound and thorough, like Longstreet, but not quick. And he was nearsighted, even with his spectacles. As he saw it, he thought that Sickles ought to fall back to better ground. He sent an officer to investigate. Too late.

A ROARING bull of a man, Sickles, who was to lose a leg that day. He saw the Confederates forming on his front—red rag to the bull. He must have that peach orchard and other positions to correct his line. He advanced.

The Confederates did not accept the challenge vigorously — only skirmishing and playing for points and irregular artillery fire, as Longstreet made his preparations. The hours wore on in this way; hours that Meade was counting as his absent corps drew nearer.

Meade called for a council of war at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He was fond of councils. Grant had not come out of the West to drive him yet. Sickles roared that he had no time to look after his corps, he had to counsel so much.

And all the while that the Confederate avalanche was forming behind Seminary Ridge, Meade was sure that Sickles would not be attacked heavily. All the morning gone, 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, and no attack. Sykes had arrived. Meade would hold his and Sedgwick's corps back for emergency; not put them in yet.

"It's no place to fight a battle in," Meade said. But there with Sickles the most terrible part of it was to be fought. At 3 o'clock, in a long, enveloping front, the Confederates swept down the slope in savage mass grip with Sickles' lines.

What a sight for Meade, and for Lee, too, looking down from headquarters on high ground—but more cheering for Lee than Meade. Under the clouds of black powder smoke—in rolls from the rifles, and bursts from cannon mouths, pierced by the cannon flashes and the gleam of swords and bayonets—surging lines and struggling groups of men were milling in and out of sight in the fluctuating give-and-take of a diabolical fury.

God of battles! Sickles was getting it hot. Hurry Sykes' men to his aid. And Sykes was not to be enough.

The thunders of the Federals' batteries from Cemetery Ridge and from the Confederate batteries on Seminary Ridge in their duel, drowned the cries of the combatants and the rattle of musketry.

Every time a Yank ammunition limber was blown up by a Confederate hit, in a fountain of smoke against the sky line, the falsetto rebel yell of the Johnnies rose screaming above the thunders. A cheering joke, that. It meant that a dose the Yanks had meant for them they had had to take themselves.

But the Confederates had guns down in the valley, too. They had lines of guns as well as rifles to make that angle forever known as the Bloody Angle; guns raking the famous peach orchard where the Federals were in a wedge; guns that were firing point-blank to cut swaths in the Federal infantry with grape and canister, which took the part, in that day, of the sweep of machine-gun bullets at close quarters today.

The slope up which Pickett made his gallant charge (above).

At the left, the angle in the stone wall defended by Federal forces.

Charge the guns! Take them hand to hand. Answer charge with charge. Take the guns back, hand to hand. Officers' swords not flashing to show the way, but in life-and-death combat. Dead blue and gray lying atop of one another around the blistering-hot guns.

IT was the very high tide of fierce battle, not only for Longstreet's front, but in front of the town, too; battle all along the line. Longstreet's attack had been the signal for the attack on the other wing. The Confederates had worked their way up Culp's Hill, but were not in complete possession. To make the most of what they had for flanking, they must also have the crest above the cemetery.

There, in repeated charges over the dead and wounded, in a grisly business among the tombstones, they were insisting on Yes and the Federals answering No with their rifle blasts; and the Noes had it because the Yeses were fighting uphill. But the Noes were fully occupied, as Lee wanted them to be. He had seen his leverage of victory to be against the Federal left.

Longstreet still had the ball, smashing through for gains, with Sykes' corps as well as Sickles' in the thick of it. In an hour Longstreet's men were in the famous Devil's Den. Rocks, trees, underbrush, vines, gullies, no sure footing—the devil's delight when he sets brother in rage against brother.

A glimpse of gray and a glimpse of blue, and then the tackle. Johnny on one side of the boulder, and Yank on the other. Hide and seek with death. Clubbed muskets; too close for anything but the clinch with nature's weapons. Cries to surrounded groups of individuals, "For God's sake, surrender!" as brother recalled that he was, after all, against brother whose courage deserved to live.

More help was coming for Sickles and Sykes in Sedgwick's men, who have just come up behind the ridge, after night-and-day marching twenty-five and thirty-five miles at a stretch on stony hardtack rations. They are half suffocated, their eyes bloodshot by the dust clouds they have beat up. And they are what were called fresh troops on their way into the orgy of Devil's Den.

BUT no; not Devil's Den. Here is a shouting officer who is in a terrible hurry and changes their direction.

I have heard men say that they would rather have had Warren's part on that day than to have been Grant at Appomattox.

Generalship on the spot—the supreme example. Warren, Meade's Chief of Staff, had ascended the hill for a look around. He sees that the Confederates are still coming strong, and everywhere gaining.

And what is that in that grove of trees there, beyond the end of the Confederate line by Devil's Den? Just a breeze flickering the leaves. He signals for a shell to be put into the grove.

No, not leaves. Bayonets gleam in movement as the Confederates behind the grove look toward the shell burst.

So the Confederates are that far around, and forming for a flanking charge! Already they have scouted Little Round Top. They know it is unoccupied. The men breaking from the grove know what Lee wants them to do.

Their object is clear, too, to Warren. Nothing in the way to stop them. Soon the Yanks will be hearing their yell from its crest

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Security For a Safe Investment

The Right Building in the Right Location

LOCATION is of utmost importance in the consideration of first mortgage real estate financing.

Good location means good earning power—good transportation facilities—good light and air. The right location, improved with the proper type of building, is the best assurance of ample income to meet the interest payments and also to reduce substantially the amount of the mortgage outstanding.

The right location, too, means increasing land value, and a continuous high average of occupancy and rentals.

The first mortgage bonds we offer are secured by properties centrally located in the leading cities of the country, where building needs are most urgent; earnings most certain; margins of safety most secure, and appreciation of values most likely.

For the safe investment of your funds, write for circular C. C. 700.

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

Established 1904 Incorporated

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER $9,000,000

127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
345 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Albany, Detroit, Rockford, Cincinnati, Davenport, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Utica, N. Y., Peoria, Boston, St. Louis, Syracuse, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Grand Rapids

AMERICAN

AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

"Pink Tooth Brush"—

A modern evil with a very simple treatment

A SLIGHT pink tint on your tooth brush, after you have brushed your teeth, may not be very important. Certainly it doesn't necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, but it does indicate that you ought to pay a little serious attention to the condition of your gums.

For under our modern regime of soft food and hasty eating, gums have a decided tendency to grow soft and weak, and to bleed easily at the touch of the brush.

This should be quickly corrected, for serious dangers to the teeth and the gum structure lie in the train of this condition if neglected.

THE counter measure is simple and effective—massage with Ipana Tooth Paste after the usual cleaning with Ipana. The massage itself is good, and the ziratol content of Ipana makes it doubly good.

The coupon will bring you a ten-day tube of Ipana, but a large tube from your druggist will last you more than a month. Try it, use it faithfully! Your teeth will be whiter, your gums will be healthier, and every time you use it you will enjoy its refreshing taste.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB 77
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

© B.-M. Co. 1927

[THE GETTYSBURG FOURTH OF JULY Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

—and that will be another surprise for the Yanks.

The situation of his own army is a second picture vividly clear to Warren. There is yet more than two hours of daylight. Once the Confederates have Little Round Top they will be going downhill in flank. Retreat, rout, disaster, may hang on the possession of that little hill.

No time for councils of war. The house is on fire. There is only one way to aid Sickles and Sykes, fighting to the death. If that fails they may be prisoners. Those reserves must get up that hill first and stay, dead or alive. Warren says so for Meade, for Lincoln, for all the North. Through the thickets, up the rocks—get there!

BROADWAY'S turn now with young O'Rorke, just out of West Point, leading the regiment of New Yorkers. They are there first. But not enough of them yet to stop the Confederates already coming up the slope.

But more Federals are coming. A brigade is there, two brigades are there, on the sides as well as on the top of the hill. O'Rorke killed; two brigade commanders killed. But the Yanks stick. They are lashed to their task by thought of what they will get in their backs if they go. They know as well as the Johnnies in the quick instinct of men in battle what holding that hill means.

Let a Johnny come out from behind a boulder or a tree, and, if he is seen, bang at close range. And the nearer the attackers approach the more often they are seen.

It was like going up the stairs with a knife against a spear; like putting your fingers on the ladder round to have them hammered by the man above. And Down East was in it, too. The Maine men came charging through the cut between the two Round Tops. The thing was not to be done. The Federals kept the hill. Their army was safe for the night.

Farther toward the town, Wright's Johnnies had actually got on the crest, to be consumed in the cross fire like fuel thrust into a furnace door. "Go into them! Stop them!" from Hancock. He was galloping here and there to points of danger, patching the line. His heedlessness of fire was not to bring him down until he was wounded the next day.

And Sickles' and Sykes' men had taken the arrow to their breasts. Their attrition had stalled the enemy blows from landing on the ridge. They had given as well as received death and wounds. Fourteen thousand Federals had fallen between the Devil's Den and the peach orchard.

Some units on both sides had lost three-fourths of their numbers. Both armies had lost a third. Almost invariably in history this had meant defeat or falling back. But rules did not apply when American brother was fighting brother.

Quit? Neither side was in the mood. Dawn found the Federals holding Culp's Hill; fortifying both Big and Little Round Top; and with still more time to dig in on the ridge. Silence, except for a little growling by the battered lions, licking their wounds; silence all through the morning; silence that was portentous; silence that bade the Federals gird themselves against another blow.

Lee had failed to turn the flanks. But he had another shot in his locker. Pickett's fresh division had just arrived. In his final audacious stroke of Pickett's charge to pierce the center, Lee was not offering Destiny on the lap of the gods, but placing Destiny on the anvil of the gods.

Lee bade Alexander, his Chief of Artillery, to mass his batteries to play on the center to soften it for Pickett's advance. Alexander was to give the word to Pickett when to begin to charge. At half-past one, after half an hour's firing, he told Pickett the time had come, as he would soon be out of ammunition.

Pickett rode over to Longstreet for confirmation. Longstreet could not say the word aloud, but bowed his head. He thought the charge madness. Yet, if Lee had not sent Pickett in, then there would have been talk that he had not given these fresh troops their chance. Pickett, picturesque figure, with cap rakishly over his auburn locks, rode jauntily forward as to a hunt meet.

THE Federals knew that the charge was coming. Hunt, Federal Chief of Artillery, would invite madness to destruction. Under the Confederate cannonade he replaced guns and limbers destroyed in his solid line of batteries. Fresh gunners took the place of those killed and wounded.

He held his fire. When the

The Pennsylvania State Monument at Gettysburg.

charge was near, the conductor would lift his baton and the orchestra of hell would open to make the most of the surprise.

Down the slope of Seminary Ridge into the valley, and then up the slope of Cemetery Ridge came Pickett's three lines in gallant rhythm of movement. No use to attempt camouflage or concealment. They had to come in the open.

Canister and grape ready at hand for close quarters, the long roll of smoke burst with a crash from the Federal guns into the mass target for which the Federal infantry in their breastworks were waiting. It was like shooting into a crowd coming out of the gates of a ball park! But shooting when earth and sky trembled and cracked and screamed with the shell bursts under you and over you and around you from Alexander's guns.

The whirlwind of shell bursts tore holes in the charge, which was being shredded as men dropped singly from the rifle fire. The lines drew together; the rents were closed up from the rear. Flags fell as their bearers fell. Fresh hands took up the flags and waved them as the rebel yell rose in defiance.

WHAT a long slope! Minutes were hours of suspense for those looking on from Little Round Top or Seminary Ridge. Those in the struggle had no count of time. Nearer came the head of the charge, as if it were some wonderful piece of pageantry in which figures were dropping only in play.

Keep on firing, Federals. You must stop these madmen. Bring up more guns and gunners over the dead to continue your blasts. There is your chance, Federals. The charge is developed. You know where it will strike the line. Hurry out your infantry to get it in a cross fire, and then charge—mix it up! "Go into them!" from Hancock.

A little more, Confederates. Up with that flag! It is going into the works. Give the yell! Close up! General Armistead, for whom shells and bullets seem to swerve, who has led up the slope, his hat held high on his sword point, is over the famous stone wall with sword flashing.

His men, some of them, are actually on the crest. He puts his hand on a Federal gun, the runner at his goal, when he is shot dead in his hour of triumph, dying in the thought that the charge had won.

Another brigadier, Garnett, was killed and Kemper wounded. Triumph, too, if you will, when Cushing of the Federal artillery, with one hand holding his abdomen, rent by a shell, lays a gun with the other, as he cries, "I'll give them one more shot. Good-by!"

That little band of Confederates who were the wedge's head of the charge were engulfed in fire. They had reached the high-water mark of a brave lost cause against the superior power of a brave winning cause in the supreme horror and ordeal of war. For the riddled remainder on the slope there could be only surrender, or to try to get back under the blasts that human flesh could not bear.

So Lee—still holding the faith of his people, his men, and leaders, more magnificent in defeat than many conquerors in victory—led his army back to Virginia to fight for twenty months longer, as the South grew leaner and the blockade tighter. And North and South now share the common memory of the courage both of the men who charged and of those who held the ridge at Gettysburg; and of the folly of brother fighting brother, which shall not occur again.

THE END

The Red Knight of Germany

The Life and Battles of Richthofen, the Kaiser's Greatest War Bird- He Begins His Flight to Fame

By FLOYD GIBBONS

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In the early days of the World War the fliers made little attempt to attack each other. Their work was chiefly confined to observation and night bombing. But Richthofen yearned to kill, and even as an observer he brought down a French two-seater. It fell behind the French lines, however, and he got no official credit for it. Neither was he officially credited with the first plane he shot down as a pilot, a Nieuport, which also fell behind the French lines. In the midst of these triumphs, Richthofen was to witness the spectacular killing of his best friend, Count von Holck.]

"WITH a bullet through his head he fell from an altitude of 9,000 feet —a beautiful death."

Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the German ace, employed this sentence in a letter to his mother to describe the end of his closest friend and oldest flying comrade, the young Count von Holck, with whom he had had his first air adventures in Russia.

Flying almost two miles above the battle lines in front of Verdun, Richthofen from a distance saw his old friend battling for his life with a number of French fighting planes. A contrary wind, a slow engine, and the distance between him and the scene of the combat prevented him from going to Holck's assistance, and he was forced to stand off helplessly when the latter started on his fatal plunge.

German airmen met often at victory breakfasts, like the one shown above, where they told of their early morning "kills."

Baron von Richthofen, wearing the cross Pour le Merite, which he received after his sixteenth victory.

The spectacle occurred May 1, 1916, just four days after Richthofen had shot down a French flier in the same sector. The German war machine was still pounding away at Verdun, and a violent drum fire was playing on the battered shell-pocked ruins of Fort Douaumont, still valiantly held by the French. A

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The real secret of "joy walking"

YOU take the hills in stride and the valleys fall away before the velvety cushioning of "U.S." Spring-Step Heels. Each step finishes up with a buoyant little lift that helps a lot with the next one. To know the utmost pleasure of walking, wear "U.S." Spring-Step Heels.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

"U.S." SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

By the creators of the famous USKIDE soles
"The wonder sole for wear"

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

strong wind was blowing from the west.

The flying uhlan, from the pilot's cockpit of his biplane, saw three French Caudrons savagely attacking a Fokker single-seater machine, which he suspected was Holck's. The Caudrons dived repeatedly, but always managed to maintain a position between the Fokker and the German lines.

Gradually the fight circled over the French position in Verdun. Richthofen and his observer watched the unequal combat with admiration. The hard-pressed German pilot, outnumbered three to one, was giving an excellent account of himself.

It soon became apparent that Holck was on the defensive. Other French machines were between him and the German lines, and his numerous adversaries dived on him relentlessly, spraying lead from all angles. Holck lost altitude with every maneuver, and Richthofen and his observer knew that this was fatal. It was the man on top who won in the air.

Holck plunged downward, and Richthofen's heart beat faster in the belief that his old friend had evaded his adversaries. But it was not a ruse. It was Holck's last dive. One of the French bullets had gone through his head. The German pilot's body was strapped in the seat when the Fokker fell almost two miles to the earth.

Two days later—the day after his twenty-third birthday—Richthofen had recovered from the effects of his friend's death and was able to report in a different vein to his mother in the following letter:

Verdun, May 3.

LIEBE MAMA:

Many hearty thanks for your congratulations on my birthday, which I spent most enjoyably here. In the morning I had three nerve-tingling air fights, and in the evening I sat with Zeumer until 1 A. M., under a blossoming apple tree, drinking *bowle* [mixed wine and champagne].

I love my new occupation as pilot. I don't think anything else can attract me in this war. I fly a Fokker—a plane with which Boelke and Immelmann have had great success. I was very much grieved about Holck's death.

Three days before he was killed he visited me and we were very gay together. He told me of his imprisonment in Montenegro. One really can't imagine that this fine, healthy, and strong fellow doesn't exist any more.

I witnessed his last air fight. First he shot down a Frenchman in the midst of a hostile squadron. Then he evidently had a jam in his machine gun and wanted to return to the air above our lines. A whole swarm of Frenchmen were on him. With a bullet through his head he fell from an altitude of 9,000 feet—a beautiful death. One cannot imagine Holck crippled, with one arm or one leg. Today I am going to fly at his funeral.

MANFRED.

It was no time for regrets. Air activity in the Verdun sector increased steadily during that summer of 1916, and the French Nieuports were exacting regular toll from the German fliers who dared to meet them. Death was a frequent visitor to Richthofen's squadron. Under date of June 22, he wrote to his mother:

What did you say about Immelmann's death? In time, death comes to us all. The leader of Lothar's fighting squadron did not return from the bombing flight. The day before, the leader of my old fighting squadron, No. 1, was also shot down. He was the Baron von Gerstoff, one of the most efficient squadron leaders. I liked him very much.

The death that Richthofen predicted almost came to him two weeks after writing that letter. To the satisfaction of his great ambition, he had obtained permission to make some test flights in a single-seater Fokker in which he believed he could duplicate the easy and multiple air victories of Immelmann and Boelke.

Air equipment was not plentiful, and he had to share the new machine with a fellow pilot, who was equally ambitious to get away

The flying uhlan donning his cold-weather flying garments for a patrol that boded no good to Allied airmen.

from two-seaters and cruise as an individual fighting unit.

The joint ownership of the new Fokker was unsatisfactory to both Richthofen and his comrade. Each feared that the other one would smash the plane. One flew it in the morning and the other flew it in the afternoon.

Richthofen made his first trip without encountering an enemy plane. His comrade flew the Fokker that afternoon and that was the last Richthofen ever saw of it. It crashed in No Man's Land, but the pilot escaped uninjured and managed to return after lying in a shell crater until darkness.

One of the eighty machines shot down by the German ace was the English De Haviland shown above. He stripped the cockade from the lower plane as a trophy.

The young uhlan became the sole owner of the next single-seater issued to the squadron. As he left the ground on his third flight the motor stopped and he had to land. All that remained of the machine was a scrap pile, but the flying baron escaped without a scratch. He wrote to his mother:

> A few days ago I fell with my Fokker head first. The onlookers were much surprised when I crept unwounded from the wreckage. My dear friend, Zeumer, is improving. First, he was shot down by a Frenchman, but received only a few flesh wounds from glancing bullets. Three days later he broke his thigh bone in quite a silly affair. I intend to go to Boelke and be one of his disciples. I always need change. This would be something new and would mean advancement.

Advancement came hard for him. Failure still plagued his attempts to advance from the two-seaters to single-seaters. Although responsible for only one, he was really charged with crashing two Fokker single-seaters, and this record was taken into consideration when he was once more assigned to two-seaters, and transferred from the Verdun front back to the eastern theater of war.

The fighting squadron traveled as a "circus." It had special trains equipped with dining and sleeping cars and repair shops. The heat and the call of the wild drove Richthofen and two fellow primitives, Gerstenberg and Scheele, to the forests on each side of the railroad. They built huts and spent merry nights around the camp fire.

As a relief from excursions over the line, they roamed the forest in search of game. Richthofen loved it. Killing beasts by night and men by day brought a sense of completion and well-being to his combative spirit.

Bombing ground troops gave him a tremendous pleasure. His enthusiasm was tireless. There were times when, after dropping one load of bombs on a camp or a troop train, he would fly back to his airdrome, load up with explosives and fuel, and return to the last scene of carnage with another delivery of death.

It was more fruitful from the standpoint of results than seeking victims in the air. So often the fighting pilot had to return with an empty bag from a hunt in the sky. There was always something that could be done with bombs. The Russian army, almost defenseless from the air, constituted an excellent target.

Sweating under the heat of August, Russian troops were being massed for an attack in front of a rail center in the town of Manjewicze, twenty miles back of the lines. Under orders to disrupt the Russian communications, demoralize their reserves, and thereby weaken the force of their attack, the bombing squadron left its airdrome at noon.

Their planes were loaded with bombs to the limit of their capacity, which was about 300 pounds each, in addition to extra fuel, ammunition for two machine guns, and the weight of the pilot and the observer.

THEY rose heavily and reeled perilously as they left the ground. Once in the upper air, beyond the danger of sudden sinkings from low air pockets, pilot and observer breathed freer. The anticipation of a ground crash with 300 pounds of explosive suspended under one is not without a tingle to the dullest imagination.

Richthofen had a fat observer, whose extra weight he begrudged because it meant that he must carry fewer bombs.

They flew over Manjewicze. Houses and barracks already were smoking, and one end of the railroad station was wrecked, indicating that some of Richthofen's comrades had reached the target and "laid their eggs" before him.

They dropped bomb after bomb on the railroad station and damaged the one remaining line, so that a locomotive which happened to be moving out slowly at the time was forced to stop at the place where the bombs had torn up the rails.

It was all quite easy. No enemy airplanes; no intensive fire from the ground to fear. Richthofen thought that flying on the East Front was joy-riding as compared with the difficulties encountered on the West Front. He was right, because at that time, which was immediately after the beginning of the 1916 battle of the Somme, the British flying corps had swept the Germans from the air, and made their fliers the butt of stinging jokes on the part of the undefended German infantry.

Richthofen's assignment to the Eastern Front during that period may be looked upon as one of the reasons for his survival that year.

That season on the Russian front was a carnival of unimpeded daily slaughter. Computation of the lives he took on the ground is obviously impossible, but it is quite possible that he killed many more men in this manner than he did in his entire career of combat

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Just what I wanted!

The New Model

Pocket Ben

$1.50

You will like this new model Pocket Ben.

The service it will give is equaled only by its good looks. You will especially like its attractive, easy-to-read dial.

It's a sturdy, steady, faithful friend — just the watch you'll want to carry every day.

The New Model Pocket Ben is sold everywhere. Price $1.50. With luminous night - and - day dial $2.25.

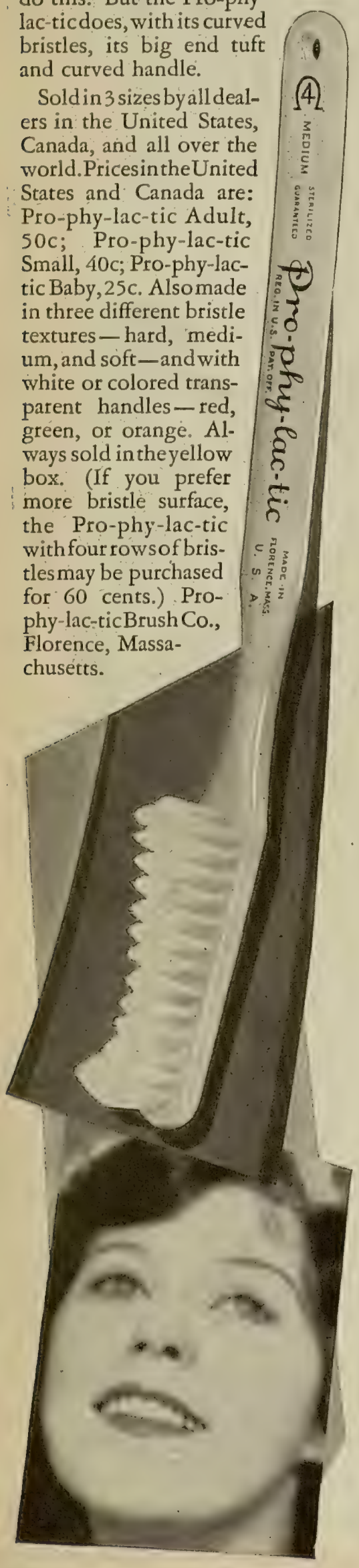
WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois

Prices slightly higher in Canada

Every tooth *reached* Every crevice *cleaned*

THE most important step in tooth protection is to secure a tooth brush that reaches *all* thirty-two teeth. Not all brushes do this. But the Pro-phy-lac-tic does, with its curved bristles, its big end tuft and curved handle.

Sold in 3 sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures — hard, medium, and soft — and with white or colored transparent handles — red, green, or orange. Always sold in the yellow box. (If you prefer more bristle surface, the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles may be purchased for 60 cents.) Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Massachusetts.



[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

in the air. It was wholesale. It fed the killing hunger, but his spirit of combat starved. It was all killing and no fighting.

Returning from bombing expeditions he would seek out camps or marching columns to dive on and spray with machine-gun lead.

"It was particularly amusing to pepper the gentlemen down below with machine guns," he wrote afterward. "Half-savage tribes from Asia are much more startled when fired upon from above than are educated Englishmen.

"It is particularly interesting and comical to shoot at hostile cavalry. An aerial attack upsets them completely. Suddenly all of them rush away in all directions. I should not like to be the commander of a squadron of Cossacks which has been fired upon with machine guns from airplanes."

Once the squadron was sent to break up a concentration of Russian troops crossing the Stokhod River in preparation for an attack. A long column of Cossacks was riding four abreast over the single bridge when Richthofen arrived. He circled low over the target and the Cossack column went into a gallop.

Depressing the nose of the plane, he swooped low over the crowded bridge. He could see the bearded Cossacks bending over their horses' necks and urging them to greater speed upon the appearance of this new enemy from a quarter in which they could not defend themselves. Richthofen's observer, with his eye glued to the bomb sights, pulled the lever that released the first missile.

Richthofen and his comrades in Boelke's squadron perfected their shooting by flying close to the target butts and firing their twin machine guns.

It missed the bridge, but landed beside the crowded approach on one bank. A cloud of dust and smoke, a terrific detonation, and the galloping column was cut in half, while a large white half-circle of roadway was dotted with the prone figures of men and horses.

SOME horses on the bridge leaped the stone side parapets and landed with their riders in the stream below. Others on the shore edge of the circle bolted. But the column closed up again and the charge across the bridge continued.

Three times the air guerrilla swooped low, and each time another bomb landed among the massed horsemen, creating terrific havoc. Men and animals were rushing and dragging themselves away in all directions. The disorder was complete. Officers urged their men to reform and proceed, but every mind was intent upon the danger from the air.

With all bombs expended, the two fliers repeated their swoop maneuver, spraying the column with machine-gun lead. Men toppled off their horses and were trampled by their comrades galloping behind. Horses rolled on the ground and others fell over them. "We enjoyed it tremendously," Richthofen wrote, "and I imagined that I alone had caused the Russian attack to fail."

IT was an orgy of blood for the flying uhlan and he was in high mood to receive a reward for his efforts. In the space of twenty minutes he probably had killed more men than his air combats would total in his busiest month; but the slaughter did not show on his record, and he loved the trophies of victory. The prize he received was even greater than he had expected.

On that day the great Boelke arrived at the airdrome at Kovel.

Everyone in the squadron knew the purpose of his visit. The great German airman was selecting fliers for a crack squadron which he would take to the West Front to fight under his command against the British. The German air force, driven down on the Somme, left German artillery blind and German infantry defenseless from air attack and subject to terrific punishment from British and French artillery, which was well directed by planes.

The irritation of the German infantry found expression in such remarks as, "May God punish England, our artillery, and our air force," or in the derisive question passed from man to man: "Has anybody seen a German airman?"

The day after his arrival at Kovel, Boelke, wearing the star of the order Pour le Merite, called at Richthofen's quarters.

"Would you like to go with me to the Somme and see some real fighting?" Boelke inquired. Richthofen almost fell on his neck. Three days later he was speeding across Germany on a train, with his greatest wish fulfilled. Boelke, his god, had chosen him to be one of the great new fighting squadron. "From now on begins the finest time of my life," he wrote as he thrilled to the new joy and distinction.

Jagdstaffel No. 2 was the military designation of Boelke's organization, whose mission was to put the German air force back into the air on the Western Front. These selected pilots were assigned new and especially fast one-seater planes whose sole duty was fighting.

The jagdstaffel reached the Somme basin during the second week of September and Boelke began at once to inculcate a new fighting spirit into his cubs. Most of them were young and, although at home in the air, had little or no experience in the rapidly developing tactics of air fighting. The cubs

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Cinders

in Eyes should be dislodged this soothing way

When you get a cinder in your eye, don't rub. It only makes matters worse. Instead, take a dropperful of soothing, healing *Murine* and thoroughly flush the eye. This will usually remove the offender.

Always carry *Murine* when travelling to guard against eye irritation resulting from cinders, smoke and dust. Also use it to refresh your eyes after motoring, golf, tennis and swimming. It's guaranteed to contain nothing harmful.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail to Murine Co., Dept. 86, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked: ☐ "Eye Beauty" ☐ "Eye Care"

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL

"The Sunshade in A Tube"

Don't Get Sunburned!

SUNEX

Is "the sunshade in a tube"—the scientific discovery which actually screens out the burning rays of sunshine.

SUNEX enables you to enjoy the beach, the sunshine, to the full and still not get burned or freckled.

SUNEX is a complexion cream. Soothes and beautifies the skin, and at the same time prevents burn or blister. SUNEX also relieves sunburn.

The Abbott Laboratories
North Chicago, Ill.

The only product of its kind

Sold at all drug stores

THE ABBOTT LABORATORIES
Dept. L
North Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c for which please send me trial size tube of SUNEX.

Name

Address

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

trained on the ground and in the air hours every day, improving their marksmanship by firing thousands of rounds of machine-gun ammunition into the target butts, and practicing fighting evolutions.

Boelke flew early every morning, returning to the airdrome to take the first meal of the day with his cubs. Three days in succession he reported to them that he had been able to shoot down an Englishman for breakfast.

He told how he killed them, and the cubs leaned anxiously over their plates with their eyes glued on those of the master. With each new tale of death their fighting spirit and eagerness increased. Richthofen became impatient for the arrival of the new planes in which they were to make their grand début.

THEY came and the cubs took off with their master on the first test flight. Behind the German lines, they played "follow the leader," Boelke going through his fighting maneuvers and then ordering the cubs to perform the same feats. He flew them in squadron formation and signaled orders to them by movements of the wings of his plane. When they returned to the ground he congratulated all of them and told them that the squadron would receive its baptism of fire the following day.

It was the 17th of September, and a gloriously fine day, when the jagdstaffel, the first of the famous German flying circuses, went into battle. It was the date on which young Richthofen was to taste blood officially in the air for the first time.

They did not have to go far before sighting the enemy. The British were out early and as usual were seeking combat over the enemy's ground. Boelke was the first to recognize a hostile squadron of British planes flying far behind the German lines in the direction of Cambrai.

He signaled his intentions to the V formation of his young disciples and they followed him as he maneuvered into position between the English planes and the front line. The British would have to fight to get back.

Richthofen counted seven planes in the enemy formation, which contained units of the Eleventh Squadron of the Royal Flying Corps, composed of heavy bombing planes and an escort of two-seater fighting planes of the F. E. type. The English flew steadily on their mission of destruction behind the German lines. The German maneuver seemed neither to startle them nor to deflect them from the object of their regular flight. They kept on toward their goal, moving in fairly close formation and at an average speed.

Picture by Clayton Knight

Richthofen zoomed upward under the English plane. A stream of lead ripped through the fabric and wooden bracing.

The flying uhlan's "victory scrapbook" held this photograph of a Sopwith machine that he shot down (left).

Boelke and Richthofen and three more of the jagdstaffel approached the squadron cautiously, for the purpose of making a preliminary inspection before attacking. The altitude was around 10,000 feet. Richthofen and the other cubs kept their eyes on their leader and hoped for the chance to show their ability under his eyes. They all thirsted for a "kill," and here it was, ready-made for them. At least, so it seemed.

They watched Boelke as the master approached the first English machine, but refrained from firing. Richthofen followed immediately behind. The enemy plane closest to him was a large two-seater F. E. painted in dark colors.

At its controls was Second Lieutenant L. B. F. Morris, and in the observer's seat behind him was Lieutenant T. Rees. Both were youngsters. Rees manned a Lewis machine gun, mounted on a turntable pivot, and Morris had another Lewis fixed to the fuselage and shooting forward through the propeller arc.

Richthofen's plane was a single-seater and speedier. His two machine guns were fixed to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies (one "key" to each advertisement): The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find one of the "keys" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Three have already appeared. Check back and find them if you missed them. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.**
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	$30,000

RULES

* Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers, and the final "key" will not appear until then. Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Thirty-five

the fuselage and fired forward through the propeller.

He approached within fifty yards of the English plane and opened fire.

At the same instant a stream of lead poured from the rear machine gun on the English plane.

Rees was on the job and his aim was good, because Richthofen was forced to change his position immediately. He dived out of range, but zoomed upward again and regained his position above and in the rear of Morris and Rees.

Whenever he approached within range, Rees opened fire and Richthofen could see the English tracer bullets zipping through the air quite close to him. The English plane, with its forward and after machine guns, could shoot in almost all directions, while Richthofen's weapon shot forward only. To land a telling shot he had to get behind the Englishman.

Morris was young but experienced. Every time Richthofen attempted to get behind him, he would swerve into a circle, during which time the German flier, coming under the muzzle of Rees' movable machine gun, would find himself in danger of being riddled. Morris twisted and turned and flew in zigzag spurts, increasing Richthofen's difficulties to bring his guns to bear on the plane. Rees met every attack and succeeded in keeping the overeager uhlan at a healthy distance.

Appearing to accept failure, Richthofen dived into a cloud. He made a large circle and returned at a lower altitude. With his speedy machine he soon had the English plane in view again, and noticed that Morris was now flying straight on instead of twisting and turning. From this he presumed that the two English fliers had lost sight of him.

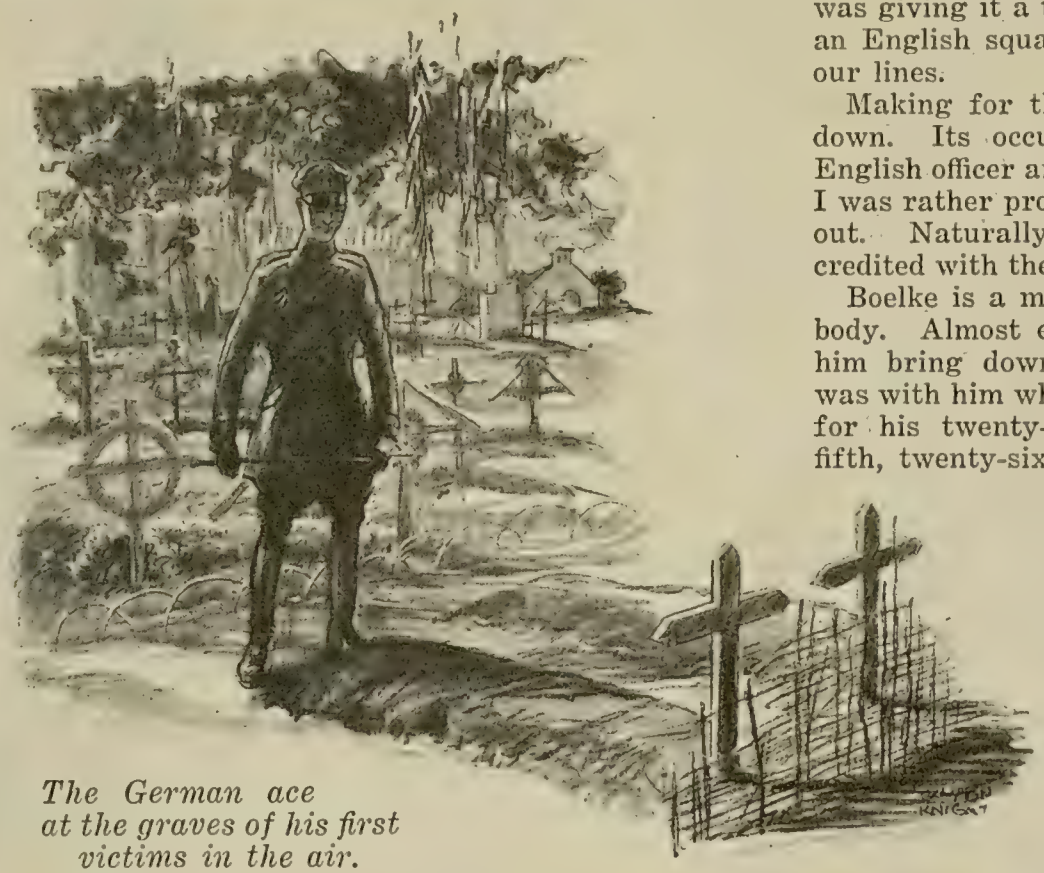
He recalled the instructions of Boelke. He had studied the model of the F. E. and he knew that directly to the rear and slightly below the English plane was a "blind spot"—a small angle of vision that could be covered neither by the pilot nor the observer with their guns. He had maneuvered himself into this safe angle, and Morris and Rees were unaware that he was "under their tail."

He pulled up on the stick sharply and, with his motor roaring under a wide-open throttle, zoomed upward under the dark-red belly of the English plane. In a few seconds he was within thirty yards of his quarry and his twin machine guns were trained on the bottom of the plane.

His finger pressed the trigger button and a stream of lead raked the under belly of the British machine from nose to tail. The first part of the stream shattered the crankcase of the engine, releasing the compression and destroying the motor. The spray next ripped through the fabric and wooden bracing above which Morris was seated. The last of the stream sent a long seam of lead under the cockpit in which Rees was sitting.

"At that time," Richthofen said, in describing the fight, "I did not have the conviction, as I later had in similar cases—the conviction best described by the sentence, 'He must fall.' In this, my first encounter, I was curious to see if he would fall. When one has shot down one's first, second, or third opponent, then one begins to find out how the trick is done."

AFTER delivering the burst of lead into the bottom of the English plane, Richthofen found himself so close under the F. E. that he had to swerve suddenly to avoid colliding with it. As he swept by, he saw that the propeller of the English plane had stopped.



The German ace at the graves of his first victims in the air.

The English plane reared and sideslipped. Morris at the stick had received some of the bullets from below. As the machine fell, Richthofen dived on it and, looking down into the after cockpit, saw Rees crumpled up on his seat. The disabled F. E. plunged downward in a mad spiral toward the earth—almost two miles below.

Morris revived sufficiently to bring his shattered plane to a safe landing in a field. Richthofen, his heart pounding and his eyes burning with the excitement and exultation of the moment, had never let the English plane out of his sight. He landed in the same field and almost smashed his plane, so intent was he upon keeping his eyes on his victims.

He jumped out of his plane immediately and rushed over to the English machine. The field was behind the German third line and reserve infantrymen were running out from all directions. Morris and Rees were unconscious, their bodies riddled with bullets.

With the assistance of the soldiers, Richthofen lifted his two victims from the bloodstained cockpits.

Rees opened his eyes once with a boyish smile and died. Morris was placed on the stretcher and carried to the dressing station. He was dead when he arrived there.

Returning to his airdrome, Richthofen found Boelke and the rest of the jagdstaffel in the midst of a joyous victory breakfast. He proudly reported his "kill," and learned that Boelke had had "another Englishman for breakfast," and that the other fliers of the unit had each brought down their first planes. On the following morning he wrote to his mother:

LIEBE MAMA:

You will have wondered at my continued silence, but this is the first chance I have had to sit down and take up a pen. I have been busy constantly of late.

I had to fly a reserve plane with which I could not do much, being beaten in most encounters; but yesterday my new plane arrived and, just think: when I was giving it a tryout, I sighted an English squadron right over our lines.

Making for them, I shot one down. Its occupants were an English officer and a petty officer. I was rather proud over my tryout. Naturally, I have been credited with the downed plane.

Boelke is a mystery to everybody. Almost every flight sees him bring down an enemy. I was with him when he accounted for his twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh, and took part in the fights.

The battle on the Somme is not quite what you at home think it to be. For four weeks the enemy has been attacking us with superior forces, most notably artillery. And there are always fresh troops thrown into the battle. Our men fight excellently.

During the next few days we will probably move our hangars farther back. The whole looks very much like an open battle. I suppose you know that my friend Schweinichen has been killed. I had just made up my mind to visit him because he was stationed near by. That same day they got him. MANFRED.

He posted the letter and walked into Cambrai. He went to the hospital in the center of the town and out into the back yard, where there were two fresh graves in a lot set apart from the graves of German dead. The crosses over the two fresh mounds of earth bore the names of Morris and Rees.

He placed a stone on each grave. They were his first official victims—his first accredited scalps in the war.

How the flying uhlan became the greatest killer in the German air force, how the number of his victims increased from month to month, how he wrote the cold military report on each victory in the air and each man he killed, are the thrill peaks touched in the following installment of the life and battles of Richthofen.

$30,000 in Cash Prizes!

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

FIVE CENTS !

The dollar is worth less than half what it was in 1886, the year Coca-Cola had its beginning. But through tremendous volume the *nickel* still keeps this pure drink of natural flavors safe for democracy.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

Again we say :-

Not expected - not thought possible -

ESSEX Tops its

Roomier, Finer Interiors

ESSEX

Greatest Triumph
with even Greater Values

At the highest pinnacle of Essex popularity—with the record breaking sales of all time—with stocks swept clean, and thousands upon thousands of unfilled orders—we abruptly stopped the largest production in our history, *to give this Greater Essex right of way.*

Riding is like *flying*

The industry does not record a like decision. Yet one glance—one ride in the New Essex Super-Six reveals the startling reasons that prompted it. If thousands praised the former Essex, then tens of thousands must applaud the new. If all sales records were surpassed by the former Essex, then even higher marks must reward the new.

No previous car—no previous value—gives anything by which to judge it. It is the greatest achievement in Essex history. Dealers everywhere are now showing it. We could say it is longer, roomier, more luxurious, with greater power and performance—yet that does not express it.

We do say: ***"See it and ride in it with greater expectations of fine things than you ever held for any but the costliest cars".*** You will not be disappointed.

Only by ordering promptly can you insure delivery ahead of increasing thousands who want it.

Greater Power and Performance

Super-Six

For Your Vacation— Wherever You Go!

IN THE mountains or at the shore—whether you travel by motor, train or boat—your vacation requirements will surely include apparel and accessories made more convenient and useful by the handy HOOKLESS Fastener.

An appealing variety of sports apparel and equipment, including sweaters, weather-breakers, hiking togs, bathing suits and shoes, hunting boots, tents and sleeping-bags, golf-bags, racket-covers, sport shoes, bathing-bags and many types of luggage, are fitted with the HOOKLESS Fastener. In the country or on the farm, you will need the new type overalls or work clothes equipped with the HOOKLESS Fastener.

Popular favor comes naturally to articles using the HOOKLESS Fastener because it *ALWAYS WORKS*—just an easy pull to open or close. Flexible, durable and absolutely rustproof, it launders with perfect safety.

The HOOKLESS trade-mark on the pull identifies it as the original slide fastener.

Write us for names of manufacturers who supply articles using the HOOKLESS Fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
MEADVILLE - - - - PENNSYLVANIA

In Canada:
CANADIAN LIGHTNING FASTENER CO., LTD.
St. Catharines, Ontario

The HOOKLESS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FASTENER

The Greatest SPORT in the World

It's Hunting Tigers, Says a Famous Flying Officer

An Article by

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Picture by
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

WE had just finished a wonderful run with the Middleburg hounds. The Master had led us over the Bull Run Mountains of Virginia for well-nigh forty miles, behind one of the wisest old foxes that it had been our good fortune to strike. That evening a group of us sat in my study, discussing the day's happenings.

There were men who had seen wars in Europe, wars in Asia, and wars in Africa. Some had flown in their airplanes in peace and in war, had hunted foxes in Europe and America, fished in the seven seas, and had shot game, both large and small, in nearly every quarter of the globe.

The question came up as to what was the greatest sport on earth. Naturally, most thought that hunting the fox was the greatest sport, because it contains more chances for the demonstration of cool nerve, instantaneous decision, regard for one's fellows, and care of the dumb animal that one rides, than any other.

While agreeing with them in the main, I suggested that hunting the tiger in Central India

MONARCH of the Indian jungles— "a battler to the last."

furnished an experience that nothing that I had ever seen could equal.

A short time ago I followed such a hunt in India. I was accompanied by my wife, a keen lover of sport and an expert with firearms. We were to hunt tigers first in a forest tract belonging to the government of India, and after two weeks of that we were to go to one of the native states, whose prince was one of the greatest tiger hunters in India.

Arriving at our point of departure from the railway in the Central Provinces, we were met by Mr. Jollye, the chief of the forest service, and his delightful wife. We left the station, the ladies riding on an elephant, and were led

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Warning Foot Pains
Forerunners of
Serious Trouble!

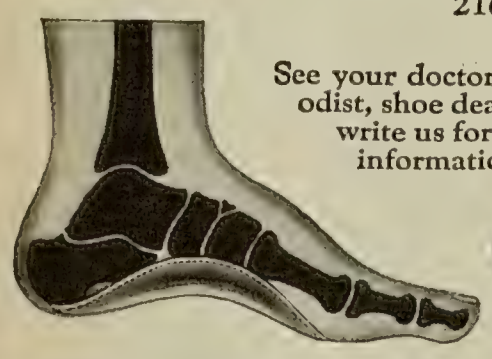
Don't neglect those first sharp foot pains — pains that mean fallen arches. Spinal disorders, indigestion or bad cases of unruly nerves may result.

Buy a pair of LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions—they'll avert the danger and afford prompt relief. Then by a gradual building up process, restore the arches to the place Nature intended—effecting permanent benefit.

LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions are made of special cellular rubber, encased in soft flexible leather—NO METAL ANYWHERE.

These cushions are light in weight. Oversize shoes are not needed.

KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., Inc.
216 Cutler Street, Warren, R. I., U. S. A.

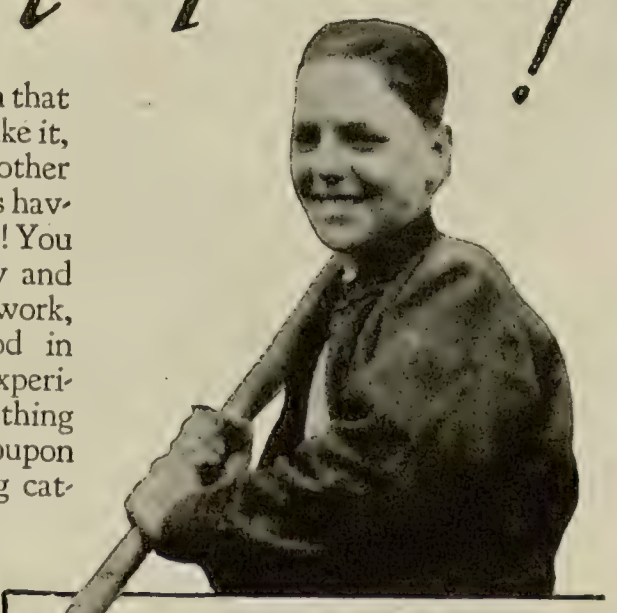


See your doctor, chiropodist, shoe dealer, or write us for full information.

Lynco

EASY-WEAR FOOT AIDS

Boys Win free Baseball Equipment!



Harry Wendell of Connecticut won that fine baseball bat. You can win one like it, too, and many of the hundreds of other valuable prizes our boys get besides having a regular weekly income. Yes, sir! You can earn your own pocket money and win prizes, too. It is clean, easy work, right in your own neighborhood in your spare time. No money or experience required. We furnish everything and show you how. Send the coupon below for full details and our big catalog of free prizes.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

LIBERTY WEEKLY, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[THE GREATEST SPORT IN THE WORLD Continued from Page Forty-one]

from village to village by one of the native headmen, who appeared carrying a spear. We were now in the country of the Gonds, non-Aryans, who had populated the country before the coming of the present dominating people of India. As I afterward found, their bravery in the face of tigers and wild animals cannot be surpassed.

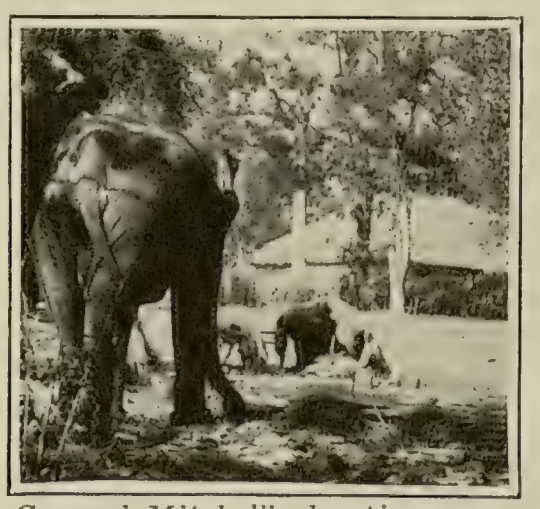
The jungle in this part of India more nearly resembles a park than anything else — beautiful open woods, glades with good grass, fresh clear streams, at that time of the year fringed here and there with groves of bamboo. Flashing through the verdure we caught occasional glimpses of the fire tree with its blood-red flowers.

After a day of travel our caravan arrived at the rest house in the middle of the jungle which was to be the base of operations. The headmen and shikaris, or hunters, were there to meet us. They reported many tiger signs and said that the chances were good for obtaining one of the beasts.

They had procured buffaloes for the tiger bait. (Cattle cannot be used because they are sacred.) These were tied out in places where tigers were accustomed to hunt.

WHEN the tiger kills, he drags his victim off into the jungle, eats a part of it, then drinks water and lies down in the shade to sleep during the heat of the day. It is from a knowledge of the habits of tigers and of even the individual tiger that the native shikaris are able to tell which way he will go if disturbed by the beaters. The sportsman is then put on a stand commanding a good field of fire on this line of retreat.

Day after day went by without a kill being reported. One evening, as I was returning to camp, I saw a large tiger deliberately watching our natives preparing their evening meal. Night was falling and individual objects were becoming indistinct.



General Mitchell's hunting camp in Central India.

The tiger was so engrossed in watching the camp that he did not see me at first. I could not shoot without danger of killing someone in camp, and by the time I had rushed to a point where I could shoot, he was gone.

I wondered whether he were a man-eater. There had been one not far from here a few months before.

He had killed about ninety persons in two months; mostly old women and children who had ventured into the jungle in quest of firewood. Every scheme was tried to kill him, with no avail. He would not touch buffaloes, colts, dogs, goats, or sheep, all of which were tied out for him. He desired only human beings, because they were so easy to capture and kill and were relatively tender to eat. If an English sportsman sat up over the half-eaten body of a native, the report would be broadcast that the English were using natives for tiger bait.

AT last, a native armed with poison arrows perched in a tree over the partially eaten body of one of his fellows. The tiger came, and was wounded by an arrow. The natives, after a few hours' search, found him dead. He was a very old male, his body emaciated, his great canine teeth worn down flat, and one of his eyes sightless. Perhaps the tiger I had seen was one in that condition, which must have the easily acquired human food to live.

Still, none killed our baits. The natives thought it was because there were so many sambar that the tigers found them more desirable food. We found tiger tracks, in some places only a few feet away from the tied buffaloes, where they apparently had been looking over and inspecting them. But still no kill.

At last the shikaris came in and reported a kill. It was close by, but the condition of the carcass indicated that a leopard had done the work.

While we were engaged in overhauling our rifles and equipment and taking things easy, we were attracted by a commotion outside. Looking out, I saw a boy of about fifteen years, stripped to the waist and out of breath, telling a story in a very excited manner.

Throwing on a bath robe, I went out and, to my great satisfaction, heard that some tigers had killed a bait on a branch of the Nirbadda River, about eighteen miles away. The runner did not know how many tigers there were; but when a boy had gone to inspect the bait in the morning, he saw a huge tiger dragging the buffalo up the river bank. He heard another tiger roaring in the jungle. Upon seeing the boy, the tiger dropped the buffalo and turned to growl at the boy; whereupon the latter ran away.

The amount of damage done to the flocks and herds by tigers each year is almost unbelievable; and every once in a while, when a tiger gets so old or injured that he cannot kill the forest game or tame cattle, he turns man-eater and in a short time decimates whole districts. During the preceding year in this district more than 1,200 persons had died as a result of wounds inflicted by wild animals and reptiles. A great many more were killed of whom there was no authentic record.

After about three hours of riding, Jollye and I arrived at the river bank, about a mile from where the tigers were reported to be. Some of the men were assembled there to act as "stops"; that is, they were to be placed up in

trees, so that, by setting up a din at the proper moment, they could divert to our direction such tigers as might attempt to break through and escape.

The tigers were in a U-shaped bend of the river whose open end was considerably attenuated. Across this neck Jollye placed the beaters, about seventy in number. We proceeded to the closed end of the U, and I was stationed at a point on the side opposite the tigers, where a small flowing stream joined the main river.

Stretching away from us on each side were the "stops." Behind us two other men were placed in trees to observe any tigers that might be wounded or escape us. This is important, since a wounded tiger that might otherwise kill someone is often spotted in this way. My machan was arranged in a tree about eight feet from the ground.

As far as shooting the tiger is concerned, it is better to be down low, since one gets a greater exposure of the target; but if too low, a sufficient view of the foreground cannot be obtained. Height does not give especial security from attack. Tigers have been known to pull men out of machans seventeen feet up in trees. Ordinarily they do not like to climb, but they can get up nimbly if they make up their minds to. Height, however, does give concealment, because the tiger usually looks for his foes on the ground.

I MOUNTED the tree to the machan with my gun bearer, Budong, a sprightly and alert Gond. It was a mango with heavy leaves. In front of us stretched the dry bed of the river for about 100 yards. It was formed of ridges of granite rock, and between these were shallow pools of water. Directly opposite me on the other bank were fringes of bamboo, looking like lace against the sky line; and beyond these the great forest trees.

Behind me was a cut bank a little higher than the place I had in the tree, and emptying almost behind me was the stream, which had cut through the bank to the level of the river below. Bamboo bushes and trees covered the banks. It was this low spot that the tigers would make for when rushing from one bank of the river to the other.

We took our places, and quiet was enjoined on all. So quiet was I that I neglected to clear away some branches and leaves that greatly interfered with my view to the front. I had with me my Springfield rifle with 180-grain bullets and my 450 express double-barreled rifle.

For the first twenty minutes I silently practiced aiming in all directions from which I thought the tiger might come. I had a perfectly open foreground across the river bottom.

Budong had stripped to the waist and even removed his turban so that his dark skin would show less conspicuously against the dark tree trunk, and also so that he would be free in all his movements in case he had to act quickly.

During the wait I thought of the many accidents that had befallen sportsmen from wounded tigers. Some had happened recently. In one case, an Englishman took his wife up into the machan with him. A tiger came by and was wounded. The man, leaving his wife unarmed, descended from the tree, telling her that he would be gone only a short time and for her under no circumstances to descend. He was away three hours. When he returned he found the body of his wife, terribly mauled.

It was supposed that she became so thirsty she descended for water, and that the tiger had watched her continually and when she touched the ground pounced on her.

Tigers sometimes appear to single out a certain person and wait for him. A native became separated from his companions in a jungle and was chased by a tiger. He succeeded in climbing into a tree, while the tiger remained on watch below.

After a while his companions, noting his absence and suspecting that a tiger might have killed him, returned, making a great racket by beating drums so as to keep the tiger away.

The man descended and joined his companions. They were walking quietly, single file, through the jungle, when suddenly there was a flash of orange and black and the doomed man was carried off by the tiger. It is related also that this man was the fattest in the group.

About a month before our expedition, an Englishman and his wife were hunting in the Central Provinces. A tiger was wounded and ran for a watercourse that had steep banks about ten feet high. The man was an old tiger hunter and his wife an expert shot also.

The man insisted on following the bed of the stream, while his wife walked along on the bank above him. Upon rounding a turn, the tiger suddenly appeared and grabbed the man. The woman shot the tiger through the heart, and then had to pry its jaws apart to release her husband. She got him back to the railway, but he died on the way to Bombay.

Instances of this kind happen every year, even with the oldest tiger hunters, who, although they know better, often become careless.

AT last, a shrill whistle signaled the start of the beat. A few shouts and the tapping on trees with sticks followed. Soon peacocks and jungle fowl, the advance guard of the wild creatures, flew pell mell out of the opposite bank in our direction. Many of them almost touched us, they came so close.

A few large yellow-and-black birds on the opposite bank began a great clatter and soon after we heard the excited chatter of monkeys. Budong gripped my arm and said, "*Bag, bag!*"—tiger, tiger—meaning that the birds and monkeys had seen the tiger and that he was surely in the beat. The din of the beat increased. Again and again came terrific shrieks from the men, and Budong gave me to understand that tigers were attempting to break through the line of beaters. Still, I could see no tiger.

Suddenly, and without warning, a great tiger broke out from the opposite bank and, with a roar that shook the trees, made straight for my position. He moved with the speed of a race horse. He was bright orange with deep black stripes. His tail, ringed with black from end to end, was held on high. I could see his face and its expression. The skin lay in folds on it and moved with his rapid glances from left to right. He was mak-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

At the top, the first kill. At General Mitchell's right stands his gun bearer, Budong, and at Budong's right, the chief hunter, Jungli.

In the oval, General Mitchell mounted for the hunt, with the patriarchal driver beside his elephant.

As physicians do

—stop the torture of SUNBURN

. . . heal the flaming skin

ALONG the beach, by lake or stream—anywhere under the bright skies in summer: these are days to cherish.

Blistering sunburn need not steal precious hours. On guard! At the first sign of redness spread on the dressing hospitals use—stop the smart at once—Unguentine!

Soothing Unguentine halts infection instantly—counteracts the dangerous poisons generated in the injured tissues—swiftly heals the tenderest skin. All outdoors is yours again!

Use Unguentine liberally on the injured surface. Or better, *prevent* severe burning or inflammation; spread it on *before* exposure. You tan quickly and normally. Be ready. At your druggist's—50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Insure the joy of gay outdoor days with this famous dressing

There is a reason for

World-Wide Confidence

IN

SMITH BONDS

Every safeguard and provision, our long experience in the First Mortgage field recommends, is utilized for the benefit of the investor.

Every Smith Bond is secured by a First Mortgage on improved Real Estate — a First lien on land and building; a first lien in effect on net property earnings, the owner being required to make monthly payments in advance for interests and a portion of the principal.

Every Mortgage that secures a Smith Bond issue is a first mortgage on property advantageously located, whose valuation, as established by competent and reputable appraisers, is substantially in excess of the first mortgage.

These and many other important factors make

SMITH BONDS *They Yield*

Safe
Interest Sure
Income Satisfactory

6½%

Denominations of $1000, $500, $100. Maturing from 2 to 10 years.

Detailed information concerning SMITH BONDS and the safeguards that protect your investment may be had on request.

Ask for Booklet No. 82-29

Our Mail Service Department

No matter where you may be you can avail yourself of the Mail Order Service of our Home Office in Washington, D. C. Your investments and inquiries will be given the same personal, efficient and courteous attention you would receive if you called at one of our offices.

The F. H. SMITH Co.

Founded 1873

Smith Building, Washington, D.C.
285 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
Continental & Commercial Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BOSTON ALBANY BUFFALO
MINNEAPOLIS ST. LOUIS

Kindly send Booklet and information regarding SMITH BONDS.

NAME_____ 82-29

ADDRESS_____

[THE GREATEST SPORT IN THE WORLD Continued from Page Forty-three]

ing for the stream line directly behind me, because it offered the quickest covered exit on my side. I raised my rifle to cover him as he came. Leaves of the tree were in the way. I could not see. I stood up. The tree swayed. It was hard to catch the peep sights on my rifle. I remembered that Jollye had mildly suggested that I use my double-barreled rifle with open sights. It was too late. The tiger was coming toward us for all he was worth. Now he jumped on a granite outcropping about forty yards in front of me. I covered the middle of his chest and let go. Down went the tiger, but without apparently slacking his pace. With a terrific roar he kept right on, looking in every direction to find me. Again I let go, and again he went down. He had now passed me and was scaling the river bank beside and behind me. I fired again.

HE was now on my level or even a little above, and he saw me. Turning like lightning, he started with a roar in my direction just as my rifle cracked for the fourth time. He recoiled from the blow. The expression of his face changed, he rolled over and with a few guttural growls disappeared from view. Then everything was quiet. I was sure in my own mind that I had hit the huge beast each time I had fired, and how he had been able to stand these ton - and - a - half blows, delivered with each shot of the Springfield, was more than I could understand. The noise in the beat was now terrific. Men, monkeys, birds, and tigers—there were more there.

Soon I caught sight of a large tiger running along the other bank, in and out of the bamboo. Then he disappeared. All at once, without warning, he burst out of the jungle, jumped down the bank with one bound and began crossing the river about 100 yards to my right. The speed of these animals astonished me, as did their huge size. I arose and fired. I could see the strike of the bullet under his belly. He was lost to sight behind some brush. As I peered after him in one direction, imagine my surprise when he appeared not more than twenty feet away, rushing for the cover of the stream. Again I fired in haste, but I knew that I had not caught my peep sights and again I missed. This great tiger was gone.

Soon after, the beaters emerged from the jungle on the opposite side and assembled in groups, recounting their experiences. They called to Budong that five tigers had been in the beat and that three had broken right through them, one almost killing a man as he jumped over his prone figure.

The man in the tree behind me said that the first tiger I had shot at was then lying in the water of the stream about seventy yards from us, that he had not moved for at least twenty minutes, and that he thought him dead. The second tiger, apparently, was uninjured and had galloped off in the jungle.

We proceeded to the place where I had directed my first shot. There was a tuft of hair and a few drops of blood. What was remarkable to me, however, were the marks of every claw driven deep into the granite rock where the tiger had gripped with his feet to retain his stride. These tremendous scratches were at least a half inch deep, straight into the living rock. They formed an indelible record of my first tiger.

General and Mrs. Mitchell, with some trophies of their hunt.

WE then looked where I had shot the second time and saw where my bullet had hit the ground.

Jollye then told the natives to remain in a group while he and I went ahead. Now I took my double-barreled rifle. I had had enough of the small-caliber, high-velocity weapon. They are all right for long shots on ordinary game and will kill tigers when one is hit in a vital spot, but what you need at close quarters is something that will smash them down.

We advanced with great care because there was a possibility that the other tiger was wounded. In a couple of minutes I caught sight of the great animal lying perfectly still in the water. We threw down some stones with no response. I approached within ten feet. There he was, with his teeth embedded in the root of a tree and with both front paws clutching it as if in combat, dead game to the last. I pulled his tail; there was no answering move. I had killed my first tiger.

I called the men. They came pouring in and danced around the carcass. Fifteen or twenty lifted her out. She proved to be a very large tigress, eight feet six inches long. Others arranged a litter to carry her away. I examined where my bullets had entered. The first had hit under the chest, had broken four ribs and fragments had ranged up into the liver. This shot would have caused the tiger to die eventually but it had almost no effect in stopping her. I had missed the next two shots. When she turned on me at the top of the bank I had hit her in the left fore shoulder. The bullet had ranged back and taken off the rear portion of the heart. If I had not made that lucky shot we might never have got the tiger.

MY tiger was borne on a litter, covered with leaves and flowers, by twenty men, to the bull carts. The greatest reverence is paid to the tiger in death. Most parts have some charm or miraculous power attributed to them by the natives.

Two days later we proceeded to Kharsia, in the Central Provinces. There we were met by the chief of police and staff of the Maharaja of Surguja.

When the harvest, principally rice, is reaped here each autumn, the men are turned out to hunt tigers. If this is not done, the tigers increase to such an extent as to cause great losses to the flocks and herds. They also kill many people. A regular conscription of the able-bodied men is made, much in the same way as for war.

Each eight of the population is required to furnish one able-bodied man. The men are organized into companies, have their chiefs, cooking arrangements, and actually take the field. Some 3,000 had been called. These were stationed in three principal groups about fifty miles apart. Runners of the police kept communication between the various detachments.

On the sixth day of our stay a tiger killed one of the buffaloes near at hand. We proceeded to where the road ended, then mounted elephants that took us to our stand in a tree. The Maharaja, a really great tiger hunter and a splendid sportsman, handled and directed the whole affair in person.

Some 400 men took part as beaters, guided by the principal and chief hunters on elephants. Music was provided and the beaters came forward with their flutes that sound exactly like Scotch bagpipes. Soon a roar was heard from the tiger and it was known that he was in the beat. The head

shikaris occasionally fired a blank cartridge to urge on the beast. An hour elapsed without a sound from the tiger. The beat was drawing nearer and nearer. It was Mrs. Mitchell's first experience in a tiger beat.

At last we could see the elephants not 100 yards away; then the men only fifty yards. All had closed in with precision and no hole had been left in the beat. I unloaded our rifles and prepared to leave. The beaters were within twenty-five yards of us. I glanced to the right through the jungle just as I saw a group of men jump for the trees with yells that indicated the presence of the tiger. The Maharaja grabbed my arm; and a great roar came from the beast.

There he was in full career, going like an express train right by our machan, not twenty yards away. I grabbed for the nearest rifle, which happened to be Mrs. Mitchell's 405, slipped a cartridge into it, and fired, but the bullet hit a tree near the tiger and he was gone, slick and clean. We were intensely interested and delighted by the hunt, notwithstanding the fact that the tiger had escaped. We were the first Americans to go into those parts, and Mrs. Mitchell was the first white woman to hunt there. Only a few British officers had gone in there before us.

For the next few days I hunted alone with the Maharaja. I killed two tigers and then we moved to a camp some fifty miles to the north.

When we arrived the head shikari reported that he had located a tiger that had killed the night before, about six miles away. The beaters had been dispatched and the elephants were ready to take us.

The beaters, assembled in a valley and on the sides of the hills, numbered about 600. I found my machan—a little platform about eight feet above the ground, erected in a stream bed, with hills on either side. The jungle was fairly dense to within about sixty yards of us, where it opened up.

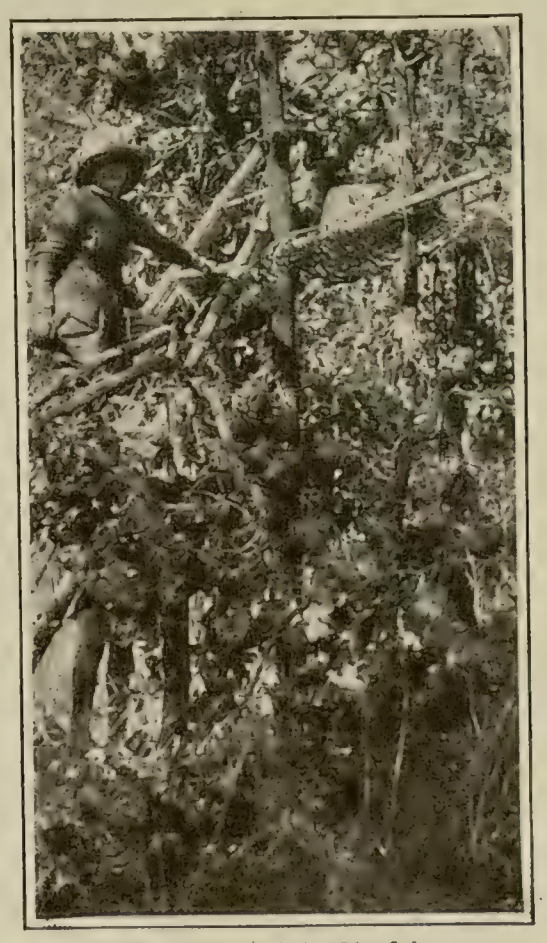
SOON we heard a snarl, which showed that the tiger was in the beat. A few minutes more and we heard a muffled growl as the tiger ran into a stop at our right. A man struck the tree lightly with a stick. Quiet again. We did not know whether the tiger had broken through the stop or not. The beat was now closing in and the shadows of late afternoon were beginning to stretch their long forms toward us. Still no sign. We could now hear the elephants moving in the jungle. Suddenly I caught sight of an elephant's trunk held high in the air with the funny little nose at the end of it twisting from side to side. I knew it meant tiger.

One of the shikaris on an elephant yelled that he saw the tiger, just as we heard a few deep grunts and a short roar directly in front of us. I looked through the trees, and there, bounding with long strides straight for us, was the great tiger. He was now coming within range. I stood up. As he rounded a curve in the stream and came out from behind a large tree, at a distance of about forty yards, I fired the right barrel of my 450 rifle. He bounded into the air in his regular stride, but when he struck the stream bed twenty feet beyond, everything was absolutely quiet. I could see the end of his tail, but it did not even twitch. I reloaded the right barrel and awaited some move. It seemed incredible, even if I had made a heart shot, as I had tried to do, that there should not be some twitching at least. We waited a minute—still no motion.

The Maharaja ordered an elephant to approach. The great animal, with his mahout perched on his head, and the shikari in an iron-framed howdah on his back, went straight for the fallen beast. Still no motion or movement. The elephant, experienced in many years of tiger hunting, showed that he considered the tiger dead.

THE stiffness of his upturned trunk relaxed, his eyes grew more quiet. We then descended from the machan and went to the fallen beast. I pulled his tail. He was stone dead. We looked for the place where the shot entered. There was not a mark on his skin. We raised his right eyelid. It was gone. The bullet had entered the eye just as he sprang into the air, and ranged back into his brain. Death was instantaneous in mid-air. He measured ten feet, a very large beast in wonderful condition. Such a shot had never been heard of before. (His skull, showing the course of the bullet, is beside me as I write these lines.)

There was great rejoicing among the natives. It was an



Mrs. Mitchell climbing into her machan.

auspicious beginning to our hunt in that region. But Mrs. Mitchell's health began to worry me. So I remained close at hand for two days, hunting black buck.

On the third day some tigers made a kill about fifteen miles away and Mrs. Mitchell begged to be allowed to go. We had to approach our stand by going around the tigers, which were in the banks of a dry river bed. At last we reached our position, a machan about six feet up, with a small dry stream bed running directly across from right to left.

Soon we heard the beaters advancing. Not a sound from the tigers for half an hour. Then some grunts in the jungle. Soon after, a light tapping on a tree by one of the stops to our right indicated that a tiger was near. A flash of orange descending a second stream in front of us put every nerve straining. We looked to the front, right, and left. A few moments' wait, then over the rise in front of us across the grassy jungle walked a beautiful tiger. She walked straight toward us, looking furtively to right and left. The end of her tail twitched from side to side like an angry cat's. She suspected something and, when about forty yards in front of us, turned for an instant to our right and stood stock-still. Her tail twitched and her muscles became tense. I told Mrs. Mitchell to shoot. Her 405 cracked and, as it did so, the tiger sprang straight in our direction. Another shot and she fell directly under our machan. A third shot and she rolled down the bank of the stream.

We afterward discovered that her first shot had pierced the tiger's heart. Still, such was the vitality of this huge cat that it had charged right up to us and had only been finished by two more bullets.

We remained at our post. There were other tigers about, we thought, and soon we heard a deep roar. It was the male tiger covering the retreat of the female. These animals are gallant about protecting the other sex. He approached and ran into the stops at about the same place that the tigress had. With a tremendous roar he turned and disappeared into the stream line, fifty yards to our front. All was quiet. We expected that at any moment he might dash toward us, and we kept absolutely still with our rifles ready. Soon we saw the elephants. The stops yelled to the beaters that the tiger was seated in the stream bed and would charge.

Suddenly, with a great roar, he sprang for the nearest elephant. Trunks went into the air, the elephant jumped sideways, avoiding the charge, and the great tiger disappeared into the jungle.

IN war or in peace, it was one of the most interesting and exciting experiences I have ever had. The natives were astonished at Mrs. Mitchell's kill. On the way back, the tiger, as well as Mrs. Mitchell, was carried on a litter. As I looked from my elephant I could hardly tell which was the tiger and which Mrs. Mitchell, as both of the litters had been completely covered with flowers from the red fire trees.

The news of Mrs. Mitchell's exploit spread through the villages, and poems and songs were written about it. They told us that these songs would endure for generations.

Now, when I hear persons tell about what they consider to be the greatest sport on earth, my mind goes back to the jungles of central India, and to the king of those jungles in the full magnificence of his tremendous physical vigor.

THE END

Pack all you need in this lightweight bag!

THE trim, lightweight Daisy De Luxe Bag will conveniently carry your wearing apparel, toilet articles and the other things needed on any trip.

The Daisy De Luxe Bag may be carried easily on the arm, leaving both hands free, and it opens or closes in a flash with the popular Hookless Fastener — an exclusive feature. There is ample room for dresses, slippers, hats, etc., with a shirred inner pocket for small articles. The bag is rainproof and dustproof.

Daisy Bags, in a wide diversity of colors, materials and sizes—all at popular prices—are sold by leading luggage and department stores.

Write us for name of dealer nearest you.

The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
320 Fifth Avenue New York

In Canada:
J. EVELEIGH & CO., Ltd.
Montreal

It's NEW! It's BETTER!

THE new Glo-Co, refined, improved, is different from all other hair dressings. It is a clean liquid which keeps the hair in place but does not give an artificial gloss. It wars on dandruff, too. Buy Glo-Co Hair Dressing and Glo-Co Shampoo at any drug store, department store or barber shop. Or mail the coupon.

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

GLO-CO COMPANY, Dept. B-7
6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Enclosed find 10 cents for trial bottles of Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing and Glo-Co Shampoo.

Name_____

Address_____

ZIPP-O-GRIP

Opens wider— Easier to pack!

THE flat bottom and unique top construction of this smart new roll-type Zipp-O-Grip permit of maximum opening, with unequalled ease in packing.

The light weight and practical utility of this model appeal particularly to golfers and sportsmen.

Made in a variety of genuine leathers, or as illustrated, in an unusually attractive tan and gray plaid triple-ply waterproof material, leather-trimmed, it is fitted with a strong, nickel-plated lock and opens and closes in a flash with the popular Hookless Fastener—an exclusive feature.

Sizes are 16, 18 and 20-inch and prices range from $10 to $20 at the better luggage and department stores.

A request will bring descriptive folder showing the full line of Zipp-O-Grips.

MAX DAMM COMPANY, Inc.
88 St. Francis Street Newark, N. J.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What was the greatest ship disaster that ever took place on inland waters?

2—What State has the greatest indebtedness?

3—Virginia is the "mother of Presidents." What State is the mother of Presidents' wives?

4—How much water does the body of the average man (weighing 150 pounds) contain?

5—When was the first transcontinental railroad completed in the United States?

6—In what American area is the prospect of long life best? In what area is it poorest?

7—What is the average yearly expenditure for clothes of the American housewife? Husband?

8—What parts of speech are "yes" and "no"?

9—Are bootleggers required to make income-tax returns?

10—What is the largest single item in the national wealth of the United States?

11—Why are passengers on a railroad train virtually safe from lightning?

12—Who were the only two brothers among the signers of the Declaration of Independence?

13—What was the average speed maintained by Colonel Charles Lindbergh in his flight from New York to Paris?

14—What is the lowest and highest denominations of adhesive postage stamps issued by the United States Government?

15—What substance used in making perfumes is supplied by whales?

16—What is the oldest Greek-letter college fraternity?

17—What is the legal tender of small coins?

18—What is the size and weight limit of a parcel-post package?

19—How much nickel is there in a five-cent piece?

20—How much money is there in the United States, and how much of it is in circulation?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—Where and when did polo originate?
A.—In Persia, at least 2,000 years ago. It is the oldest of games played with a stick and a ball.

2—How many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were foreign-born?
A.—Eight. Three were born in Ireland; two in Scotland; two in England; and one in Wales.

3—What was the value of Abraham Lincoln's estate?
A.—$110,295. Most of this was saved from his salary of $25,000 a year.

4—How many States have no State debts, and which are they?
A.—Four: Florida, Indiana, Nebraska, and Wisconsin.

5—What is the longest canal in the United States?
A.—The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, between Washington, D. C., and Cumberland, Maryland, is 180.76 miles long. While the Erie Canal, between Troy and Tonawanda, New York, is 340.40 miles long with its various branches, the canal proper is only 122.40 miles in length.

6—Which have usually the heavier crop of hair—blondes or brunettes?
A.—Blonde hair is generally finer than black. A blonde woman usually has about 150,000 hairs on her head, as against 110,000 for a brunette, or 760 and 600 hairs respectively to the square inch.

7—Is the number of Indians in the United States decreasing?
A.—No. Figures from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs show that Indians increased from 294,574 in 1865 to 349,964 in 1926. Slight increases were shown in most of the intermediate years.

8—What State has the largest capital city?
A.—Massachusetts. Boston, the capital, has 787,000 population.

9—What State has a law providing alimony for divorced husbands?
A.—California. By a recent law, husbands, under certain conditions, may demand alimony and separate maintenance fees during the year that an interlocutory decree of divorce is effective.

10—Are there more single or married persons in the United States?
A.—According to the 1920 census of persons more than fifteen years of age, there are approximately 22,500,000 single persons, and 43,000,000 married ones. This proportion remains approximately the same from census to census.

11—What is the highest altitude record ever made with aircraft?
A.—All records, for either balloons or airplanes, were broken in May, 1927, when Captain Hawthorne C. Gray in a free balloon went to a height of 41,000 feet, or about eight miles. He started from Scott Field, Belleville, Illinois, and breathed electrically treated oxygen in the higher altitudes.

12—What percentage of the automobiles in the world is owned in the United States?
A.—Eighty per cent.

13—What is the present size of United States paper currency, and what change in size is now authorized?
A.—Seven and seven-tenths by three and one-eighth inches. Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon authorized on May 26, 1927, a reduction in the present size of paper currency—the new size to be six and one-eighth by two and five-eighth inches.

14—How many cables span the Atlantic Ocean?
A.—The nineteenth cable was completed in September, 1926.

15—Can animal tissue grow apart from the living body to which it belongs?
A.—Tissue taken from the heart of a chicken in 1913 by the Rockefeller Institute scientists has been kept alive since that time. It doubles in size every twenty-four hours and is pared down.

16—What large Mediterranean island is moving slowly toward the coast of Italy?
A.—Corsica. It moves at the rate of about nine inches a year.

17—Which city in the United States had the highest homicide rate in 1926?
A.—Jacksonville, Florida, with a rate of 75.9 persons killed per 100,000 of population. Tampa, Florida, was second, with a rate of 67.7. New York's rate was 5.7, and Chicago's 10.9.

18—When and by whom was the first school book printed in America?
A.—In 1688, by Francis Daniel Pastorius, at Germantown, Pennsylvania.

19—When were postage stamps first used?
A.—In England, in 1840, at the suggestion of Sir Rowland Hill. They were introduced in the United States in 1847. Previously the recipient of mail had to pay for its delivery.

20—Where did sugar originate?
A.—In India, in the first century A. D. The word "sugar," however, is Arabic, the Arabs having brought it westward some ten centuries later. It was first introduced into Europe in the twelfth century.

I made my first week $176

A. E. Mohr of N.Y. hung up that record

REAL PROFIT
Steinert made $389 in 1 week; Eberts made $29 first day; Wander $215 in 4 days; Mrs. Krone $40 a week spare time alone.

Marcel waver Super-Selling Outfit FREE to any man or woman. Information free

FREE

MARCELWAVER

WORLD'S GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE

Amazing invention of French expert gives perfect marcel wave in 15 minutes — costs 2c. Women everywhere wild over astonishing results. Agents—men and women—cleaning up biggest profits in years—no competition—**Quick Money** patented in all countries—$3.00 cash profit on every sale—every woman and girl buys on sight. Exclusive territories now being allotted—no time to

TO MEN OR WOMEN

lose. Send name, address and territory wanted. Get FREE SUPER-SELLING OUTFIT Offer. Send NOW.

MARCELWAVER COMPANY
Dept. H-122 Cincinnati, Ohio

Stenographer Earned $1000.00 During Lunch Hours

Selling Xmas Cards

Esther McCall, Ark. earned $59 first day—Mary Kline, Pa. earned $164 in four days—W. C. Allen, Ohio earned $1000 spare time showing our

Personal Christmas Greeting Cards

that sell on sight. No selling experience necessary. Double your income—earn $5.00 to $10.00 every hour you can spare.

Weekly pay checks. Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything.

$10 Outfit Free Write quick! Start at once making big money. Rush season right at hand.

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St., Dept. 711, Chicago, Ill.

ASTHMA

Successfully Relieved!

Use Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound. Originated by Dr. J. H. Guild, specialist in respiratory affections. Quickly relieves the distressing torments that cause suffering and loss of sleep. Two sizes, $1 and 25c. Also cigarettes (box of 24, 50c.) at your druggists or sent direct postpaid for cash. FREE TRIAL box (6 cigarettes) with authoritative treatise on causes and treatment sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO., Dpt. 4, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Kidney Pills (a Diuretic Stimulant) 60c for package of 72 pills.

DON'T SUFFER

Like magic, Cal-o-cide for poor, tired, aching feet penetrates to heart of trouble, soothing muscles, sinew, and nerves to delightful repose. Thousands proclaim Cal-o-cide as wonderful. Almost instantaneous relief from burning, searing, torturing, nagging feet. Booklet on care of feet in each package. Get Cal-o-cide at druggists today, or send 35c. for full size package.

MEDCO CO., Dept. J
Dayton, Ohio

FOOT MISERY BANISHED

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

Ten Dollars a Day

Commissions Paid Daily

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn from

$250 to $500 Monthly

Selling nationally known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards individually monogrammed and signed, that are in universal demand among Banks, Business, Professional and Society People. For full details and exclusive territory. Address at Once Dept. H

The Process Engraving Co., Inc.
Troy at 21st St., Chicago

Cuticura Loveliness

A Clear Healthy Skin

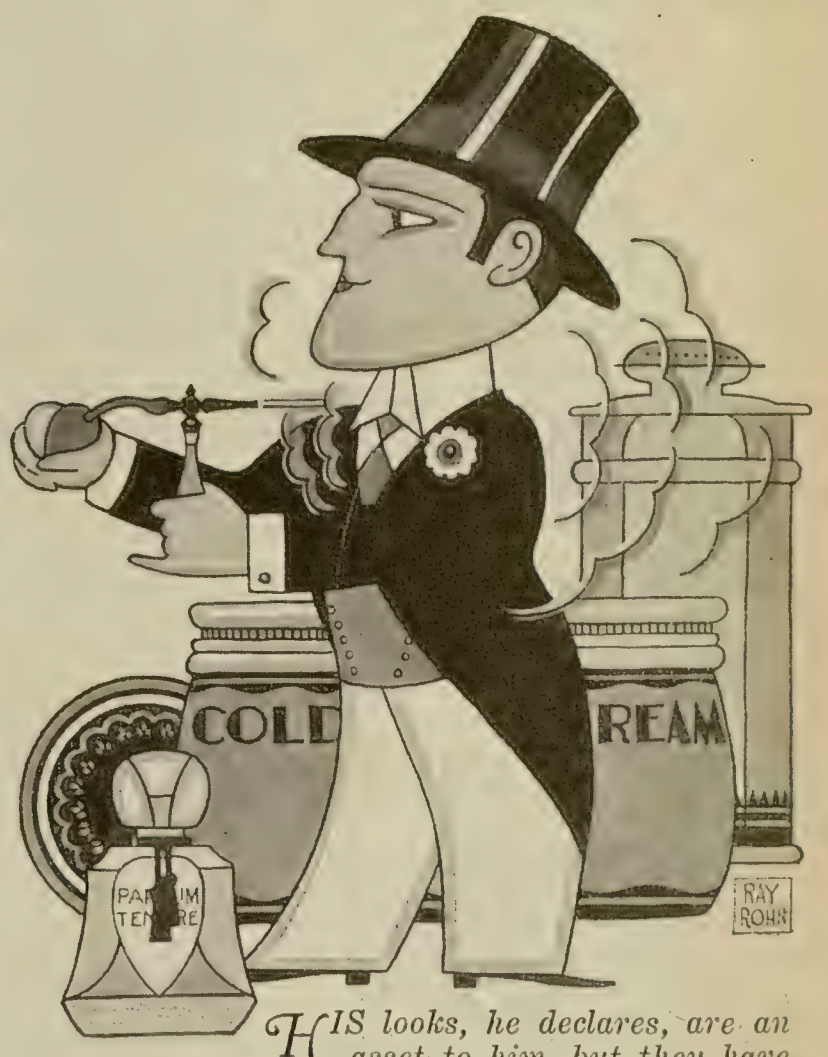
Insured by Every-day Use of Cuticura Soap

HUSBANDS

Or What Have You?

In Which a Writer Who Criticized Wives Gets It in the Neck

I'M a cook, maid of all work, valet, and, when he is "resting" (out of work), banker.



HIS looks, he declares, are an asset to him, but they have proved nothing but a liability to me.

An Article by
CHARLES J. McGUIRK

Pictures by RAY ROHN

A WOMAN, a charming and beautiful widow, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, is very anxious to marry me, and has written expressing her willingness to do so at the earliest possible moment.

This is the first time such a thing has occurred to me, and though, when I've casually told them about it, the boys have informed me that actors, prize fighters, business men, crooks, and murderers get marriage proposals right along, I still consider mine remarkable.

These people have either thrust themselves, or have been thrust, into public notice. They've played the rôle of great lovers, or knocked out other pugilists, or welded ten-million-dollar firms into billion-dollar corporations, or killed one or several persons, or stolen a trainload of money. Their pictures have appeared in the newspapers throughout the country and women have had a chance to look them over.

My Tulsa correspondent never has seen either me or my picture and, I believe, has no other personal knowledge of me, though I did stop in her little city for an hour one time.

She proposed blind, as far as I can judge, being irresistibly drawn to me by an article on wives entitled The Great American Tyrant, which appeared in the April 16 issue of LIBERTY. In this article I pointed out various charming idiosyncrasies of American wives, such as their martyr complex, their universal willingness to blame others for their husbands' sins, their itch to mold their mates and pick their friends for them.

My Tulsa widow's letter was one of several hundred that came sizzling through the mail in answer to it. She plunges:

> I've just finished reading your Great American Tyrant, and I'd like to be married to you for just six weeks. Yes, I think six weeks would just about accomplish what I have in mind. Would you like me to tell you how we would spend our honeymoon? All right, I will.
>
> When we were married, I'd start wooing you with rolling-pins and anything else a husky, healthy woman could lift. In six weeks they would be patting you on the face with a spade, and the world would be rid of one more smart husband.
>
> For goodness' sake, how do you get that way? Do you think that all wives are morons? And do you think all husbands spend their time drinking or playing poker?
>
> Not that I think you do much of either. You talk so big, I'll bet four highballs would render you rigid and a five-dollar limit would give you heart disease.
>
> I've always lived in a country where men are men. I've had two husbands, being easy on the eyes and a charming conversationalist. I "yes" them till we're married and "no" them forever after. My first husband left me in the night. He may be alive, but I'll never see him again—not if he sees me first. My second husband died of frustration just as I was getting him housebroke, but even to the day of his death he would insist on throwing cigar ashes on the rugs. Now I'm looking for a third, and if you have any courage you can be it.
>
> Knowing your type, I don't think you will. You're the kind that hides behind a typewriter and shoots venom. I'll bet you're a little shrimp with thick-lensed glasses that no woman could love.
>
> Why don't you pick on your sex? Why don't you write the truth about husbands? Why don't you interview a few of the wives and get the real low-down on the "head (ha! ha!) of the house"?
>
> If you do these things, I'll write and tell you my real name. Maybe, if you're really seeking the truth, you're a better man than you write. Meanwhile, I remain in hopes of being,
>
> YOUR SATISFIED WIDOW.

I hasten to state that I have no intention of accepting this proposal. After all, how do I know she is beautiful and charming? I have only her word for it, and the heat of her desire for me may have led her to exaggeration. Then, I have the uncomfortable feeling that she means me no good. She's too darned anxious! And I'd like to know *why* her first husband left her in the night.

However, her request for "the real low-down on the 'head (ha! ha!) of the house'" is reasonable and has been echoed in nearly every letter I've received. These letters cover the whole of the United States.

Glancing through the first few, I come upon New York, Ponca City (Oklahoma), Chicago, Los Angeles, Tampa, Dallas, Boston, Portland (both Oregon and Maine), Salt Lake City, Montreal, Creston, Richmond, and points north, east, south, and west.

Most of them are from wives. All of them come in like a lamb and go out like a lioness. All of them admit that most husbands lie to their wives and differ only in the reasons for so doing. All of them accuse me of lack of chivalry, though they admit that "some things" are true. And all of them want me or someone, "preferably some equally competent dirty digger, to expose trifling husbands."

Having expressed a universal contempt for me, they give their own views on husbands, garnered, at great pain, from among their personal experiences. The letters for the most part are unsigned—for obvious reasons.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Takes Out
every bit of pain instantly

CORNS

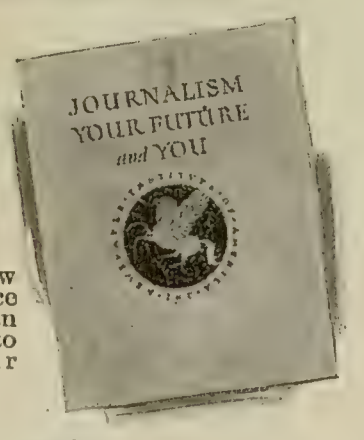
The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, the pain stops. This quickly healing method does what no other remedy can do for you—it removes the *cause of corns*—friction and pressure of shoes. Once gone, they never come back. Any new irritation caused by tight shoes is stopped at once. No such results are to be had by any other method.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. Absolutely safe and sure. Buy a box today at any drug, shoe or dept. store.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

One of the most remarkable little books ever written



It describes how real experience as a writer can be brought to you in your home.

FREE to
You who write—
You who would write—
You who should write—

This book—prepared by New York reporters and editors comprising the faculty of the Newspaper Institute—represents 200 years' newspaper experience boiled down to show why so many well-known authors, scenarists and playwrights credit their success to their training in newswriting. To read this book is an experience—a contact with fact so vivid that it almost amounts to a thrill.

The Newspaper Institute's training in journalism is likewise an experience—the sort of experience from which nearly all of today's successful writers have sprung. It teaches you to write by starting and keeping you writing under the Metropolitan Copy Desk Method, exactly as used by New York City newspapers.

"Journalism, Your Future and You" will show why and how you may turn your spare time and writing ability into cash—possibly into some notable success. Send coupon for an interesting and instructive free test of your Writing Aptitude, complete the test creditably—and we will send this remarkable book without cost or obligation to you—also a frank, expert analysis of your own writing aptitude.

Newspaper Institute of America
25 West 45th Street, New York
James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.
Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on Writing for Profit.
Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }
Address .....
(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you)
SG167

[HUSBANDS OR WHAT HAVE YOU? Continued from Page Forty-seven]

The letter-writers have not been alone in drawing the composite picture of the husband as seen through the eyes of the woman who loves him—nearly always; obeys him—sometimes; and honors him—rarely. I have listened to wives who had read The Great American Tyrant. I had to.

They backed me into a corner and told me what they thought of, first me, and second the "head (ha! ha!) of the house" as a type.

If these several sketches drawn in the letters are worth anything as information, the information they convey is sometimes startling and always interesting.

THE question, for instance, of who makes the best husband, by nationality, occupation, and geographical location is answered in a surprising manner. Jews are "lovely to their wives." Irishmen are "wonderful lovers, but rotten husbands." Americans are "the best husbands in the world," and they are also "four-flushers" and "public sentimentalists." Englishmen are "cold, inconsiderate, stupidly conceited, and pig-headed." Frenchmen are "politely cruel" to their wives. The Continentals—German, Belgian, Italian, Spanish—"have the age-old idea that woman is nothing more than a piece of property."

In support of the qualities ascribed to English husbands, I am quoting one of twelve letters on the same subject, all of which sound so much alike they might have been written by the same wife. This from a New York wife:

> My husband is English born and bred for many generations. He thinks, as do many of his race and type, that what he does and says is just right, "absoluto," and everyone who thinks differently, *especially women* [the italics are her own], should be dealt with accordingly. I am of half-Irish ancestry with a trace of southern Europe, Western born and bred, a real covered-wagon pioneer, so you can appreciate why at fifty I am stepping out for myself this summer to freedom—the right to read what I want, to travel, to study if I like, to buy and wear clothing to suit *me*, and, best of all, to work in a congenial atmosphere and *be paid for my work* in good coin of the realm.
>
> My idea of married happiness was and is pals through sunshine and shower; a loving and a sharing. God only knows what his is. To do my duty by my children, the youngest of whom is twenty-two, I have endured years of this misplaced energy. Now that they no longer need me, I feel the rest of my life is my own.

Another wife, speaking of the "unreasonable demands" of her English-born husband, alleges:

> —and when we were first married, he insisted that I heat the morning paper so that he would not chill his hands. I was doing it, too, like a silly goose, until my mother, on her first visit, demanded that I stop it.

Here we have a mother rescuing her daughter from marital drudgery, but against it we come across frequent complaints against husbands' mothers. The mothers-in-law are not popular among wives. They are accused of influencing their sons' domestic attitude. Some wives blame them for everything that goes wrong in the family. This letter from Dallas, Texas, is typical:

> While I agree with lots that Mr. McGuirk says in Why Men Lie to Their Wives [writes one who signs herself, "Another Liar's Wife"], I object to having anyone say that it is usually the case that she made a liar of him. Mothers are the first, last, and only molders of liars! Never have I seen a mother who had not attained some degree of proficiency in that line. A man's character is usually molded before he takes unto himself a wife, and to make a liar out of a man of that age would not be so easy. The biggest liar I know, or, I should say, the one whom I know most intimately, is one of three sons, not one of whom but tells his dear mother ninety-nine lies to one truth! And to know her is to understand.

Handsome men are the worst possible husbands in the world.

She is a Scotland Yard sleuth, a watchdog, a reformer, and a nagger all rolled into one. What is there about such a one to inspire the truth, I ask? I ask you: Do the wives of each of these three men inspire the lies which they receive from their husbands? No. She is but the helpless victim of another's sins and must bear the punishment which rightfully belongs to that sainted mother of his.

You get three guesses on who is the biggest liar she knows, or, as she says, knows most intimately. I think so, too.

It is pointed out by inference in letters from such widely separated points as New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Ponca City, and Richmond, that the big men, "the bosses of the world," are easiest to live with, while the men they boss, the workers in factory, farm, and office, are as pleasant around the house as a case of malignant hives.

They come home, wail the letters, after a bawling out from their superiors and pass it along to the poor wife. Here's the idea as stated in an epistle to the heathen from the West Coast:

> There are just as many men that ruin a woman's disposition as the opposite. Take a nice, happy little wife and give her a nice little husband with a h— of a temper, and, when something goes wrong in the office, he can't spill over there, so he goes home and tells his wife where she can go to, finds fault with her housekeeping and everything in general, from the way she fixes her hair to the size of her legs and the length of her dresses, when before she was married they were O. K.
>
> And a woman's temper will finally be aroused and she will be just a nice little wife with a temper like her nice little husband's, and will be able to swear just as much as he can. After living together they copy each other's ways. A man molds a wife just as much as a woman molds a husband, and I myself am an example of a man's molding a nice little wife with a nice little temper and as many nice little swear words that just naturally come out in the nice little way that her nice little husband taught her by *repetition.*

"He takes his bawlings out at the office lying down like a dog; but when he gets home, you'd think he was Napoleon."

"He's an elephant in his own home and a louse in the factory."

"Why is it a soft-spoken office man becomes a roaring lion at home? I've got one for a husband. The children are scared green of him, but they and I are the only people in the world that are."

RECURRING again and again, those quotations conjured up a puzzling phenomenon to which I sought to find an answer. I took them over to the house of Henry Sneed and his wife.

Mrs. Sneed is a smart woman, not because she gives me friendship, but because she is manager of a big business that furnishes a certain commodity to a large portion of the population of the United States. Besides, she is sensible, and that attribute coupled to smartness makes a rare combination in man or woman.

She and Henry have been married ten years, and she's got him so

he hardly ever lies to her, because she always catches him. She read two of the letters.

"It's easy to understand," she said, "because it's human. Isn't there a poem somewhere which says, 'The bravest are the tenderest'? Well, if you'll substitute 'the most important' for 'the bravest,' you'll have your explanation.

"It is the ego in all of us. All human beings demand a certain amount of importance for themselves."

"That's right," said Henry. "Did you ever hear of a champion fighter that wasn't also a champion husband? When Bob Fitzsimmons was champion of the world in three classes, middleweight, light-heavy, and heavyweight, his wife would take a sock at him whenever he annoyed her, and Fitz used to dodge and run. He was more afraid of a rap on the snoot from her, it is said, than he ever was of Corbett or Jeffries."

"As a rule," continued Mrs. Sneed, "you'll find men who can order other people to do their bidding, either through their managerial ability, their brains, their bravery, or their position in society or business, come closest to being the most considerate and amenable husbands in the world.

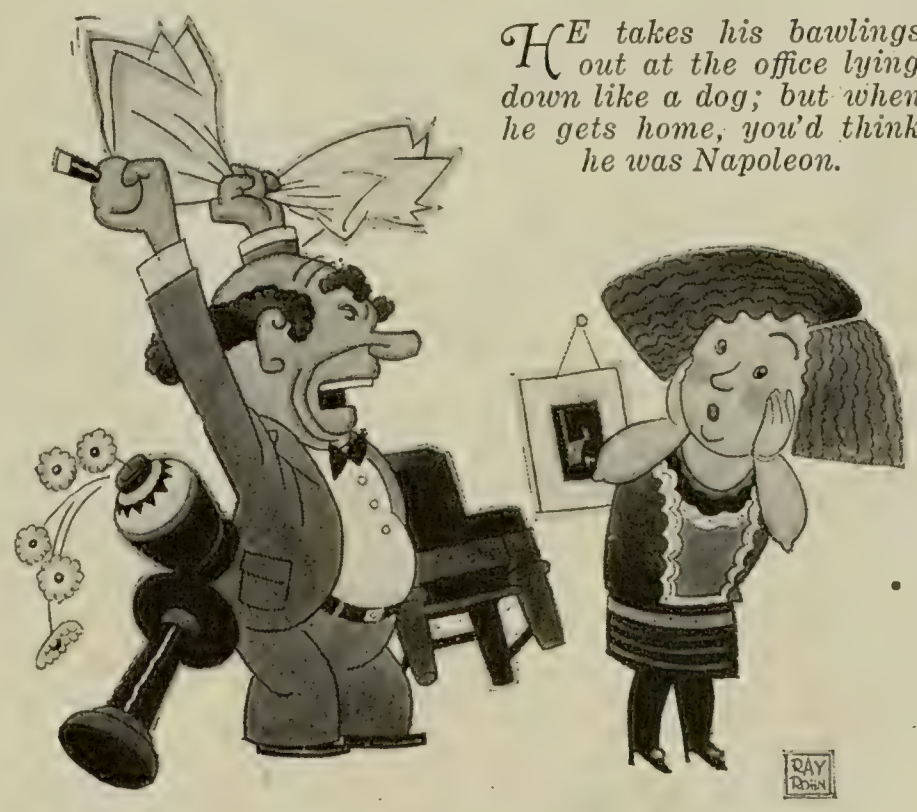
"Their sense of importance has been fed. When they come home from business they are sated by authority. They are ready to sit back and let their wives exercise their authority and they never interfere.

"Reverse the shield and you have the private soldier, office help (male), factory help, and laborers. These spend their lives obeying orders and hating their bosses. This boss hate is human, especially if they are tied, by lack of ability or any other reason, to their particular jobs. When their bosses issue an order, they resent it, but that resentment does not find its voice until they meet someone who is not their equal; someone who must take their orders. Nine times out of ten that someone is the wife."

I think you're a little rough on wives [wrote one of them from Montreal]. I'm happily married and I've been studying my own and other women's husbands for thirty years—and I add my voice to the chorus of wives who say their husbands are nothing but great big boys.

Men never grow up. We're grandparents, and last Christmas my husband gave his grandson a toy electric railroad.

My husband laid the tracks and put up the signal tower and set two trains in motion, while everybody in the family watched him admiringly. We watched it for a while and then got tired. That night our grandson wanted to take the railroad home with him, but his grandfather told him he ought to leave it at our house for a couple of days so that he "could be sure it was working right." At 11 o'clock that night I was lying in bed and heard somebody in the living-room. I came down to find my husband lying on his stomach on the floor.



HE takes his bawlings out at the office lying down like a dog; but when he gets home, you'd think he was Napoleon.

He had the two trains running and was so absorbed watching them that he never even heard me. He got as red as a beet and pretended he was studying the thing for his grandson's sake. I knew he was fibbing. That toy appealed to him more than it ever will to our grandchild. He's like all the rest of the men I know: he never will grow up.

Handsome men are the worst possible husbands in the world. They are conceited, vain, irritable, and spoiled. You can take that as a fact, according to statements made by wives of Seattle, Boston, Portland (Maine), Tampa, and Galveston.

For heaven's sake [writes "The Possessor of One of God's Gifts to Women"], don't marry a handsome man and don't marry an actor! I got two in one, and in five years I have grown to detest the very sight of a mirror.

It takes my husband two hours to bathe, shave, and dress, and fifteen minutes to put on his hat. The bathroom cabinet is so filled with his shaving apparatus, face lotions, massage and cold creams, bath salts, bay rum, hair slicker and hair restorers, that I have to keep my rouge, lipsticks, powders, tooth paste, curling irons, and other first aids to beauty under the tub.

When he pulls on his pants, it is an ode to beauty (and an improvement because his legs are slightly warped and his abdomen bulges the tiniest bit). When he ties his tie, it's a saga. But when he puts on his hat, it's an epic.

Watching him fighting looking-glasses so long has led me to an unshakable belief in the story of Narcissus, the boy who got so crazy about his image in a pool that he fell in and drowned.

I am not only a wife. I'm a cook, maid of all work, valet, and, when he is "resting" (out of work), banker. His looks, he declares, are an asset to him, but they have proved nothing but a liability to me.

It is pretty well agreed among my correspondents that married life is not only a war between the sexes, but one between civilized beings and savages. "Mrs. Bluebeard, Second," writes:

Husbands and wives have fought, are fighting now, and will continue to fight forever and ever, because Woman has become civilized while Man has remained the Hairy Ape. This can readily be proved by physical characteristics.

This would be a minor thing were it not for the fact that these physical characteristics project into man's mental processes.

I note the tendency in my husband toward the enforcement of his own private edicts. He is a charming man, but he is also a bully and an unreasonable tyrant in his own house. It will always be so. Women cannot keep themselves fighting against it. They follow the line of least resistance and let husbands have their way. I do it myself, but I despise myself for it and use my spare time praying for the enlightenment of husbands.

So, looking at husbands through the eyes of the many wives who have expressed their views, we find them liars, four-flushers, bullies, bad-tempered tyrants, and "nothing but big boys," which is another name for morons.

It would be a tough outlook for the human race if every wife felt that way, but most of them don't. Most of them, I imagine from their silence, have the same idea as R. Sharp of Portland, Oregon.

"Where did McGuirk get his viewpoint of the American family?" asks Mr. Sharp. "Evidently from Mutt and Jeff or Jiggs. For every *Jiggs* in real life, there is an *Andy Gump*. Cutting away both extremes, I'm sure he will find the average husband holding his place as head of the family and holding his wife's affections and respect as well."

Even the discontented wives who have belabored me with words, written and oral, admit here and there that their husbands, while irritating, are for the most part not so bad.

They take them lightly or they take them seriously. They take them for better or they take them for worse. The point is that they take them. With all our faults, they love us still. As one particularly aggravated one remarked, "the stiller the better."

THE END

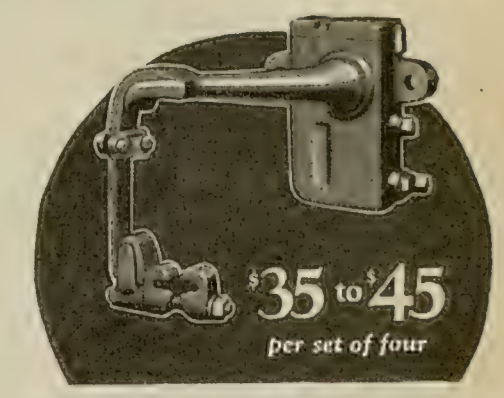
Ride on
"Cushions of oil"

Save your car and your temper — know what real comfort means!

Monroe Hydraulic Shock Eliminators
have only four moving parts

Write for free book—
"Ride on Cushions of Oil"

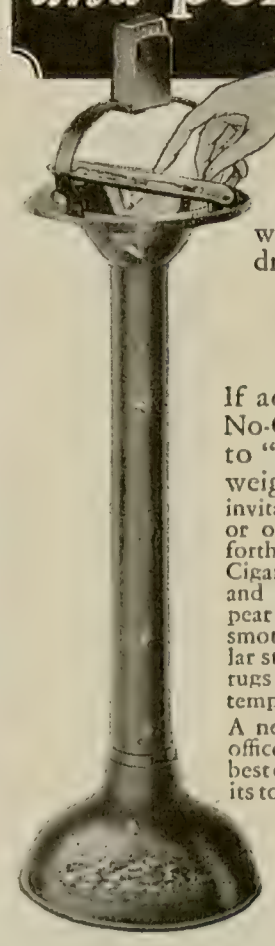
Distributors and Dealers—
write for details and discounts



Prices slightly higher west of Mississippi. Installation extra.

MONROE
AUTO EQUIPMENT
MFG. CO., Monroe, Mich.

To smokers with children and porches!



CHILDREN will play, and smokestands will tip, but playing children will never tip the

No-Odor *Ash Receiver*

If accidentally knocked, No-Odor comes right back to "attention". Yet, its weighted base offers no invitation for children—young or old—to rock it back and forth, "to see how it works". Cigar and cigarette stubs, ashes and used-up matches disappear from sight and smell,—smothered instantly in the tubular stand. Prevents fires, saves rugs and furniture, work and tempers.

A needed comfort for home, office and club,—and at its very best on the summer porch, with its touch of color and its ability to catch the ashes before the gentle breezes blow them in the eyes and on the clothes.

Five attractive Duco finishes, Mahogany—Walnut—Mottled Green—Shaded Green—Shaded Red; all with ash-colored bowls—a new note in smokestands.

Insist on the genuine No-Odor. If you cannot get it at the store, simply tear out this ad and mail with your name and address. No-Odor will be sent at once C. O. D. for only $9.00, postpaid. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Specify color.

THE RISDON MFG. CO.
Dept. L-4 Waterbury Branch
WATERBURY, CONN., U.S.A.

"As You Like it"

as tasty months from now as on the day when bottled

Every glass of Rootbeer and Ginger Ale made from Hires Household Extracts, Grape Juice, etc., bubbling over with goodness—just as you like it—and all just a simple little job of air-tight sealing with Crown Caps and an

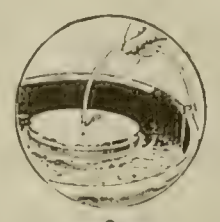
Everedy Bottle Capper
with the Never Stretch Post

So sure, so swift and so easy is it that an otherwise big task becomes simply great fun. Price, $1.50.

The EVEREDY STRAINER SET will also help a lot. Price, $1.25.

EVEREDY SYPHON FILTER

Filters as it syphons as easily as syphoning alone. Consists of metallic float, filtering cloth disc, stretcher ring and hose clamp. Hose not included. Price, $1.00.



Write for free copy of "100 Time Tested Recipes for Jellies and Beverages, L-79."

The Everedy Company
Frederick, Md.

TRADE EVEREDY MARK

Their Romantic Honeymoon

The Bride and Groom Visit Niagara Falls

The Latest Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

THE *Evening Breeze* devoted a half column to Lil's wedding and reception, including a picture of the bride.

Pop had ordered twenty-three extra copies. Lil's wedding was the greatest event ever known in the family history, and his business advertisement—urging people to "Put in Coal for Next Winter NOW"—appeared on the same page.

"It's so queer to address our little girl as Mrs. Sandford Jenkins," said Ma. She was directing a letter to Lil.

"Add this postscript," Pop said; "it's for souvenirs." And he tossed over a twenty-five-dollar check. Mr. Morse felt rather leery about giving money to his daughter now that she was married, for fear she might consider his donations as charity.

"How nice!" Ma said, trying to give him a kittenish kiss.

That same day the Honeymooners were at Niagara Falls!

"Let's look for souvenirs now," Lil was saying.

"And have our pictures taken," Sandy added. Then, "Isn't it great to be on our honeymoon—taking such a nice tour, with nothing to worry about except how to spend our money?"

Lil threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Sandy!" she thrilled. "That's the first time you've said *our* instead of *your* money!"

Sandy grinned, instinctively feeling for his wallet and folder of travelers' checks. No millionaire showing off his bride at expensive Mediterranean resorts felt richer or more romantic!

Lil cooed with delight as she souvenir-hunted.

A silver-and-red-plush slipper pincushion for Sandy's mother and an Indian-head pipe for his dad! A china windmill table clock for Ma, and a beaded leather necktie rack for Pop! Sandy ordered these choice gifts sent by parcel post, Lil inclosing her brand-new Mrs. Sandford Jenkins calling-cards.

Then they had their pictures taken—ordering a dozen—their pose exciting if not artistic. Sandy posed with Lil on his lap in a deck chair backed by a flapping canvas panorama of the falls!

Later that afternoon they strolled down the street, crossed the bridge, and sauntered through a fairyland of romance:

Winding shady paths—changing sun-flashing pictures of the great river—the great drama of ever-rushing, cascading rapids.

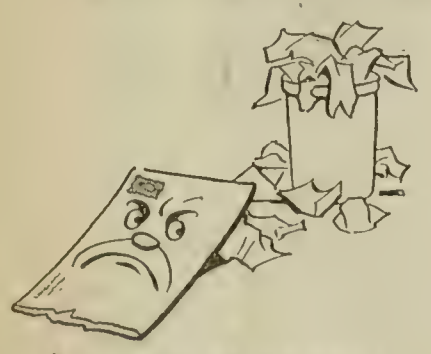
Lil and Sandy descended to the foot of the falls, where mists rose from the base of the mighty plunging cataract. Towering far above, they watched the roaring green-and-white-streaked avalanche fall in a mountain slide of tumbling torrents and meet the surging waters below.

A rainbow arch rose from the foam. And for a thrilling moment they saw their pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow!

"Oh, Sandy!" Lil gasped. "There's our pot o' gold. That means we'll live happily forever after."

"Yes!" he replied. And he shared her romantic dreams of wealth and happiness.

(To be continued next week)



A scrap of paper!

No waste basket in sight! Yes, there's one in the corner. Hard luck—he missed it! So I am on the floor. Someone will have to pick me up. Maybe the office worm will be "bawled out". Perhaps he'll "turn" with the bright remark, "Why haven't I a waste basket of my own?" Why hasn't everybody?

VUL-COT

—the standard waste basket

In olive green, maroon, oak, walnut, mahogany . . . and Duco-finished in delicate pastel tones. For office and home. Solid sides and bottom. Guaranteed for five full years—*many have been in service for thirty.* Buy them by the dozen at stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

National Vulcanized Fibre Co., Wilmington, Del.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Making a Virtue of Necessity

Elizabeth, aged four, was permitted to sit at dinner one evening when intimate friends were present. A dish of dainty French sardines was served to her place as well as to those of the grown-ups. However, she knew from previous educational lectures that she was not really permitted to eat them. After politely but casually observing her seniors, with secret animation, and thinking perhaps to make her own seeming negligence less conspicuous—with her face wreathed in smiles, she daintily pushed her dish toward her mother with an audible:

"*You* eat the poor little things! I just can't!"—M. G. S., 5701 Broadway, San Antonio, Tex.

Too Late!

I didn't know Bobby had just had a spanking and, when I came upon him crying, I said:

"Why, what is the matter, dear? Is there anything I can do for you?"

He said tearfully, "No, it's all been done."—Mrs. L. McD. Garrard, 1428 Olive Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Observation and Logic

One day in nature-study class there arose the question: "What family does the mouse belong to?"

After several answers, one small, freckle-faced boy piped up:

"To the cat family, when they can catch 'em."—Ruth Wright, Box 541, Burley, Idaho.

HOME-STUDY COURSES
THAT LEAD TO BUSINESS CAREERS

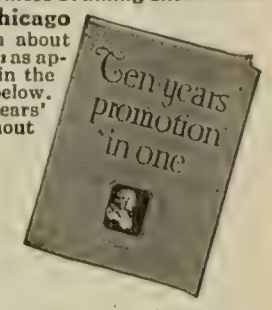
Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems thru the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our *salary-increasing plan* enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our *salary-increasing plan.* Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the *salary-increasing plan* starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

Find Yourself Thru LaSalle

LaSalle Extension University
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 731-R Chicago

I should be glad to learn about your *salary-increasing plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.



☐ Business Management
☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Railway Station Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Personnel Management
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy

Name .....
Present Position .....
Address .....

STOPS AIR SICKNESS

—nausea, dizziness and faintness caused by all forms of Travel Motion. Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air Travel Sickness yields promptly to Mothersill's. 36

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

Saves the Teeth and Whitens Them

Keeps your gums in the best condition possible. Here's an individual tooth paste, the original Iodine, perfectly blended. Cool and pleasant tasting. Recommended by dentists. Price 50c.

Iodine Products Co.
Laurel, Miss.

ZI-O-DINE DENTAL CREAM

ACHING FEET

For foot comfort, apply soothing, cooling ZEMO Liquid. Prompt relief to tired, aching feet and raw itching toes. At all druggists—60c and $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

ACCOUNTING

How to learn *Accounting*

THOUSANDS of ambitious men are earning more money today because they know Accounting. Send for our 80-page book, "How to Learn Accounting," and the first lesson. Both will be sent *free.*

International Accountants Society, Inc.
A Division of the Alexander Hamilton Institute
3411-e South Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Man Was Not Made to Live ALONE

The Tragedy of a Bachelor Who Was Converted

A Short Story by

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

"EDWARD'S getting positively old-maidish," complained his cousin, the admirable Mrs. Jefferson-Simms. "He spends all his time, away from his practice, collecting furniture for that house of his, and objects to filling in for dinner, even when I have a charming girl especially for him."

Her husband, broad, with the opulent stomach and small eyes of last century's *bon vivant*, wheezed at her:

"Let Eddie alone. He's always been—er—quiet. Doesn't care for women. He gets along fine without 'em, and the house keeps him happy. Why worry?"

His wife threw him a sniff of distaste, not so much at the sentiment expressed as at the fact of interruption.

"All that money will be scattered about, to hospitals, and so on," she prophesied darkly. "Edward is forty-one. He *should* marry."

"He is getting pretty finicky," admitted Jefferson-Simms, making an unexpected husbandly *volte-face* and falling in with her mood. "The other night—when you were in Atlantic City, remember?—he had Will Odell and Frank Chanier and me to dinner, and I'll swear, Gracie, it was the fussiest darned function I've been to since the Welterbys gave that racket for Davy Wales, summer of 1923 or thereabouts.

"He has another man, now, besides Beemis, to juggle the silver plate. We had about forty courses, and when I interrupted the ritual to ask Eddie if there was some of Uncle Ben's old sherry in the house, you'd have thought I had interrupted proceedings at court. Now, that does seem queer," he ruminated largely. "If I have the chaps in, when you're off and Luisa's dining out, I just have Polly rustle a steak and onions, large, hearty, and informal-like. Seems good to do away with all the trimmings. But not Eddie."

"Something must really be done," prophesied the admirable Mrs. Jefferson-Simms. "'It is not good that the man should be alone,'" she quoted in sentimental overtones.

The object of their solicitude, a spare, eyeglassed man who looked his forty-one easy years, was pleasantly engaged at the moment in running his hand over the satiny finials of three Spanish peasant chairs he had that day picked up at auction.

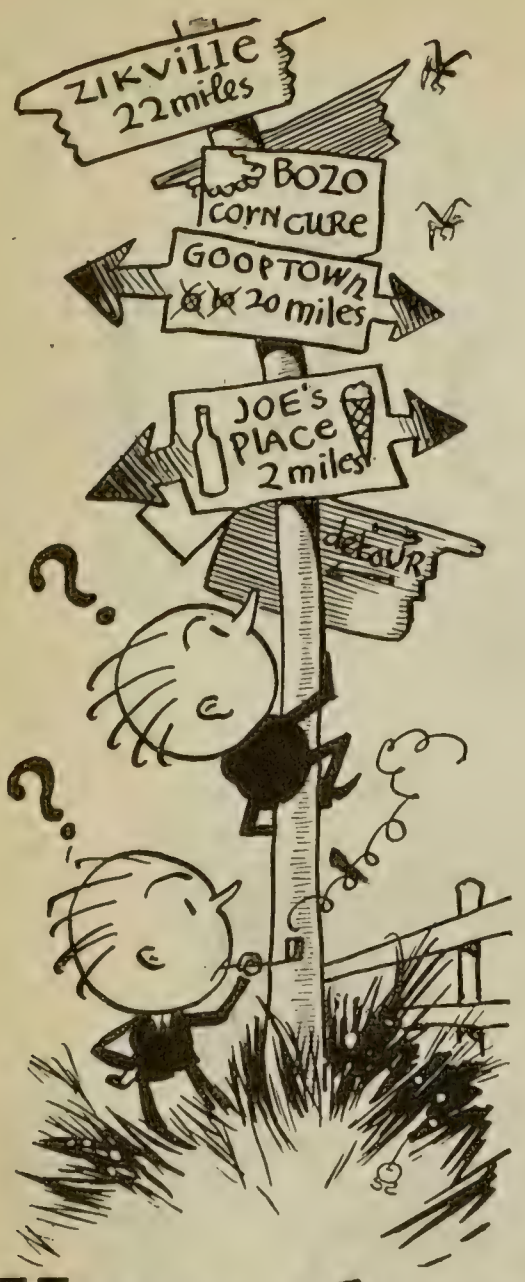
You see his counterpart at the more exclusive auction rooms any day of the week; spare, rather austere, impeccable, stick-dangling. You see his prototype on the links at the more expensive clubs, in the club car, occasionally at class reunions at the three great universities. Correct, a shade ascetic, you see him more often in bookshops than at the florist's; more frequently at the symphony than in the first row at a musical comedy. He is as "typically American" as *Babbitt*.

MADAME ROJAS, with the crystal ball shedding its rainbow lights on her, was a woman with a sort of fatal spell about her.

Edward Watson had been an excellent son to the parents whose child of old age he had been. After college, they had managed to keep him with them, and he had not objected strenuously.

He had had a strong family feeling; a deep sense of filial loyalty. His "animal spirits," if any, had vanished in adolescence.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Know where you're going on your motoring trip

SEND the coupon and a dime and LIBERTY will send the map you want.

It puts you on the right road and keeps you there. For long tours, use the new LIBERTY atlas—only 35c each. Send for *your* Maps and Atlas now.

ORDER BY NUMBER

1. Alabama	17. Massachusetts, Connecticut & Rhode Island	33. S. Dakota
2. Arizona & N. Mexico		34. Texas
3. Arkansas	18. Michigan	35. Utah
4. California & Nevada	19. Minnesota	36. Washington
5. Colorado	20. Mississippi	37. Wisconsin
6. Florida	21. Missouri	38. Wyoming
7. Georgia	22. Montana	39. United States
8. Idaho	23. Nebraska	40. Long Island & Vicinity
9. Illinois	24. N. Hampshire & Vermont	41. Chicago & Vicinity
10. Indiana	25. New Jersey	42. New England
11. Iowa	26. New York	43. Maritime Provinces
12. Kansas	27. North Carolina & So. Carolina	44. Ontario
13. Kentucky & Tennessee	28. North Dakota	45. Montreal & Quebec
14. Louisiana	29. Ohio	
15. Maine	30. Oklahoma	
16. Md., Del., Va. & W. Va.	31. Oregon	
	32. Pennsylvania	

46. Eastern Atlas—35c.
47. Western Atlas—35c.

AUTO DEPT., LIBERTY
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $.....Please send
Road Maps Nos.....@ 10c each
and Atlases Nos.....@ 35c each

Name.....

St. and No.....

City.....State.....
7-9-27

[MAN WAS NOT MADE TO LIVE ALONE
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

He was singularly fastidious. Sometimes he had been charmed by a line, a face, an alluring silhouette; but always he had discovered a flaw in the lady's accent or taste in scent.

He was hard to please, Edward. The cautious blood of Scots, filtered through New England and, later, the Middle West, flowed in his veins. He supposed, when he bothered to consider the matter, there were plenty of men like himself, though it seemed to be the thing to deny it—perfectly normal, human men who were pretty much unconcerned about women, on the whole; who found life without them not only bearable, but orderly and excessively pleasant.

EDWARD was wont to remember, with a shrug of distaste, the stories his classmates had told in college: Rabelaisian tales of adventure and amour.

He had felt impelled to add some of his own—inventions—to the heap, because if you didn't you were thought queer.

His life, his exquisitely ordered house, with its collectors' pieces in furniture and pottery and glass, suited him perfectly.

"Edward's *promised* to come to one of my Thursday evenings," caroled Grace to her husband the following week. "I'm having Madame Rojas to do some crystal-reading, and a lot of Luisa's girls will be here. There's one—a beautiful ash-blonde creature, Mary Winston, from Boston—I want Edward to meet."

"Edward has seen plenty of ash blondes, from Boston and otherwhere, without turning a hair," observed her cynical spouse. "Who, by the way, is Madame Rojas?"

"She's an exotic Spanish-Turk who drifted over here with the Van Alens last year," explained Grace. "Hester Van Alen and she met at that religious colony near Versailles. She does crystal-gazing amazingly—for a consideration, of course, poor thing. She's evidently been through a hard time; has fallen from high estate, I believe."

Robert Jefferson-Simms thought, when he saw Madame Rojas, in her purplish-blue robes, with the crystal ballshedding its rainbow lights on her, that here was a woman with a sort of fatal spell about her. Her mere black-and-white effectiveness was underlaid with a kind of definite warm appeal which must have been felt by every man in the room.

When she lifted slow eyes and spoke in her deep, slurring, curiously musical voice, you thought of remote places you had been meaning to explore, songs you had heard sung long ago, astounding things you had meant to accomplish. She might have been twenty-five, but she was probably a shade over thirty.

"There's a collector's piece, if ever I saw one," rumbled Robert to Edward Watson, impolitely indicating Madame Rojas with a jerk of his head, as they wandered on the edge of the drawing-room group. Edward ventured that she looked interesting, which was the merest politeness, since he thought her bizarre, at this distance.

But later he found himself opposite her on the dais, the crystal between them, and he revised a little his early opinion of her.

Perhaps it was that he had not been so close to a woman in years. At any rate, before Grace's eminently successful evening was over, Edward found himself engaged to tea with Madame Rojas the following day.

The ash blonde, who had been told of Edward's millions and his lack of enthusiasm for her sex, and who had observed his gallant leave-taking of the lady, observed cynically to Luisa Jefferson-Simms that these Latins certainly knew their stuff.

AS for Edward—sworn, contented bachelor—he found himself more and more drawn to the mysterious creature. That she was poor almost to the point of beggary moved him deeply. The women he had always known had only to flick finger-tips to gain their hearts' desires. Moreover, she was incalculable, and he was charmed by the very suggestion of unnamed and fathomless depths in her past, present, and future.

"He was beginning on 'no material birth,' when I couldn't stand it any more."

Matters were brought to a swift climax, early in the spring, by Isabella Rojas' announcement of her intention to go to Hollywood. Some Russians she knew were getting a foothold in pictures; just "bits," but she thought there might be a chance for her there.

Edward, shocked to the core of his eminently correct being at the idea of this exquisite creature roaming the unfamiliar jungles of the place he knew only through the scandal columns of the papers, was moved to offer a gentleman's solution of her dilemma. Besides, he was deeply stirred by her charming strangeness. In three days they were married.

Grace Jefferson-Simms wept when she heard of it. The Edward Watsons were already en route to China, via San Francisco and the Islands.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Too Hard

There's a much easier way to reduce

Strenuous exercise and starvation diet may reduce fat. But the ways are hard and long and never-ending. And they must be properly directed.

There is an easy, pleasant way which millions have adopted. It acts to correct the cause of too much fat. That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, used for 19 years. You see the results in new vigor and slenderness wherever you look today.

Marmola is based on many years of scientific research. It has proved itself to so many that people are now using a very large amount. One simply takes four tablets daily. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Stop when results are completed.

You should know this method. Watch how weight comes down, how vitality improves. Then tell others, as others will gladly tell you. Fat reduction need not be hard. Prove this, for your own sake. Do it now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

SELL AUTO SEAT COVERS This Summer
MAKE $100.00 A WEEK

Cash in on this Big Money Making opportunity. Leeding Made-to-Measure Auto Seat Covers are in demand everywhere. 4 out of 5 auto owners buy. Very popular right now. Wide selection of patterns—biggest values. Lowest prices. Made with glove fasteners. Guaranteed to fit. Quick delivery. Big commissions paid in advance. Beginners make $10.00 and up daily. Old timers make $100.00 weekly and more.

FINE SELLING OUTFIT FREE!
Write today for elaborate selling Outfit, showing four color illustrations, and containing actual samples of materials, with leather trimmings. Everything needed to begin taking orders furnished FREE, on request. Write Quick!

THE JOHN LEEDING COMPANY
70 E. 18th St., Dept. 101 Chicago, Ill.

MOSQUITOES

Mosquitoes positively won't trouble you if you rub a solid Saniflor stick over face, hands and exposed parts. Harmless and agreeable. For women and children as well as men. Live outdoors in comfort. 75 cents a stick at dealers or by mail. The Millington Company, Inc., 530 Little Building, Boston.

ASK YOUR BARBER
FOR LUCKY TIGER
Stops dandruff and falling hair; or Whyte-Fox for pimples and skin disorders. Money-Back Guarantee. At barbers and druggists. Write for Free booklet.
LUCKY TIGER REMEDY CO.
Kansas City, Missouri

Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

"But that wasn't what I meant," she wailed to her husband. "I was thinking of some nice, sweet, not-too-modern girl who'd like the same things. Not this—this purple passion flower."

The first intimation the Simmses had of a great change in Edward's way of living came when they were bidden, a year later, to dinner at a new address. Edward's small, perfect house in the East Sixties had been closed. There was a new apartment, in one of those big buildings on upper Fifth Avenue, and Grace Jefferson-Simms could scarcely stifle a well bred gasp as she entered the foyer.

The place had evidently been done by an interior decorator of the worst sort. How Edward had hated them! There were splotches of black and gold; great, obscene blobs of cushions scattered about. The drawing-room was worse. Here were examples of "modern" furniture, such as was shown in that Paris exhibit last year: cubistic chests and tables, painted gold and green; a vast orange-colored rug, on which sat stiffly geometrically designed chairs in all colors of the spectrum. There was a divan worthy of a De Mille set; and the curtains, shutting out every vestige of light and air, were of black velvet, with stars and suns traced on them in gold.

Grace shuddered. Edward came in a moment later, seeming just a trifle out of place in his rococo setting. He said Isabella would be in directly. She was so anxious to see them both.

When his wife entered, trailing draperies of silver brocade, Grace observed with a sense of shock that she was going to have a child. But with that shock came, too, a feeling of relief. Well, perhaps the marriage wouldn't turn out so badly for Edward, after all, if the creature contributed an heir for his fortune.

Grace grew over-loquacious in her relief. She banished the thought of Edward's exquisite small dining-room, as he handed her into a nightmare room of purples and sage greens. At least, she thought, they can't bring a child up here—he'd be an imbecile.

But altogether it was not an entirely successful evening. Isabella was distrait and the Simmses left early. Edward went with them to the elevator. "I'm so glad about it all," burbled Grace, pressing his hand, on departure.

Edward looked at her somewhat vacantly. "Oh, you mean about the baby," he said. "Well," this with some embarrassment, "of course it's pretty terrible for Isabella. She's wretchedly miserable; but then, you know, she says there's no material birth."

Grace allowed her jaw to drop.

"No what?" she asked, stunned.

"No material birth," repeated Edward patiently. He leaned against the bronze elevator frame, and it came to Grace that he seemed uncommonly strained and tired. "None of the —er—ugliness and pain of material birth," he elucidated vaguely. "Of course, I—I don't see how that can be, but that Arab chap who has séances over at the Astor on Sundays, he tells her so, and it's a great comfort to her."

The elevator came, fortunately, at the moment, so Grace was not allowed to demonstrate further her confounded state.

"THE Watson baby was born last night," Robert announced over the phone to his wife, two months later. "Can you manage to get right over to see Edward—at home, I mean? The child died. Beemis just rang me up to say he's in a bad way."

Grace Simms may have had plenty to say on most occasions, but she was a jewel of silence when necessary.

"I'll go right over," she said, and hung up.

Edward's manservant met her at the door, with a scared face. In the dimness of the black velvet hall, his neat, prim, old-man's figure was incongruous. One expected a swami, in a turban.

In the terrible electric blues of the boudoir, Grace found her cousin, face down on a velvet-draped couch. He was incoherent, weeping abandonedly.

"You've had the doctor?" she questioned the man, hovering in the background.

"Well, no, madam," he faltered. "Mr. Watson didn't want me to send for him."

Grace motioned him a silent direction to do so at once, and he withdrew.

"THAT Arab chap who has séances over at the Astor on Sundays—"

"Edward, it's I," she said softly, putting her hand on the shaking shoulder. "It's been an awful strain, I know, but you must brace up now. Isabella's all right. It's too sad, but you must brace up for her."

He jerked himself startlingly upright. "You see," he told her, in a hard, triumphant voice. "No material birth! I told you so, and you, I could see by your face, didn't believe me. My wife was right. She's always so. A most remarkable woman—most remarkable." His voice trailed off in a hysteria of weeping.

Grace Simms never forgot the hour she spent with Edward, before the doctor arrived to give him a sedative; the tumbled incoherencies that showed her the blackness of disorder in his mind; the frightened, almost childlike pleas for sympathy, for rational assurance. This, surely, was not Edward. This was a stranger, unbalanced, remote.

Somehow she and Robert got him to a private hospital without the publicity they dreaded, Edward being who and what he was. And when Isabella returned from her nursing-home, beautiful, and whole, and vital as ever, Edward was again able to move about in the world.

"His nerves are bad; shaky," the specialist told Robert. "He ought to go away; take that Mediterranean trip."

Isabella, recovered, was all solicitude. It was written in the stars, she said, that Edward should grow strong and well on her southern seas. She seemed to take on new bloom at thought of the proposed trip. She never spoke of the child they had lost. It was as if the whole episode had never been.

The day before they were to sail, Grace Jefferson-Simms was called to the telephone again. "Beemis speaking," said a shaky voice.

"Is—did Mr. Watson, by any chance, drop by on his way over to the old house, madam?"

"No, he did not. Why?" Grace wanted to know. She had a curious sense of foreboding.

"He left here at ten," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "He said he was going over to see a man at the house, to dispose of some of the things. I'm waiting for him. He hasn't come yet."

"I'm so sorry," said Grace, all concern. "He hasn't been about much alone since his illness, either, has he?" When she rang off, she stood a moment, considering. "Oh, but a grown man!" she reminded herself robustly. "*Of course* he's all right."

BUT she knew, when Robert came in a few minutes later, that something had happened to Edward.

"It was at the club," said her husband. "Lord, it was awful! He was standing on a chair, out on the sidewalk, beside the entrance, shouting the most beastly things. Life and women—all that stuff. He'd never known what a filthy mess it could be, before. He was beginning on 'no material birth,' when I couldn't stand it any more, and with the attendants got him away. Dr. Stout and the brain specialist are with him now, at the sanitarium, and they both seem to think he'll have to be definitely shut up for a while. The specialist says he's positively not to see —er—Madame, as Edward persists in calling her. His life is all awry, it seems, and they both say the signs point unmistakably to her.

"Lord," he groaned, in an agony of reminiscence, "I'm glad you weren't around to hear them probing and discussing the inside of *that* marriage difficulty. You wouldn't have slept for weeks. Edward has got it in his head, among other things, that they *thought* the child into non-existence. Seems he'd set his heart on having it, too. It's *rotten*," he finished pallidly. "And to think you girls decided all poor Edward needed was a *wife!*"

Curiosity led Grace Jefferson-Simms, six weeks later, to attend the auction of the contents of Edward's perfect small house, cheek by jowl with the bijoux furnishings of the apartment he and the fatal lady had shared. Some sentimental old gentleman on her right was wagging his head benevolently over the enthusiasm of a young and absorbed pair who were bidding in for some of the lesser articles.

He wheezed at Grace Simms, employing the privilege of gray hairs: "Does my heart good to see these young things in the home-making mood. A man needs a wife to keep him sane and steady, these days."

But Grace—thinking of Edward in his aerie on a Westchester hilltop, guarded forcibly against self-destruction, and of the one-time Madame Rojas, en route to a Paris divorce and, later, a new-life colony in Mentone—could not agree with him.

THE END

WHITE is Right in Midsummer Fashions

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, June 12.

IT began at Biarritz during the Easter holidays. Biarritz has a charm at that time of the year, both climatically and socially, that it never achieves at any other period. At Easter the tourist has not begun troubling the current of life, and society can have it all by its lonesome. Biarritz started an all-white vogue. Whenever a stray costume of pastel happened along, among the lilies of chic, it somehow looked common, out of place, and woebegone.

Society certainly took on a white cargo and is cruising around with it now in the high seas of the social season in Paris, two months later. There is the white costume for the pale light of the morning, white for noonday, white for afternoon, and white for night.

White is precious, and this probably accounts for some of its tremendous vogue—like diamonds, it isn't easy to achieve, and, like lilies, it is perishable. However, almost any woman can afford one glorious, better-than-Solomon-in-all-his-glory white outfit for whatever time of the twenty-four hours she wants, and needs, to be most distinguished, most completely smart this summer. Take your choice, or have a white outfit for each of the four quarter sections of the day, if you can.

Nothing can be more distinguished than the white costume. If you have to choose, then be sure to have an all-white sports costume or an all-white evening dress, or both if at all possible. I know white clothes may bring white hairs in the effort to maintain their pure spotlessness, but they are worth while anyway.

The least worrisome is the white crepe de Chine sports dress, because, as every woman knows, color and fabric may be laundered with admirable results. If you are choosing this kind of a sports frock, by all means avoid plaits, which add unnecessarily to your annoyance in the maintenance of the dress and do not augment its chic.

Our fourth sketch on this page, which is from Jane Regny, shows the kind of white crepe de Chine sports dress that involves the least trouble for upkeep in its pristine state. The skirt has nary a plait, but a delicious ripple across the front, caused by elongated pie-shaped pieces of crepe, with the apex at the hemline, intersecting gores. They don't show, but they produce a beautiful effect. Another practical item of this model is its sleevelessness. A slight fullness is given the blouse by shirring on the shoulders, and the collar is just two triangles at the sides of the V neckline. Chevronné bands—two in number—are stitched around the bodice.

If you want a three-piece white sports costume, our Lelong ensemble is very good indeed. It looks like the spring sports ensemble without any of its predecessor's heat-producing handicap. It's all silk. The cardigan sweater is of white silk jersey, fastened with three buttons of glass, and trimmed with pale green bands at the wrists. The pull-over sweater is of a new kind of lace jersey, extremely delicate and semitransparent, and banded with shaded pale green bands at the bottom. There is a white suède belt. Notice that the neck is cut square. All sweaters worn at Biarritz were cut square at the neck, and, in this season of details, that is important. The skirt, of a new kind of silk called crepe gitana, has nice wide box plaits at the front and back, to prevent damage to the skirt from sitting down or knee stretching. Lines of stitching suggest a non-existent yoke at the sides. They serve to hold the plaits flat.

THE dress of white crepe de Chine at right has a black belt with steel buckles.

LELONG shows a lace jersey sweater (at left), with jacket of white silk jersey.

AN afternoon frock of white georgette with clever draperies is shown at the left.

DRECOLL'S cape and tunic of white lace enhance dance dress at extreme left.

For afternoon, Lelong has also designed our model of white crepe georgette. Like many stunning fashions, this frock depends entirely on line, resulting from expert cutting, for its beauty. There isn't an atom of trimming, unless you want to so dignify the piped edges.

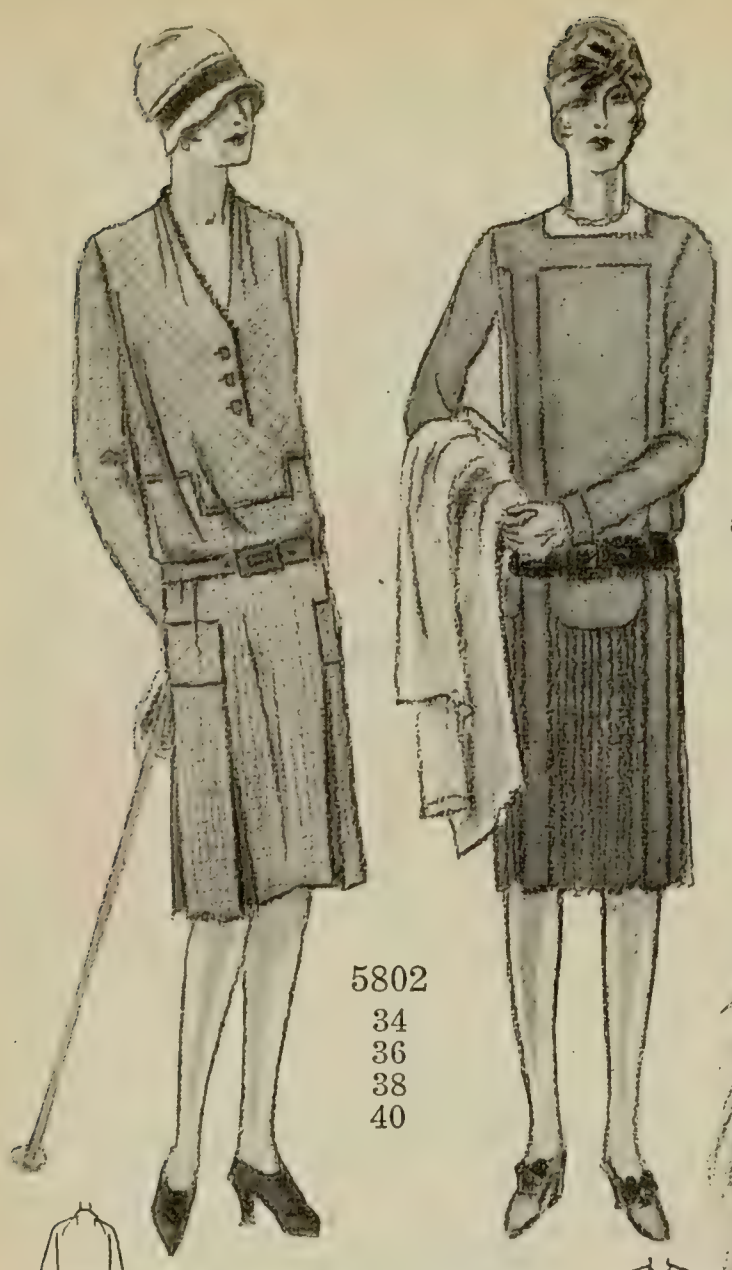
Very fashionable and new is the asymmetrical bolero waist, which descends to the hip bone on the left side, and up under the arm on the right, with ripply folds in front of the left arm. The skirt has this movement reversed, its tunic being cut away on the left side and very long on the right. A girdle of self material ties on the left side.

If you haven't done so, lift your waistline at least a half-inch above the hips. Waistlines *are* going up. They may compromise, occupying both high-hip and normal, but they are, beyond question, caught by the uplift idea.

The Drecoll dance frock of white crepe de Chine has a bloused waist and a straight skirt, divided by a very much draped girdle of crepe, attached under a rhinestone buckle. A shirred lace tunic, which doesn't meet in the front, gives a floating aspect to the skirt, and a band of the lace, extremely fine and delicate, circles the blouse amidships. A curved lace cape makes more poetry of motion at the back of the dress. The telling chic of all-white lies in such models as these.

Hooking Up Fashion's Present with Its Future

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS



5802
34
36
38
40

ILLUSTRATED at left is a dress of checked crepe de Chine in yellow, orange, and tête de nègre.

THE sketch at the right shows a one-piece frock of royal blue linen, with a soft black belt.

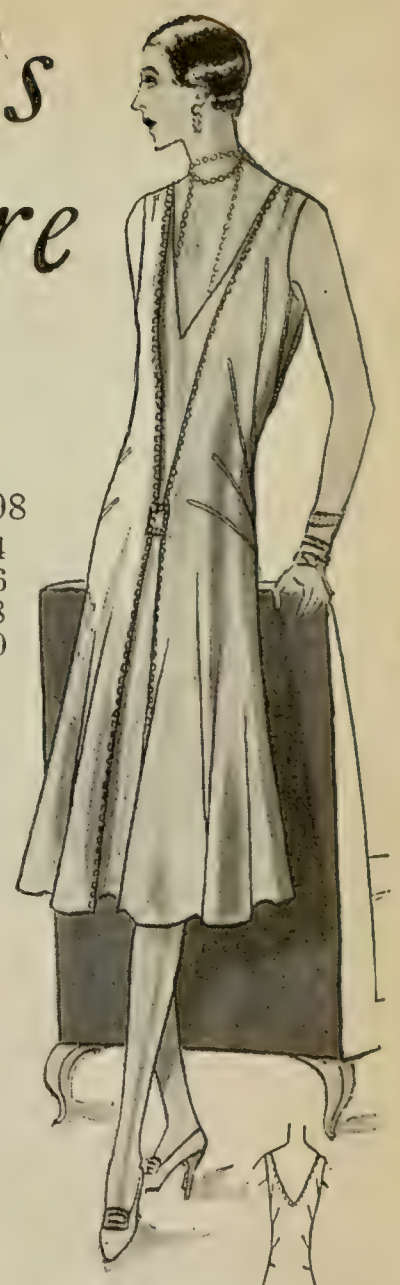
5801
16
18
20

5799
34
36
38
40
42

5800
34
36
38
40

BLACK crepe de Chine dress with gilet of white crepe and a plaited skirt.

A DRESS of light-weight kasha in beige and brown for general wear.



5798
34
36
38
40

PRINCESS dress of vanilla crepe satin, with the redingote top outlined in tiny brilliants.

WE in this country are accustomed by this time to having a hat modeled on the head, although we were a little stunned when we first heard of the idea.

How are we going to take another proposition, I wonder, that is about to confront us, and is first put into words by a Frenchman (not a Frenchwoman) in his epigrammatic way? He proclaims that "It is the woman's body that makes the dress today." The leading designers put it a little more modestly, thus: "We are modeling the costumes on the woman's body."

Whichever way of saying it you prefer, the statement contains fashion news scarcely short of momentous. Being interpreted, it means that curves and the phantom of the Victorian hourglass figure are stealing upon us once again.

Always, today, in mentioning the manner of approach of a new style, we have to say that it is being put over on us. It used to be that we sat on the front steps, so to speak, welcoming the journal that bore us word of a new style, and even more dearly we welcomed the new fashion to our wardrobes.

Then came the straight silhouette, the boyish aspect to our personality as a whole, the sweater costume and all that it implied in the wearer in the way of being athletic and connecting up with the country and golfing and motors. They took such hold of us that any new style had to steal upon us clandestinely. That is what the curves are doing, but in Paris they already seem too well established to be likely to recede.

You know these little *nervures*, or nerves, or, as some jestingly call them, the nervous system of the costume, that are nothing more than flat seams, which we in the innocence of our hearts have accepted and even taken to pleasantly all winter as the trimming for coats and tailored outfits? It is through them that the hourglass figure is being put over on us, since they so easily turn diagonal and triangular movements into elliptical form.

For the purpose of this new silhouette the area under the arm is important and must be manipulated. You can readily see that this produces a sense of curve to the figure. Flat yokes, as shown in one of the models on this page, also tend to produce this impression. They are popular at present in coarse lace.

SO far, we have only the semi-hourglass figure, with the area above the waistline tending to round, and the hips still lying flat. We have spoken before now, however, of the flare that is coming into the bottom of skirts, and have commented on it especially in connection with the redingote. This now is an established outline, and thus, by way of the bottom of the skirt, or again by the back door, so to speak, shape is creeping into the lower half of the costume also.

There is a natural and inevitable truth to follow in the wake of these tendencies. We have been describing the outline of the princess dress, and already it is appearing above the horizon of the fall fashions. We show one here in our evening dress of vanilla-colored crepe satin, which uses the dull surface for the underskirt and the shiny side for the redingote, which is outlined in brilliants.

If you are thinking of something that will last over into the autumn, the checked light-weight kasha will be even more in the style then than now, and meantime is excellent for travel and motoring. The dress in black crepe de Chine with a white gilet is really in the princess idea, with its fitted blouse extending down over a smooth hipline. Both the other dresses are in one piece and contain nothing in them that is contradictory to the princess idea while still adhering to the standards on which we have insisted for so many seasons past.

THERE are certain points essential to both the new and the old silhouette. If you accept these, you may choose other features of whichever you prefer. They are a flat hipline, a skirt with a flaring movement, at least when you walk, and a collarless bodice that more or less blouses. Both of the other sports dresses have these points.

SPECIAL PATTERNS
by May Manton

Order Mary Brush Williams' Designs
by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.
Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number.
Send with your full address to:
LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Vox Pop

Glorious Gloria

FLORIDA, N. J.—I thoroughly enjoy your magazine and it rates 100 per cent with me. But what pleased me most of all about your weekly was that article called When I Play a Part, by that most superb and fascinating luminary, Gloria Swanson.

God! How I love that kid!—*J. E. Parmerter.*

Wanted: Some Murders

WESTMONT, N. J.—For the lova mud; LIBERTY, cut out sentimental trash and give us some stories of mystery, murder, and adventure. Also run some tales of big-game hunting.

Above all, shoot Ralph Barton!—*Bill Densham.*

A Cage for This Bird, Too

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I read Vox Pop for the same reason I visit the

Zoological Gardens—to see the different kind of animals that exist—both wild and domestic.—*J. H. Foster.*

Don Juan's Recipe

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your Larry Rue, who gave us The American Girl in Europe, sure sprouts his carrots when he declares the American male is far behind his European brother in finesse and the gentle art of scientific love-making. I recognized that fact years ago, after a dozen or so trips across, during and after the war. So I changed my own battle plans and—well, I'll not brag, but I'm glad I did change them.

After a few months' study of European methods, I came back and made a flock of these so-called sheiks look like the Heck of the Resperus. I'm no bargain, either; just an average young American, with enough gumption and determination to bring the Modern American Girl down to earth where she belongs, so that I, in dealing with her, can obtain a semblance of an even break.

For she is getting away with entirely too much here in these United States of ours, and the sooner the male population gets wise to itself, the better off everyone concerned will be.

A combination of American manliness, application, and thoroughness, with an appetizer of European dash, romance, and courtesy, is unbeatable. And it is worth the trouble to any man over here. For the American girl as a friend, as a companion, or as a wife, is certainly a wonder and a world-beater once the uppishness is taken out of her.

But, fellow, don't start off on the wrong foot and neglect to take the uppishness out first. That neglect is the direct cause of overflowing divorce courts today.—*Jack Lozier.*

With Our Apologies

EMERSON, MAN.—In your Twenty Questions department, the following query appeared: "Who made famous the remark, 'Don't give up the ship'?"

This was answered as follows: "James Lawrence, who commanded the American frigate Chesapeake in its victory over the British Shannon."

Would like to point out that, although the American Chesapeake carried the heavier metal, the British Shannon reduced her to a hulk in the short space of fifteen minutes, in full view of the Chesapeake's own home port. The Chesapeake was towed into Halifax, Nova Scotia, by the Shannon as a prize of war—unless history has been revised!—*John H. Gilbert, Royal Canadian Mounted Police.*

It Beats the Devil

GULF HAMMOCK, FLA.—It's a Tough Life is a crimson painting of corrupt morals; it's polluted with filth; it's too rotten for the garbage man, and too diabolical for the devil to read to his young imps—still, you put it into the hands of American childhood.—*The Reverend Holice H. Duck.*

The Story of a Blush

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Have just concluded It's a Tough Life, by Viña Delmar, and oh, my dears, but I did blush for shame—such a story! This generation needs moral uplifting and not immoral degradation, and were I the authority to accept or reject, I'd throw the like of such trash into the garbage—pronto. Wishing you further success for many years to come, only—don't forget!—*Mrs. W. E. W.*

Tested

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Viña Delmar's contribution, It's a Tough Life, was a whizz of an interesting story—so straight from the shoulder. About five or six different people have asked me if I'd read it, and I guess that's a pretty good test of a yarn's popularity.—*T. Simpson.*

Just as Refreshing and Not So Frothy

DAYTON, OHIO—LIBERTY is the best buy for a nickel since Volstead eliminated the "schooner" commonly called a scuttle of suds.—*T. E. McNamara.*

Rifts in the Solid South

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—In your issue of May 28 you had an editorial entitled: Coolidge Will Be Renominated if He Lives.

In that editorial you used this sentence: "One-third of the national delegates come from the Southern States, where no electoral votes have been cast for a Republican President since reconstruction days."

By "reconstruction days," I presume you mean the years immediately following the war between the States, from 1865 to 1870.

You are in error in stating that no Southern State has cast its electoral vote for a Republican President.

In 1920, President Harding carried Tennessee, which is certainly a Southern State, and the electoral vote of this same State was cast for Harding. In the same election, Oklahoma, which is also considered a Southern State, cast her electoral vote for Harding. Maryland, Missouri, and West Virginia are also classed sometimes as Southern States, and every one of these cast its electoral vote, in 1920, for Harding.

Kentucky, another Southern State, as well as Maryland and West Virginia, cast their electoral votes in 1896 for William McKinley.—*W. B. Bell.*

Wants a Fighting Honeymoon

BREMERTON, WASH.—Your book is worth thrice the price, and I don't mean maybe. I wish to say I've enjoyed every article in it, and most of all am waiting for *Sandy* and *Lil* to get married and see what their first quarrel will be!—*Mary Doyle.*

A Noted Conductor Sets Us Straight

MOUNTAIN LAKES, N. J.—Your issue of May 28 has an article by Bruce Grant on the late Oscar Hammerstein. It contains an error which quite seriously concerns me in my former standing as an opera manager and conductor.

It was I who produced and conducted the first performance in America of Cavalleria Rusticana (also Pagliacci), and both Hammerstein and Aaronson came over to Philadelphia to see the performance at the Grand Opera House in that city. Hammerstein could not have given his performance had I not sold him one of my two copies of the orchestration. Kindly do me the justice to correct this error.—*Gustav Hinrichs.*

Read This, You Rowdies!

EXCELSIOR, MINN.—It seems to me that your Vox Pop department is the voice of the radical element among the people rather than that of the people as a whole.

Either Sidney Sutherland is "positively marvelous," or he is "the

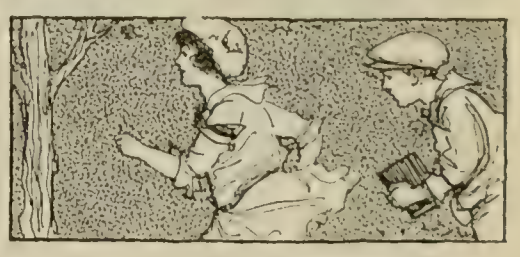
bunk." Ralph Barton is either "wonderful," or he is "rotten." Your magazine as a whole is "all you can swallow for a nickel," or it should be completely abolished. No fair-minded person ever made a decision like that. It stands to reason that, in any event, both sides of the question must have some redeeming features, and it is my humble suggestion that your readers contribute a little more honest criticism and a little less scathing sarcasm. Vox Pop could easily be turned into a page showing your readers as literary and art critics, but, as it is, it reflects on the people who write, offering their suggestions in the bitterest form.

Another feature which I certainly do not admire is the absolutely insulting remarks which these contributors make about each other. Is that the public's idea of a fair-minded debate?—*George Blair.*

A Boost for City Kids

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just been reading your editorial, No Place for Children, and am asking if this is the truth as determined from observed facts, or is it bunk—just something we believe because we have been saying it so long?

My business keeps me traveling all over the country, in big and little



towns, and I see no healthier and happier specimens of young manhood and young womanhood than I see on the streets of Chicago. As the father of a family of five, all grown, now, and getting along well enough, I am interested in such matters.

In general, city children drink purer water and live under more sanitary conditions than those that live in the country or small towns. They are looked after more quickly when they become ill. They eat just as good, if not better, food. They are taught healthful and cleanly habits in school as well as in the home.

Two serious things they lack: space for the more healthful kinds of play and pure air. Some day we will learn not to poison ourselves with the wastes of industry and to provide proper places for play, and then the city-bred child will have all the best of it. As it is, I doubt that any country district of equal population can show as many healthy and happy children as I see on the sidewalks of the apartment-house district where I live.—*Edmund Shaw.*

We Reform a Husband

CHICAGO, ILL.—I wish I could grasp the hand of the man who wrote that editorial, No Place for Children, and give it a good squeeze. Until my husband read it, I'd talked my mouth dry, trying to get him to move out of the city for the children's sake. But LIBERTY'S editorial got under his skin, and made him see the light. Now, at last, I've dug him out and we are going to the suburbs—to live and *breathe.* Aren't men ridiculous? —*Mrs. M. H.*

You know you must have good brakes

Thermoid Brake Lining Service

Consult a Thermoid "Brake-anic"

BUT do you know how to get good brakes and keep them good? Good Brake Lining? Certainly, the best brake lining—Thermoid Brake Lining! But that's not all. Those brakes must be lined and kept in proper adjustment by a trained specialist.

That is what Thermoid Brake Lining Service means.

That is why the careful motorist looks for the shop showing the Thermoid Service Station Sign.

There he knows he will get:

1. Thermoid Brake Lining, a recognized standard, with list prices to the car owner much lower than the list prices of many inferior brake linings.

2. The services of careful and experienced "brake-anics," who specialize in "brakes" and who are furnished regularly with the latest information on brake designs and adjustments by the Thermoid Rubber Company's engineers.

3. Brake inspection at regular intervals. Minor adjustments or relining at a fair, not exaggerated, rate for labor and materials.

Have all your brake work done at the shop showing the Thermoid Service Sign
The Sign of a Quality and Fair Price Shop

THERMOID Hydraulic Compressed and Thermoid Interwoven Brake Linings are sold to the car owner at list prices much lower than the old high list prices.

Ask Your Thermoid Service Station, or write us, as to the cost of Thermoid Brake Lining for your car as compared with other linings. You will be surprised at the saving.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Factories and Main Offices

TRENTON, N. J.

Makers of Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining, Thermoid Interwoven Brake Lining, Thermoid and Resoid Transmission Lining, Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints, Thermoid Radiator Hose and Mechanical Rubber Goods.

THERMOID
RUBBER COMPANY
TRENTON, N. J.

Please send me the name of the nearest Thermoid Service Station and your booklet, "All About Brakes."

Name.....

.....

Address.....

.....

Wherever You Drive

The Pick of the Nation's Garage Men

To guide the motoring public throughout the United States to dependable, reliable, expert garage service at a cost not excessive nor over the cost of expert service anywhere—is the purpose of the UNITED BONDED GARAGES.

Never before has the motorist had a specific guidance to garages of known integrity and ability when in strange territory. Never before has there existed a chain plan of identification. Heretofore motorists have had to depend on information from strangers or trust to luck.

UNITED BONDED GARAGES are providing that identification and protection the motoring public has been seeking.

Garage men are keeping step with progress. The display of the UNITED BONDED GARAGE emblem is their national pledge of integrity and collective co-operation for your protection while out of the bounds of your home community. By this national identification these better garages are meeting the demands for a standardized, dependable and uniform garage service. They are backing their word and work with a bond for your protection.

A UNITED BONDED GARAGE sign over a garage is a badge of honor in the garage field—the emblem of expert, dependable service. Take advantage of this national identification mark when you are out and need garage service.

UNITED BONDED GARAGES are giving the motoring public advantages, rights, quality service, convenience, supervision and protection not otherwise obtainable—and on a nation-wide basis.

This service is available to every motorist at the sign of UNITED BONDED GARAGES—*wherever you drive*

UNITED BONDED GARAGES, INC.
PORTLAND, OREGON — CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Garages seeking information regarding the franchise should address the Company at 310 South Michigan Ave., Chicago

Wherever You Drive UNITED BONDED GARAGES All the Way.

The NEW Sky Pilots *or Tuning In Your Religion*

By QUIN A. RYAN
WGN Announcer

Underwood & Underwood

THE clergyman with the largest audience in the world—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman of New York.

P. & A. photo

WHERE Dr. Cadman meets his parishioners face to face—the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn.

RADIO has got religion, and religion has got radio.

Taking, say, 700 as the total of radio stations in the United States, we find that one in every fifteen is owned by a religious organization. Add to these the number of churches or sectarian schools participating in the operation of radio stations, and the ratio moves up to about one in every ten. Further, one-half of all the stations include some form of worship or a religious program in their broadcast offerings. Religion has embraced the radio, and the sky pilots are cruising the skies.

After reverently weighing the listening public's reports on the matter, we may draw the compound conclusion that religious broadcasting is a great privilege and a great pest.

It is from the larger cities that there comes the angry designation of religious stations as pests. Many a city or suburban listener finds a crusading broadcaster in his territory hogging the air and ruining his chances of enjoying other stations with diversified programs. When the Jumping Jehoshaphats build a potent broadcasting plant in any locality the neighbors for miles around have the alternative of listening exclusively to fervent calisthenics or of turning in their radio sets for useful fireless cookers.

Since press agents, movies, billboards, and other modern devices of salesmanship have been called to the evangelical cause, it was but natural that churches should employ the radio for publicity. Just these churches that employ it obviously for advertising bring down upon their heads the wrath of the everyday radio devotee.

In many more cases, on the other hand, the religious radio is deemed a divine blessing. It delivers to the hearthstone of the isolated and to the bedside of the shut-in the balm and inspiration of holy service—and welcomely, too, even to individuals who have been indifferently beyond the rim of any flock.

An infinite variety of letters—from the invalid, the woodsman, the hill-bound farmer, the lighthouse guardian, the housewife whose domestic duties do not permit church-going—testify to the radio's efficacy in bringing the very "feel" of the church service to them. Its mirroring of the inspirational exercises within the church wins back countless strayed members of the flock. Its nondenominational programs gain the ears of thousands who shun the pulpits. Its moral lessons hit home effectively because the recipient is in a receptive mood, at his ease in his home, with no distractions.

Religious broadcasting has been so successful that there have been predictions of "radio churches" to supplant poorly equipped rural pastorates. A community chapel would replace the little red meeting house and a radio horn replace the little-read preacher.

One writer in a religious publication foretells the passing of the circuit-riding parson, the wheezy organ, the homemade choir, the inept sermons, and sparse attendance. The pastor, he predicts, will become, instead, a social organizer and superintendent of the radio services. The congregation will gather to hear the sermon of a famous metropolitan divine and will join with the singing of renowned artists miles distant.

The opposing debaters—and there has been more debating on the subject than the public suspects—contend that people will never be satisfied with merely auricular attendance at church; that religion is more than simple hearing, whatever the belief. They argue that services on the radio lose their devoutness; that the churchgoer misses the warmth and comfort of personal attendance; that there is lacking the communion of spirit and the sense of holiness.

What do *you*, for one, think? Do you think you could be satisfied with attending your church by radio?

At any rate, the bulk of the churches are making vast and good use of this child of science, and their increasing numbers seem to answer for themselves the worry that broadcasting may lessen the attendance at church.

Questionnaires submitted to pastors tell, in ten instances to one, of attendance increased after broadcasting, of letters received from distant points containing promises to attend church more often, of the dispelling of points of prejudice, and of the creation of bountiful good will. They even tell of voluntary monetary donations to the collection box.

The clergyman who has probably the largest and most variegated audience in the world is Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, who preaches via a chain of radio stations on Sunday afternoons. He includes a "question box" for the answering of questions sent to him from his scattered listeners of all sects and creeds. He says of broadcasting:

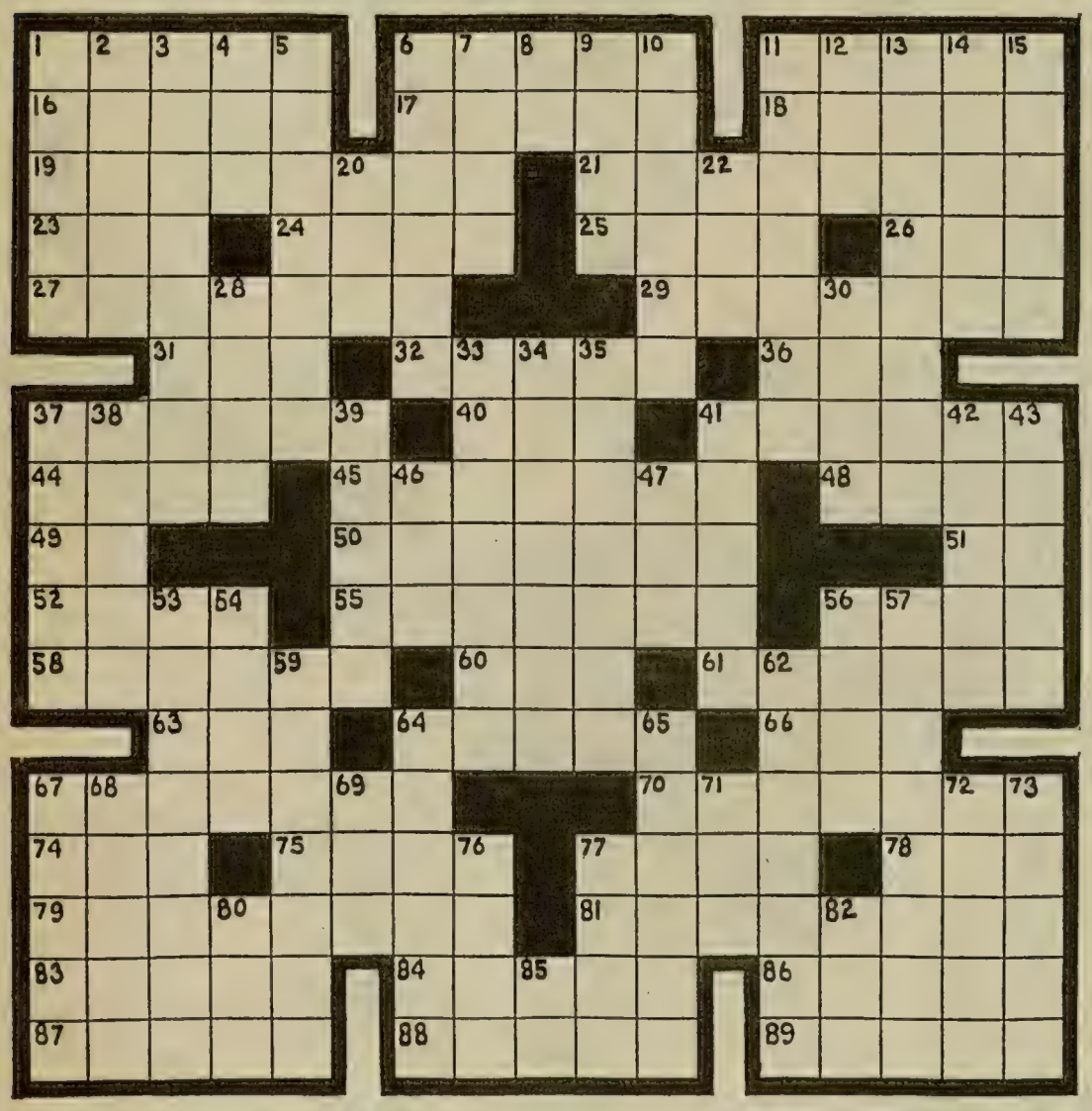
"PROPERLY used, radio presents an amazingly wide field for reasonable propaganda of the great truths we hold in common. I have found it an immense help in reaching countless numbers of people who have no definite affiliations with the churches. They are not irreligious. Far from it. They are deeply moved by spiritual realities, and are a very large group presenting a fascinating field for religious enterprise. If the radio industry existed for this purpose alone, it would be amply justified."

As for the lazy sheep of the flock—why worry about them? A man who will remain away from the church in order that he may lie at home, smoke his pipe, listen to the services, and chuckle as he hears the tinkle of the collection, would likewise—if playing golf alone—concede himself most of his three-foot putts.

THE END

$25 PRIZE PUZZLE

EVERY week LIBERTY offers $25 for the best original cross-word puzzle sent in by its readers. Puzzle No. 44, selected for this issue, is without a flaw. It conforms with the strictest rules of puzzle construction in every respect. Particular attention is called to the interlocking in the center of the design. Note the crossing of the triple rows of seven-letter words. This form of interlocking is most difficult and unusual. The Puzzle Editor will gladly answer questions or return your contribution, provided a stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 44

By H. T. RENO, Montrose, Colorado

HORIZONTAL

1 To imprint with a mark
6 Stretches from one limit to another
11 A shot in billiards
16 Pertaining to a heavenly body
17 A military student
18 Unfasten
19 Unpacked
21 Contended with by grappling
23 The European gull
24 Becomes sunburned
25 A form of pastry
26 The mother of Abel
27 An excuse
29 Longed eagerly
31 A fabulous bird
32 Natives of a former Balkan kingdom
36 To free from
37 Summits
40 A constellation
41 Allows in argument
44 Political radicals
45 Quiverings
48 Paradise
49 Like
50 Rescinds
51 The son of Nut (Egyptian mythology)
52 Cried
55 Calcium phosphate
56 An insect
58 Stellar
60 A cardinal number
61 Climbs, as by a ladder
63 A bond
64 Icebergs
66 Any greasy liquid
67 Royal macé
70 Graze
74 A round, bulging vessel
75 Genus to which the olive tree belongs
77 A portion of anything
78 A tatter
79 Member of an international chain of clubs
81 Charging with guilt
83 Concerning
84 Hash
86 A skin disease of animals
87 Years of adolescence
88 Narrow apertures
89 Moved forward gradually

VERTICAL

1 Sudden decline, as in stock values
2 An adjuster of tone
3 Replied
4 Entangle
5 Shield
6 Perceives by the olfactory organs
7 Cushions
8 A public notice (colloquial)
9 Salamander
10 Wanders
11 Pungent powder used as a condiment
12 An insect
13 Magnificent
14 A sifter
15 Culminated
20 To increase
22 Sooner than
28 To roll and tumble
30 Hoarfrost
33 Heighten
34 Farther away
35 Registering
37 Crops
38 Replace
39 An escaped domestic animal
41 Dolts
42 Concise
43 Breaks suddenly
46 A corded fabric
47 Steep
53 One who receives a grant of rights
54 A journey
56 To stay in expectation
57 Enticing
59 Sharp replies
62 Garb
64 Fishes of the carp kind
65 Intervals
67 An inferior cotton cloth
68 An old woman
69 High priest of Israel
71 Section of a circle
72 Extent of space covered
73 Incited
76 The indigo plant
77 Agreement
80 Feminine proper name
82 Downcast
85 Not so

Answer to Puzzle No. 43

The Secret *of a* Chinese Laundry Bill

A Sam Loyd Puzzle

TOM WING FONG felt he was getting a little rusty in his accounting. He had made several mistakes of late in his laundry bills. So he set himself a task.

He took the ten digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, and began to practice with them. He thought it would be nice to put them all down in one sum that would total exactly 150. This appealed to his neat Chinese mind.

After a few trials he came pretty close to it as is shown by the slate. But he was still a little off.

He soon found he could solve the problem in a number of ways. But he was determined to find the simplest way. Confucius said, "Simplicity governs all." Finally he sat back and chuckled merrily. He had managed to make his addition out of only three figures which disturbed hardly any of his original digits.

Now just because you can never be sure your laundry bill is right unless you check it up, suppose you try a little practice yourself and see if the sum you make is as simple as Tom Wing Fong's which will be published next week.

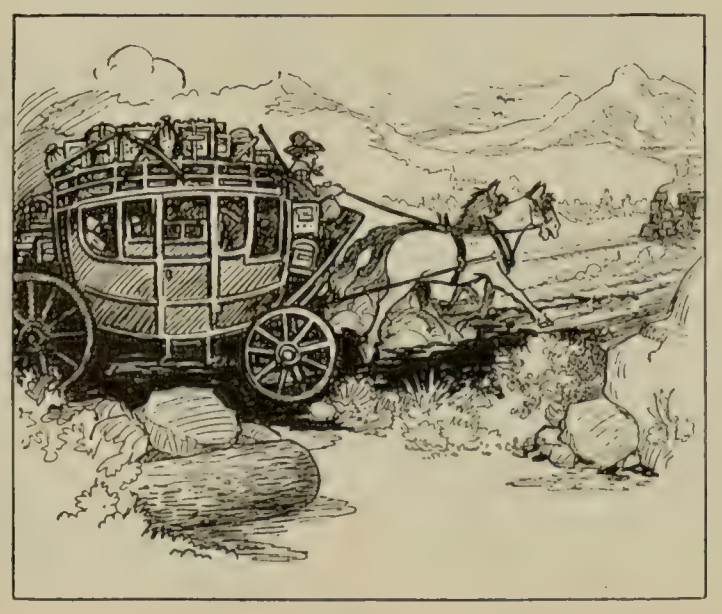
Sam Loyd

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

WHEN the train was reduced to two-fifths its regular speed, it required 2½ hours to cover the distance accomplished in 1 hour at full speed. Therefore, in 8 hours at full speed it would go the same distance that in 20 hours it would go at two-fifths speed.

Since, running at two-fifths regular speed from the time of the accident until the end of the journey, the train lost its 12-hour advantage in schedule time over the coach, that elapsed time at reduced speed must have been 20 hours. These 20 hours, added to its 2-hour run at regular speed, give 22 hours as the time for the complete journey of both coach and train.

The train's schedule time—12 hours quicker—would be 10 hours for the entire run.



It was told that had the accident occurred 36 miles farther on, the train would have made 3 hours' better time. A 2-hour run at full speed would be 3 hours better in time than the same distance covered at two-fifths speed. Therefore, that 36 miles at full speed must have consumed 2 hours, or at the rate of 18 miles an hour.

Therefore, if schedule speed was 18 miles, and schedule time 10 hours, the distance from Laramie to Rock Springs must have been 180 miles. S. L.

H A V E A C A M E L

Camels—created for enjoyment

THE people of this modern age are the busiest workers of all time. But they are wise enough to seek relaxation, and they place Camel first among cigarettes.

For Camel is the modern word for *enjoyment*. In your work and in your play, through busy days or restful evenings, Camel will answer your every mood.

The world's largest tobacco organization secures the best of everything for Camels. The choicest tobaccos grown. Such blending as you never dreamed of for enhancing the taste of fragrant tobaccos. And through it all a skill and sureness in producing the world's best.

Modern smokers are the hardest to please ever known. And they find their favorite in Camel. No other cigarette in any age was ever so popular as Camel is today. Your supreme tobacco pleasure is waiting for you here.

"*Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

THE MOST TEMPTING FRENCH DRESSINGS YOU EVER TASTED

"The Average Diet needs bulk, which green salads supply—they provide vitamins and minerals for they are sun foods. Serve at least one green salad a day—with a salad dressing made with Mazola"—

from Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Popular New Book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

THE French Dressing Recipes below will prove to you that regardless of price, the world affords no finer salad oil than Mazola.

And it is important to remember—a pleasant thought by the way—that Mazola is a *pure vegetable* oil, pressed from the hearts of fully-ripened golden corn kernels.

Mazola is sold by all grocers in pint, quart, half-gallon and gallon tins.

PLAIN FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo, Red Label
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Beat thoroughly and use with any vegetable, meat or fish salad.

PIQUANTE FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo, Blue Label
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons chow-chow
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

Beat well and serve with any vegetable, fish or cheese salad.

IMPORTANT NOTE: The above are only two of nearly 300 recipes in Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's New Book—sent postpaid on receipt of ten cents and the coupon below.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY L. 7-27
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Enclosed is 10c (stamps—coin). Please send me postpaid a copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name _____

Address _____ *State* _____

Town _____

What Happened *to the* CIRCUS

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story for Children

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

THIS WAY TO THE BIG CIRCUS
LEMONADE 5c SIDE SHOWS 10c

THIS placard in large red letters on a white sign met us as Nutmeg and I came home from the village one hot July afternoon. We had known it was going to happen. So many snakes and other creatures kept in captivity could mean only one thing. But we had not expected it so soon.

Just inside the yard, Tony, all in white, stood by a small table, ready to sell tickets. Another small table set under the locust trees held a really delightful-looking bowl of lemonade with berries floating in it. Tony's face lighted up when he saw us.

"You're the first to come," he said. "Will you buy good chairs, or bad?"

"We'll buy good ones," said Nutmeg quickly.

Now, mothers are made to spoil sport. I shouldn't have been a good mother at all if I hadn't thought at once of something that would take a good deal of the fun out of this circus.

"Tony," I said solemnly, "you can't charge admission. Nutmeg and I will pay, but if anyone else comes you'll have to let them in free, and give them lemonade, too."

Tony's face fell.

"I never heard of such a thing!" he cried. "Not charge people for seeing a *circus?* Can't we even charge them *pins?*"

"Yes, you may charge pins. But probably anyone who happens by won't have enough pins. People don't go around all stuck up with pins. And if they have to go home on this hot day, they'll never come back."

"Oh, well," said Tony contentedly, "if they didn't have it—money or pins—we'd let them in, anyway."

At one corner of our Witch's House was a room with only three sides. A screen of narrow wooden slats could be let down to make a fourth side. When this screen was rolled up, the fourth side opened straight outdoors.

The screen was let down now. Wild sounds came from behind it.

"They're dressing," Tony explained. "Emmy's goin' to be both a Side Show an' the Lemonade Seller. She looks awful. She's the Fat Lady. Dodo's the General Manager an' the Aztec Queen."

"What are you?" Nutmeg asked.

"Oh, I'm just the Gatekeeper now. But later I'm the Snake Charmer and the Sword Swallower," Tony announced proudly.

"This sounds like a sure-enough circus," Nutmeg admitted. "Why didn't you tell us about it sooner?"

Now, Tony was a very honest boy. He hesitated a minute. Finally he said, in his slow voice:

"'Cause we thought mother mightn't let us if we asked her *first.* But if she saw it all started, she *would.*"

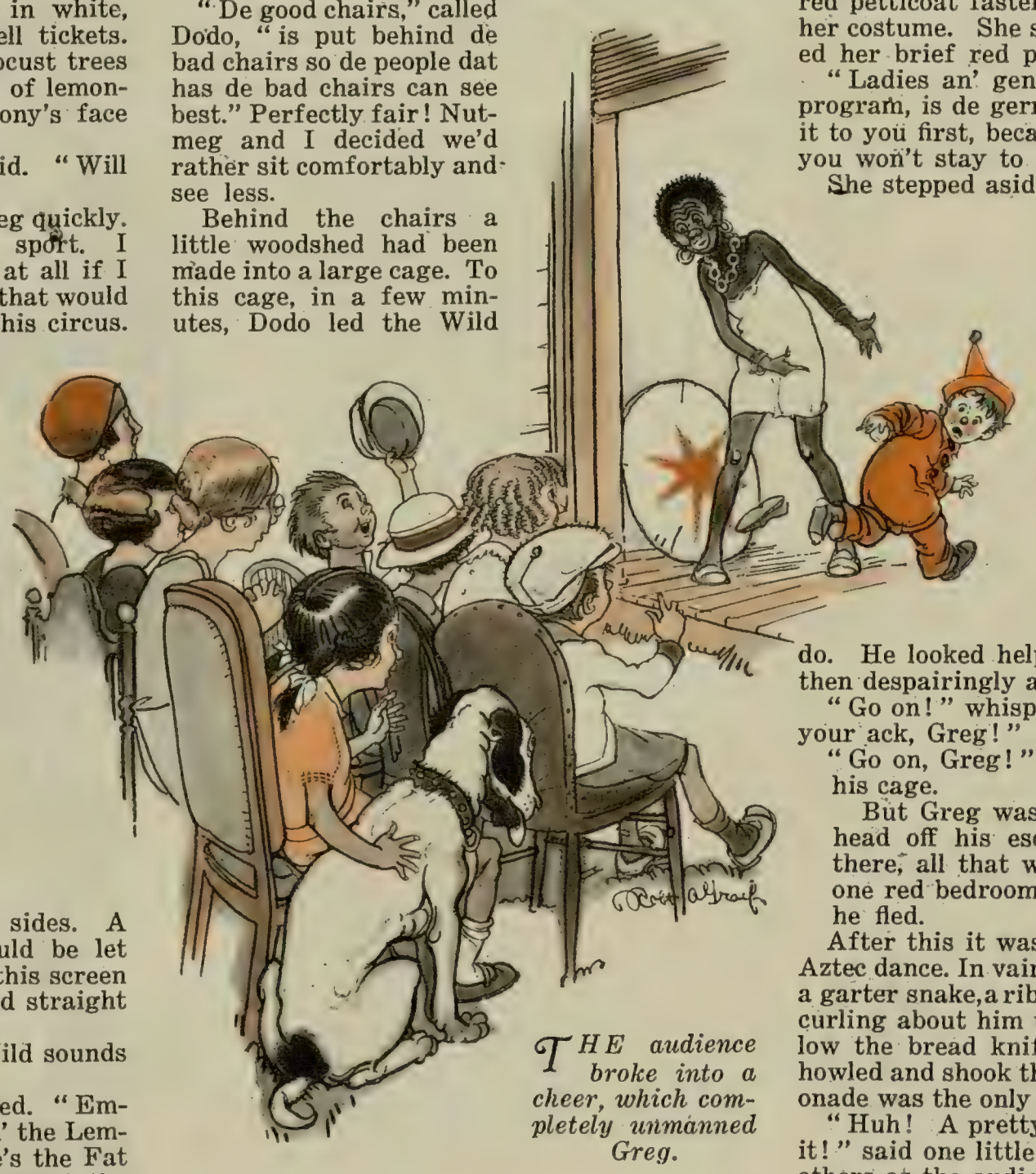
Nutmeg and I walked toward the "dressing-room." A double row of chairs drawn up on the grass showed that after being a dressing-room the three-sided room was to be the stage.

"You're puttin' paint in my *eye!*" Nicky wailed from behind the screen. What was Nicky going to be? Tony hadn't told us that.

"De good chairs," called Dodo, "is put behind de bad chairs so de people dat has de bad chairs can see best." Perfectly fair! Nutmeg and I decided we'd rather sit comfortably and see less.

Behind the chairs a little woodshed had been made into a large cage. To this cage, in a few minutes, Dodo led the Wild Man of Borneo. The Wild Man snarled at us fearfully as he went by, but long chains at his wrists and ankles held him fast. Still, even after he was safe in his cage, he was a terrifying sight. Red, blue, and green paint covered his body, which was bare, except for a pair of swimming trunks. Red circles surrounded his eyes. And he stretched his mouth from ear to ear with his fingers and made horrid sounds as he peered through the wires of the cage.

By now there were eight people in the audience. Mrs. Spiderweb had driven along and been lured in by Tony. And the three red-haired Kingsley children had trailed shyly in and chosen the "bad chairs" so as to miss nothing. The Bates girls were there with their big dog.



THE audience broke into a cheer, which completely unmanned Greg.

The Fat Lady came shamefacedly out and took her place at the lemonade stand.

The Fat Lady was not a great success. Her flowered frock was fat, having been stuffed out with cotton. But her neck and arms and legs looked strangely slim and delicate.

The curtain went up, disclosing Dodo, her black face made much blacker with charcoal. Her short kinky hair stuck out in all directions. Brass curtain rings dangled from her ears. A red petticoat fastened under her arms formed her costume. She shook her earrings and flirted her brief red petticoat as she announced:

"Ladies an' gentlemen: Dis, de first on de program, is de germ o' de collection. We give it to you first, because if we don', we're 'fraid you won't stay to see it."

She stepped aside—and there was Greg, the most adorable clown you ever saw! In a suit of Nicky's pajamas with red cardboard buttons down the front, and a high pointed hat of paper muslin with a red button on top. His face was powdered white, with bright red spots on his cheeks and the tip of his little nose.

The entire audience broke into a cheer, which completely unmanned Greg. He forgot entirely what he was supposed to do. He looked helplessly at the audience and then despairingly at Dodo.

"Go on!" whispered Dodo piercingly. "Do your ack, Greg!"

"Go on, Greg!" hissed the Wild Man from his cage.

But Greg was through. Tony rushed to head off his escape, but before Tony got there, all that was to be seen of Greg was one red bedroom slipper that he dropped as he fled.

After this it was in vain that Dodo did her Aztec dance. In vain Tony sat cross-legged with a garter snake, a ribbon snake, and a grass snake curling about him while he pretended to swallow the bread knife. In vain the Wild Man howled and shook the bars of his cage. The lemonade was the only thing that was appreciated.

"Huh! A pretty sick sort of a circus, I call it!" said one little red-haired Kingsley to the others as the audience filed out.

AT last Flopsy's family has been named! It was very hard to choose names for the five little fuzzy-tails because hundreds and hundreds of letters were received from children all over this country and Canada. Flopsy would need more little rabbits than any mother could take care of to use all the pretty names sent in. We'd like to answer all the nice letters we have received but there are so many it's just impossible, so we'll have to thank our readers here for their thoughtfulness. Here are the names, picked because the most children liked them:

WIGGLENOSE FLUFFY SNOWBALL
FRISKY NIBBLY

Would you think a boy as little as Greg could be a hero? Well, in next week's LIBERTY we shall tell you how he saved his mother from an awful situation.

The Devil's MANTLE

A Romance of the South Seas

A Serial by

FRANK L. PACKARD

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

FIVE thousand pounds—that was the reward offered for the apprehension of Peter Blake! He was wanted as the murderer of Thomas Murchison. The news spread like wildfire in Sydney, in Singapore, and up in Fiji. And, all the while, Peter lay ill on a tropical island, almost done to death by the real killers and robbers of Murchison.

These were the circumstances: Peter had been in Murchison's employ. Murchison was a planter and pearl dealer and it was for a little heap of gems that he was murdered. He had been attacked at night and Peter, sleeping in the room next his, was overpowered by many hands, knifed, dumped for dead into Murchison's own launch, and towed out to sea.

The villains' idea had been to cut the tow-rope and sink the launch and Peter, who would, thereafter, be thought to have killed, stolen, and escaped. But Peter's soul had clung to his body. He revived, cut the rope, and drifted to an island inhabited by savages.

The price offered for his capture was put up by Humphrey Garth, the richest man in Sydney. Garth had been Murchison's best friend. Having made this loyal gesture, Garth steamed off in his yacht with his beautiful daughter, Marion, and Herman Rand, the explorer, to make a promised visit to Rand's island home.

Peter Blake had no powerful friend, no wife, no sweetheart, even—only the memory of a girl whose eyes had once caught and held his in a London theater lobby. Food for dreams this was, as savages nursed him back to health.

The five thousand pounds reward brought an immediate result. Captain Josephus Mumm found Peter and bore him off in his old tub, the Break o' Dawn. He called him his stroke of luck. But from the moment Peter stepped aboard, the tired old vessel knew only misfortunes. The superstitious mate tried to kill him as a Jonah. The crew mutinied, and the red-haired captain and Peter fought a bloody battle to subdue them.

Picture the contrast on the deck of Garth's yacht, the Isis! There, Rand sat talking to Marion Garth. When his voice deepened and he leaned toward her, the girl knew he was about to propose to her.

PART THREE

MARION'S heart was beating a little more quickly, now. A sort of panic surged upon her, prompting her to make some excuse and go below, go to her father on the bridge—anything. It was not going to be easy to answer Herman Rand. If she could just put it off!

She liked him very much indeed at times, so much that at moments she had asked herself whether it was not more than liking—whether it was not love. And then, at other times, she did not like him at all. She did not know why.

Once she had seen a face in a crowd—a man's face. She had never seen it before, and she had never seen it since. But she had never forgotten it, never could forget it. She could not describe even to herself her feelings when, in the lobby of that London theater, out of the surging, pushing, chattering, laughing press of people making for the exit, she had seen that face. It had not startled her; it had not even surprised her. It was as if she had *expected* to look up and see that face. And then it had brought a most strange sensation. It had seemed to awaken memories that were ages old.

Why should she of late have acquired the habit of contrasting those two faces—the one of memory with Herman Rand's?

"Miss Garth"—Rand was suddenly bending over her, his voice low, a little shaken—"I—I did not mean to say anything tonight. Perhaps I shouldn't. But—but I feel that you know, and—and—well, I can't hold it back any longer! I think I cared for you from the first moment I met you. And, since then, these days on board here have brought me more happiness than I have ever known before. I know that you have given me no reason to believe that you, too, care, but I have dared to hope. Tell me"—his voice was very low now, vibrant—"have I—have I any right to hope?"

The four natives flung themselves in a mad helter-skelter

over the rail, fighting for first place.

It had come. She sat staring, not at him, but out over the vessel's rail into nothingness. She realized quite clearly at this moment that her feelings for Rand had never passed beyond the stage of friendship. But how to answer him—and not hurt him? It brought her a pang, a sudden stab. Her eyes filled. She could understand: One who cared—and one who didn't!

"I am terribly sorry, Mr. Rand—terribly sorry." Her voice faltered a little in earnestness and emotion. "But—but I do not think I could ever feel toward you in that way. I—want to be very honest with you. There are times when I like you—oh, tremendously. And perhaps, though you say I haven't, I may have shown that liking more openly than I should, and—and have possibly given you some reason to believe that I returned your own feelings."

"No!" he said instantly. "You have never done that."

"Wait!" she said. "I said I wanted to be very honest with you. If—if I always felt that liking, I—I do not know but that, after a while, I, too, might come to care. But there are times when there seems to be something—oh, I do not know how even to express it—something antagonistic between us."

"I do not understand," he said a little hoarsely. "Is it anything I have done? Anything I have said?"

"No," Marion answered. "Nothing. I—I told you I could not explain it."

"But," he protested—and then suddenly he laughed low, with relief. "I think I know!" he said. "It's perfectly natural. The world would be all changed—your world, I mean—if you were about to be married; and, however much you cared for one, unless you knew him very intimately indeed, the future could not help but hold a troubled questioning in your heart. You have known me for only a little while, and I have spoken far too soon. I have been too impetuous. I should have waited."

"No," she said slowly. "If I loved anyone—really loved in the way you mean—no matter how short a time I might have known him, I cannot imagine myself thinking of the future with anything but joy and eagerness."

"And yet," said Rand gravely, "I am sure that I am right. I want to believe I am, anyway. May I ask you a question—even though perhaps I have no right to ask it? Is—is there anyone else?"

Marion was still staring out into the gray wall of fog.

"No," she said; "there is no one else."

"Then," said Rand, in a strangely quiet way, "I shall never give up until there is."

Marion closed her eyes. One who cared—and one who didn't!

And then she heard him speaking again, his voice casual, pleasantly conventional.

"I'd like to tell you about some rather interesting experiences we had on an expedition up in North Borneo a couple of years ago, if you'd care to have me," he said.

She looked at him quickly. This was one of the moments when she liked him—tremendously.

"Yes, do!" she said eagerly.

II

THE Break o' Dawn had taken on a new lease of life. Forty-eight hours had brought a change. The sea was down.

Peter's eyes followed the figure of Captain Josephus Mumm as, through the fog and murk of the night, he could just make out the little red-haired skipper moving swiftly here and there about the deck.

An incongruous situation! The crew, the four of them that were left, locked up in the forepeak, and he, Peter, helping to work the Break o' Dawn to port—in order that he might stand trial on the charge of murder!

The grim smile deepened. Captain Josephus Mumm carried two loaded revolvers in his pocket, and, when he went below to snatch a short spell of rest, locked the cabin behind him. Peter was not permitted to enter the cabin. The deck served for *his* spells of rest, where an eye could be kept upon him while Captain Mumm must perforce take a trick at the wheel! Uncompromising little beggar!

Peter's hands gripped tightly on the spokes of the wheel. He was conscious of an overwhelming sense of impotence. He was like a man on the crumbling edge of a precipice, bound hand and foot, powerless to move or help himself.

Suddenly Peter turned his head, cocked his ear against the wind. Was that a sound of some sort out there in the fog—or imagination?

And then—as, head turned, Peter stood listening intently—Captain Mumm spoke at his elbow.

"It's a fog siren. There's a ship out there. Listen! We'll get it again in a minute."

Peter listened. It seemed a long time—and then his ear caught the muffled and prolonged bellow.

"A fast boat—and traveling like Gehenna!" snapped Captain Mumm. "Where'd you place it?"

Peter shook his head. One instant the sound seemed to come from one quarter, and the next instant from another.

"From the port quarter, I'd say," growled Captain Mumm; "but, damme, I ain't sure. Here, give me the wheel and get along up for'ard there! Quick, now! She ain't a half-mile off us. Keep your eyes skinned—and your ears too!"

"Right!" said Peter tersely, and, running forward, took up his station at the schooner's bow.

HE clung to a jury stay, staring out into a gray, murky, impenetrable curtain of fog, steadying himself against the uneasy plunge of the Break o' Dawn as she buried her nose in the rolling swells. Queer he hadn't heard the siren again! Surely the regular interval must have lapsed and—

A hideous mingling of sounds hammered at Peter's eardrums—a yell of warning from the red-haired skipper at the wheel; the hoarse, raucous, ugly blast of a whistle; the vicious slatting of canvas; the screech of swinging booms as the Break o' Dawn, in answer to her helm, strove to swerve sharply from her course.

Rigid, Peter stood there—braced. He could see, now. It was as if that gray wall out there suddenly had been rent asunder by some vast, monstrous shape that came tearing ruthlessly through it, straight for the amidships of the Break o' Dawn. It towered high—close aboard the schooner.

There was a crash, the grind and crunch of impact—a shock that hurled Peter to his face upon the deck. Cordage, blocks, canvas, spars came down in a rain around him. A bedlam of hoarse, wild shouts rang in his ears. He staggered to his feet, dazed a little. Something—he did not know what; some of the falling tackle probably—had hit him a glancing blow on the head.

He dashed his hand across his eyes as if to clear both his physical and mental vision. It was a grotesque, fantastic sight. It looked as if a great plowshare of enormous height had embedded itself in the Break o' Dawn's side. The steamer's bow, of course! It seemed to have driven itself almost halfway through the schooner's amidships deck from port to starboard. And now it was beginning to retreat. It would leave a hole in shape like a huge slab of pie. The water was pouring in there now.

The voice of Captain Mumm, strident, shrill, rang out of chaos:

"Stand by! We're sinking!"

Just the wall of fog—the wide, gaping hole in the shattered hull—the schooner's ugly list. The steamer's bow had vanished, like a wraith! But it seemed to Peter that he had heard an answering shout to the red-haired skipper's hail, and he leaped across the deck. Yar Lal and the others were down there in the forepeak—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The dark, tall man fixed his eyes on Peter with a strange scowl.

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

trapped. They'd sink like rats in a cage.

Captain Mumm's voice came bawling from somewhere aft:

"Lend a hand here, Blake, to swing this boat out! And look lively. She's settling fast!"

The starboard boat—lucky *that* wasn't the one that had been smashed in the storm!

"Right!" Peter shouted back—and knocked the fastenings off the sliding hatchway.

The four men from below swept out upon him, heedless of him in their terror, fighting madly with one another as to who first should reach the open. They went screaming past him, making aft—Yar Lal leading. A moment later Peter stood at the skipper's side among the maddened little crowd.

Six, all told. The boat would hold all hands and plenty to spare if they could ever get her launched. The four men were pushing, shoving, snarling, screeching—frantic, fear-crazed. Captain Mumm roared his orders at them in a steady flow of profanity.

The davits swung out—somehow. But, with the list, now, the boat did not quite clear the schooner's side; instead, it slightly canted as it hung there and scraped against the Break o' Dawn's hull.

The four natives made another rush for her.

Like a maddened bull, the little red-haired skipper drove them back—this time at the point of a revolver muzzle.

"Blast you!" he roared. "You'll have us all in kingdom come in a shake—and we ain't a blamed long way off it now! Blake, tumble into the boat there and man the for'ard tackle, and get ready to lower away. I'll take the after one. And you, you swine, when you get in, stand by to fend off as we pay out—and have a care!"

Peter swung himself over the rail into the bow of the boat, and manned the tackle falls as Captain Mumm clambered after him into the stern. Then Peter saw the four natives come flinging themselves in a mad helter-skelter over the rail, fighting as before with one another for first place, in an access of panic. One of them, and then another, fell heavily against him—and knocked the tackle from his hands.

There was a wild chorus of screams, and a furious bellow from Captain Mumm that rose above all other sounds, as the bow dropped like a gallow's trap—and Peter, Captain Mumm, and the four natives, were catapulted out of the boat and hurled into the water.

PETER came to the surface, dashed the water out of his eyes, and stared around him. Here and there in the murk he saw a bobbing head. A heavy swell carried him along on its crest. Indistinctly, like a shadowy, ghostly shape, he saw the Break o' Dawn. The schooner was well over on her side now, as if wallowing for her last plunge; and, dangling down her hull like a worm wriggling on a hook, the empty boat hung by its stern from the after davit.

A head bobbed up close beside him, a red-thatched head—Captain Josephus Mumm! The tawny beard pointed sharply, stiffly upward. Peter shouted. There was no answer. Instead, the head went under. Queer! The man must have been hurt when he was flung out of the boat. He seemed helpless—drowning.

Peter swam for the spot, dived without avail, and dived again. No go! And then, a few yards off, the head came up again—and this time Peter grabbed the other and, turning on his back, rested the little red-haired skipper's head on his chest.

"Hurt?" Peter coughed the water out of his nose and throat. No more than an inarticulate, gurgling sound answered him.

"All right!" said Peter. "Steady does it! Just lie quiet. Don't move! Don't struggle!"

A strangling sound came from Captain Mumm—the expulsion of water from his lungs. Then the man's voice, gasping:

"You—Blake?"

"Yes," said Peter. "Where are you hurt?"

"Ain't hurt," Captain Mumm jerked out. "Can't swim."

"Can't swim!" This sounded suddenly very funny to Peter—as if the man were cracking a joke under absurdly and ironically apt conditions. "Can't swim! Forty years at sea and can't swim?"

"No, blast you!" snarled the little red-haired man furiously. "I can't swim! So let me go—you can't hold both of us up."

"Can for a bit," said Peter coolly.

"Let go!" snarled Captain Mumm again. "You're a bigger fool than I took you for! They'll have their boat out. Maybe they'll never find you—but you've got a chance. Let go of me!"

"No!" said Peter.

"Won't you?" growled Captain Mumm—and began to struggle madly to free himself.

Twice Peter went under, but came up with his grip still upon the other.

"You do that again," he choked savagely, "and I'll break your damned head!"

The little red-haired man made another wrench to free himself. Peter raised himself,

freed his right arm from the water, and his fist swung with a crashing blow to the other's jaw. Captain Josephus Mumm lay quiet on Peter's chest.

There was a strange ringing in Peter's ears —there had been for quite a little while. It was the water, probably. He had been too much occupied with Captain Mumm to pay heed to anything else.

The ringing kept on. It came in steady throbs—a metallic clangor. A ship's bell! That's what it was! It was being rung steadily—*clang, clang, clang, clang.* Out there! Where? He'd make toward it, if he could only place it.

Peter began to shout with all his might. Again and again he shouted. It seemed to him that the clanging of the bell stopped—as if those on board were listening. Once more his voice rang out—but hoarser, weaker now.

A shout in answer came distinctly, though it seemed to be a long way off.

Peter shouted again, grimly. Captain Mumm was becoming a weight—dragging him down a bit. The man was mumbling now—coming to.

What was that?

The rattle of oars, wasn't it? A boat! Damn it, the man was getting heavy! The top of that last swell had gone over both their heads.

"Cheer-o!" gasped Peter to the man on his chest. "There's a boat coming! Shout a bit, if you can."

Captain Mumm made a spluttering sound—then his voice cleared a little.

"Ahoy!" he screeched weakly. "Ahoy! Boat ahoy!"

"Good!" cried Peter. "Now, together! Ahoy! Ahoy!"

A hail came back—close now, clear, loud. And then a sharp, quick command:

"Easy, all! There they are! Stop her way! You, there, Smithson—on the starboard bow —get hold of them!"

PETER felt a hand grasp the collar of his shirt. Above him a boat's side, the faces of men, took form out of the darkness. The next instant he and the red-haired skipper were hauled aboard and passed aft into the stern.

"Here," said a voice; "get some of this inside you—both of you! It'll put life into you."

The stimulant seemed to revive the little red-haired skipper completely; for he spoke now with sudden irascibility to the man who had supplied the flask, and who, Peter noted, was in the uniform of a ship's officer.

"You cut me down, curse you!" snapped Captain Mumm.

"Yes," the officer answered. "Rotten luck! It's a bad business, I'm afraid. How many more were there of you?"

"Four," grunted Captain Mumm laconically. "Natives."

"We thought we heard some other cries besides yours," said the officer; "but we couldn't locate them—or your vessel, either."

"Seeing as how she's sunk, you probably wouldn't!"

Captain Mumm gave vent to fluent profanity, and lapsed into silence.

"I suppose we ought to get you two on board, but it's that much less chance for the others if we take the time to do it," said the boat's commander dubiously.

"Don't, then," said Peter quietly. "We're well enough off where we are."

"Right!" said the officer. "We'll carry on, then. Give way again, men! Pull easy, and keep hailing!"

As Peter reckoned time, perhaps half an hour passed. There was something weird, unearthly, about the whole scene: the men in the boat, like dark shadows, pulling at the oars, calling out hoarsely in turn as the boat circled around and around; the figure of Captain Mumm sitting opposite to him, sullen, silent, his hand to his jaw as if nursing it; the ship's bell somewhere, unseen, striking, striking, striking—but no answering hail from the rolling swells of the water around them.

"I'm afraid it's no earthly use, so far as we are concerned," said the officer at last, gravely. "I fancy the Old Man will stand by until morning, or until there's a lift in the fog, on the chance of any of them having got hold of something to cling to—though they'd have drifted a good distance in that case, of course. But, once we could see, we could steer around a bit. I think we'll go aboard now, anyhow, and report."

Another few minutes passed. The sound of the ship's bell grew clearer and clearer. A yellowish glow loomed up out of the fog. Voices began to call out to the boat. A giant white shape towered above them. The boat bumped. High up at the head of the gangway there was a big flare light.

Peter followed Captain Mumm up the ladder. There was a group awaiting them on the deck—a number of men, and a woman.

The red-haired skipper stepped on the deck—and then, under the glare of the flare light, Peter stood suddenly stock-still. That slim figure there! His eyes met hers—held hers. As

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Peter stood stock-still. His eyes met hers—held hers.

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

he stood there—looking, looking—it seemed as if there had been no years, no time between: that it was the night in the lobby of that London theater again, and that their eyes were still holding each other's—as if that gaze, one upon the other, had never lifted, never been broken. He saw the color, now, come creeping gloriously into her face; he saw her lips part slightly, as if to utter a little cry, and then close again.

The boat's crew crowding up the gangway forced Peter to move. His glance went swiftly around the circle. No one seemed to have noticed what had passed between that little figure and himself, except a dark, tall man who stood beside her, and who, after a swift glance at the girl, had fixed his eyes for an instant on him, Peter, with a strange scowl.

Captain Mumm was speaking out of a chorus of voices that, Peter was conscious, had been going on all the time around him.

"Mumm's my name," said the little red-haired skipper. "Captain Josephus Mumm, master of the schooner Break o' Dawn. Aye, you've sunk her! What else? You cut her half in two."

A grim-faced, elderly man, with shaggy eyebrows and gray hair, answered.

"This is the yacht Isis," he said. "My name is Garth—Humphrey Garth—owner. It's not easy to put one's feelings into words in circumstances such as these, Captain. Your schooner is replaceable—insured anyhow, probably. It's the men who have lost their lives—" Mr. Garth's voice had grown a little hoarse; he cleared his throat. "How big a crew had you, Captain Mumm?"

"Seven—all natives," replied Captain Mumm gruffly. "But we lost three in the bad weather we had the last ten days."

"That leaves four—out there—somewhere." Mr. Garth spoke in a strained way. "And this man here with you—he's your mate, I suppose?"

PETER'S lips tightened. Thank God, she wasn't looking at him! She had drawn a little behind the circle—the dark-haired man who had scowled almost hid her from view. Unconsciously Peter squared his shoulders. Well, then—let it come! His eyes fastened on Captain Mumm.

Captain Mumm had swung half round, and—meeting Peter's stare—the shrewd little eyes narrowed. And slowly Captain Mumm rubbed a hand up and down what was, Peter could see now, a distinctly swollen jaw.

"Him!" ejaculated the little red-haired man tersely. "No fear! He ain't no mate! No, nor even a sailor! He—" Captain Mumm paused, and his hand, from his jaw, went up to scratch at the shock of fiery red hair. "He's a sort of—of supercargo, me not being good at figures, and, moreover and in particular, a white man that I take along to live with."

"I see," said Humphrey Garth.

"His name's Dunn," said the little red-haired skipper, as if it were an afterthought. "Alec Dunn."

And then a quiet voice spoke—clear and soft, with just the suggestion of a tremor in it.

"Father, don't you think these men need attention—dry clothes and food?"

"Yes, you're right, Marion," Mr. Garth answered with bluff heartiness. "And the best the Isis has to offer! Plenty of time for talk later on. Now, then, Captain Mumm, and you, Mr. Dunn, if you'll just come along below we'll see what we can do for you."

Peter's hand lifted and swept across his eyes. His mind seemed bewildered, confused. A—a sort of reprieve. Alec Dunn! Wanted for the murder of Tom Murchison—not Peter Blake—Alec Dunn!

THREE bells—half-past nine!

Was it only half-past nine? Only an hour since the Break o' Dawn had gone down? Incredible! Peter sat in an easy chair and stared at Captain Mumm, who had flung himself down on one of the twin beds in the luxuriously appointed stateroom. A steward—an immaculate little East Indian—was removing the remains of a meal that had just been served to them. At length the door closed behind him.

Peter got up from his chair and stood for a moment, motionless. *She* was up there somewhere on deck. Marion! He knew her name. He had heard her father call her by name. Marion Garth. He wanted to see her; he must see her—talk to her—tonight. But first he must talk to this man here—Captain Josephus Mumm. Two hours ago Captain Mumm had lived merely for that £5,000. Half an hour ago he had glibly tossed it away—a sacrifice not easily measured.

Peter moved across the cabin and, standing beside the bed, leaned over and laid both his hands on the little red-haired skipper's shoulders. For a moment his gaze held the other's steadfastly. Then one hand slipped away, found Captain Josephus Mumm's hand, and locked it in a tight, eloquent grip.

"Damn it," said Peter huskily, "I didn't know it before, but you're a white man, Captain Mumm! The whitest I ever met!"

"Damn it," jerked out the little red-haired skipper. "You bashed my jaw out there in the water harder than any man ever hit Captain Josephus Mumm before. But if you'll pass the bottle I see that grinning squirt of a steward left handy over there on the table, I'll have a drink with you—Mr. Dunn."

Peter released the other's hand, went over to the table, filled two glasses with Scotch and soda, and handed one to Captain Mumm. Then he drew a chair up to the bedside and sat down.

"Here's mud in your eye!" said Captain Mumm, with a sudden and hearty chuckle—and swallowed the contents of his glass at a single gulp. "Well, go ahead, my lad"—as Peter set his glass, scarcely touched, back on the table—"I see you've something else on your mind. Let's have it."

"Yes," said Peter gravely. "I have—quite a lot. I know what prompted you to do what you did, but I'm afraid it's no go. But, now I've had a chance to think it over—well, I like the name of Peter Blake better than I do the name of Alec Dunn."

Captain Josephus Mumm scowled.

"So!" he growled. "Well, I fancy, then, I can tell you why. I had an idea you and that young lady was staring at each other as if you'd met before. I kind of figured I was taking a chance. But then, it didn't seem possible, else you'd have spoken to each other. How about it? Am I right?"

"Yes," Peter answered; "we have seen each other before."

Captain Mumm, still scowling, tugged now somewhat viciously at his tawny beard.

"That ain't so nice, and maybe a bit awkward for me as well as you," he commented. "You're afraid she'll give you away, eh?"

Peter shook his head.

"No," he said. "The only name she knows me by is the one you gave me up there on the deck—Alec Dunn. I saw her once in a crowd—years ago, in London. That's all."

Captain Josephus Mumm's jaw dropped, and for a moment he stared at Peter helplessly. Then suddenly a broad grin overspread his face.

"My word!" he ejaculated. "In a crowd once—years ago—in London! Blimy! If you ain't afraid she's going to give you away, what's the reason you ain't satisfied with the name of Alec Dunn?"

"There are two reasons," said Peter steadily; "though there is really only one that counts—the first one. I *am* Peter Blake. I don't want to run, and I don't want to hide. I'm not a murderer; I'm not a criminal. I'm not afraid to face this rotten thing they say I've done. The second reason is, I couldn't get away with it, if I wanted to. You said my description was out everywhere. And once caught under such circumstances—pawning myself off as somebody else—it would condemn me out of hand as being proof positive of my guilt."

"Hm!" said the little red-haired skipper coolly. "Well, it's the second reason that counts most with me. No matter what name you're caught under, you haven't got a chance, once the police get their hands on you. So that settles that. As for the rest, there ain't any *photograph* of you attached to them police notices. There's more'n a few thousand men in these parts that'll answer to it maybe neater than you would. I came across you under peculiar circumstances, and with corroborating evidence, so to speak, to point out who you were—that motor boat, for instance. Y'understand? Here it's the other way round, with the corroborating evidence all in favor of you being someone else."

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"I said I wasn't much interested in that end of it," he observed laconically.

"Maybe so," said the little red-haired skipper sharply; "but *I* am—having already got myself mixed up in it. What good is it going to do you to go up there on deck and bawl out the fact that you're Peter Blake, and wanted for murder. You haven't got a chance! The evidence is dead against you from start to finish. There ain't a jury that would ever leave their seats to talk it over. Being innocent, the thing to do is to prove you're innocent, and the only way to do that is to fight, and the only chance you've got to fight is to be Alec Dunn until you can get your fingers on the swine's throat that put up the job on you."

Peter looked up suddenly with a quick and quizzical smile.

"HOW long is it since you decided I was innocent?" he inquired.

Captain Josephus Mumm's unhandsome features became contracted in what was meant to be a broad and confidential grin.

"It was when you bashed my jaw out there in the water. It ain't logic or reason to suppose a man who'd do what you did out there would go around sticking a knife into a man in his sleep—not for all the pearls in Polynesia!"

Peter was still smiling quizzically.

"Possibly the jury would take the same view," he suggested.

"Not on your life!" declared Captain Mumm. "They'd say we were in cahoots for the pearls—me having supplied you with a false identity. I tell you, there's only one thing to do, and one chance to save both your neck and that precious name of yours, and that's to keep under cover and play the same game that's being played on you. You're satisfied somebody deliberately planted that murder on you, ain't you?"

"Naturally!" Peter said grimly.

"Right!" said the little red-haired skipper coolly. "You ain't going to take it laying down, are you—like a beaten pup? Go out after 'em with their own tools! That's the course to steer—you take it from me. And, that being the case, I'll say here and now that Captain Josephus Mumm'll stand by and lend a hand till the crack of doom."

Peter got up abruptly from his chair and began to pace the cabin—and then once more he halted by the bedside and laid his hand on the little red-haired skipper's shoulder.

"You talk of running those devils who were on that ship that night to earth. How is that to be done?"

Peter, with old Captain Mumm to aid and advise, enters upon the most terrible of all hunts: a man hunt. Follow it next week.

RHYTHMIC Education

By EILEEN BOURNE

Posed by a pupil of Ruth Doing, of the Ruth Doing School of Rhythmics.

BENDING from side to side with arms relaxed stretches the entire body and strengthens the thorax muscles, which hold in place the upper part of the colon. Stiffness and constriction are overcome by this slow and perfectly articulated movement.

IN this exercise, mark by the straight line on the screen how perfect is the balance. To shift the weight smoothly from one foot to the other in this position exercises the thigh muscles and takes off every superfluous ounce of flesh.

HERE is an evolution of the back exercise. With the weight resting on one knee and one hand, and the torso leading, the entire body is in spiral rotation. The movement shown here is one of greatest expansion. This exercise, together with the others illustrated on this page, aids one in obtaining the proper balance and harmonious flexing of the muscles, joints, and spinal column, which Miss Ruth Doing considers most important for the development of co-ordinated strength and a grace that becomes almost instinctive.

THE epitome of relaxation. Rest the weight on the forward part of the feet and relax the body. With the pelvis in alignment, slowly straighten the spine. Each articulation rises into place and the head follows to an erect posture. A wonderful lightness is felt after this exercise.

A GREEK frieze comes to life in this dancing movement, which involves the use of every muscle. Perfect balance and flexibility are illustrated here. Continuity of movement is developed by this rhythmic shifting of weight in which arms and feet act together.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

47

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

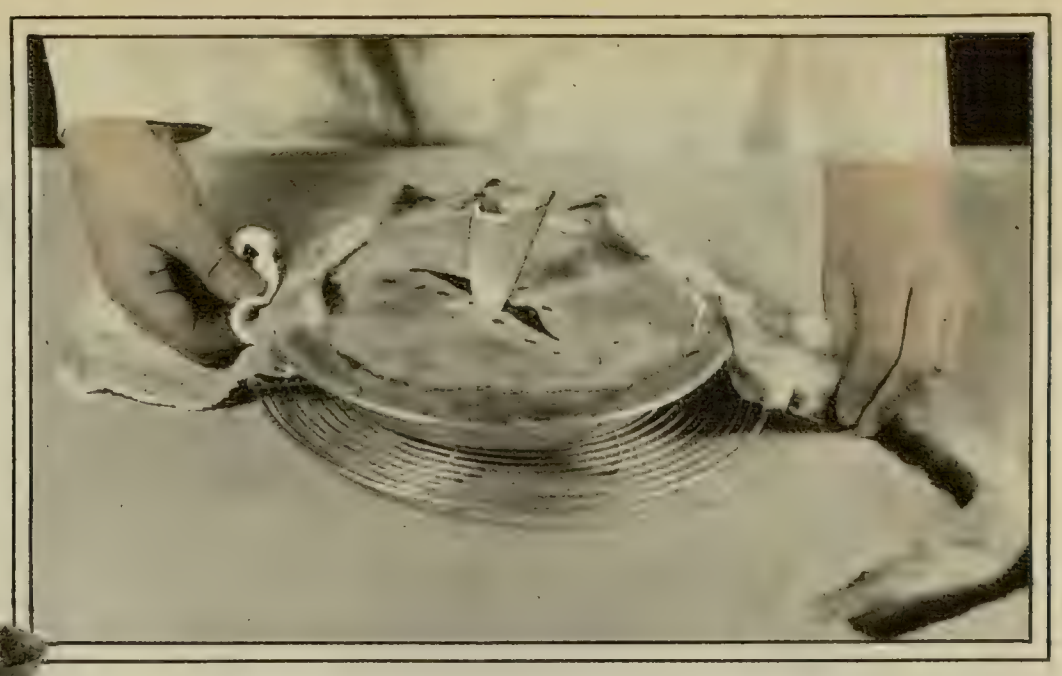
Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

Sweet BLUEBERRIES and Huckleberries!

By ETHEL SOMERS



SEVERAL schemes to prevent loss of juice during pie-baking are illustrated above. The cloth binding must be removed while the pie is still hot.

BLUEBERRIES and huckleberries are commonly featured in the July and August markets. They are the inspiration and source of many family treats.

Though most housewives are attracted to blueberries by their beautiful blue coloring, the blacker huckleberry is more nutritious and delicious. Huckleberries are not so sweet flavored, but are richer in body-building minerals.

When shopping for berries, select those that are plump and free from surface moisture. If stored loosely packed in a cool, dry place, fresh blueberries or huckleberries may be kept on hand for a week.

BLUEBERRY sauce on ice cream is a refreshing treat for the porch-party tray. Flowers clipped to the plate edge add color to the serving.

Canned Berries

Blackberries	Huckleberries
Blueberries	Loganberries
Dewberries	Raspberries
Elderberries	Mulberries

Syrup of 3 parts sugar and 2 parts water

WASH and stem the berries. Blanch by dipping quickly in and out of boiling water and then quickly into cold. Pack closely in a hot washed fruit jar. Fill the jar with hot medium syrup, made by boiling the sugar and water together for 5 to 10 minutes. Partially seal and process by immersing and boiling in a boiling-water bath for 20 minutes, or by heating in a 250° F. oven for 1 hour, or by sterilizing at 5 pounds steam pressure for 10 minutes. Remove, seal immediately, and store when cool.

Blueberry Pie

3 cups blueberries	1 tablespoon butter
*¾ to 1 cup sugar	¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons flour	

*Use the larger quantity of sugar for huckleberries and the smaller quantity for blueberries.

PICK over and wash the blueberries and, while they are still damp, dredge with the flour, mixing until each berry is coated. This thickens the fruit juice uniformly throughout the pie. Add the salt to the sugar. Sprinkle the lower pie crust (see LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 19, for recipe) with ¼ the sugar. Add the floured berries, cover with sugar, and dot with butter. Moisten the rim of the crust. Cut eyelets in the top crust to allow the escape of steam, and place the top crust in position. Press edges firmly together and trim. To prevent any loss of juice in the baking, pack the berries loosely into the lower crust, thus leaving plenty of air space to accommodate collecting juice. Further insure against loss by inserting a paper cone to serve as a steam vent. Bind the edge of the pie with a 1-inch strip of moistened white cloth. Place in a 425° F. oven for 20 to 30 minutes, or until the crust is thoroughly browned and fruit juice is flowing freely within the pie. The fresh-fruit taste is best retained if the berries are not overcooked. Remove from the oven, take out the paper vent cone, and remove the cloth binding while the pie is hot. Serve lukewarm or cold.

Blueberry Waffles

1½ cups milk	*3 or 2 teaspoons baking powder
*2 or 3 eggs	¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter (melted)	1 to 2 tablespoons sugar
2 cups flour	1 to 2 cups blueberries

*When 3 eggs are used, use the smaller quantity of baking powder and vice versa.

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Combine all the liquids—milk, melted fat, and beaten eggs. Pour these into the dry ingredients. Beat the mixture with a mechanical egg-beater and lightly fold in the washed, floured berries. Pour mixture into a heated waffle iron that has been *slowly* heated for about 10 minutes. Fill griddle half full of waffle batter. Close iron and turn it *at once*. When that side is browned, reverse to brown the other side. Serve hot with butter and powdered sugar.

Blueberry Muffins

2 cups flour	1 cup blueberries
*4 or 3 teaspoons baking powder	*1 or 2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons butter
2 or 4 tablespoons sugar	1 cup milk

*When 2 eggs are used, use the smaller quantity of baking powder and vice versa.

MIX and sift dry ingredients and, when well blended, add berries. Mix until the berries are coated. Combine all the liquids—milk, melted fat, and beaten egg. Slowly pour these into the dry ingredients. Mix lightly with a spoon by stroking back and forth rather than with a stirring motion. Place the dough in greased muffin pans, filling each not more than two-thirds full. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

Blueberry Cake

2 cups blueberries	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar	¼ cup butter (melted)
2 cups flour	*1 or 2 eggs (beaten)
*4 or 3 teaspoons baking powder	⅞ cup milk

*Use the larger quantity of baking powder with 1 egg and vice versa.

MIX as for blueberry muffins, except that the berries are left out until after the dough is mixed. Pour half the batter into a buttered sheet cake pan and add the floured berries to the second half of the batter. Pour this on top to a ¾-inch thickness. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes, or until browned and shrunken from the edges of the pan.

Blueberry Roll

2 cups flour	½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder	¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter (melted)	1 cup blueberries
	¼ cup sugar

MIX the ingredients as for Baking Powder Biscuits (see LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 5). Gently roll on a lightly floured board to ¼-inch thickness. Combine washed blueberries and sugar. Sprinkle over the top. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter. Roll up as for jelly roll. Cover closely and steam 1⅓ hours. Serve with blueberry or huckleberry sauce.

TO WIN BACK THE LAGGING APPETITE

DURING the hot days, fickle appetites can speedily be turned into good appetites through the delicious, cooling, summery recipes given in LIBERTY'S new menu book—*Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks*. For this, a dime is surely a small price to pay.

Order also LIBERTY'S other two books of tested recipes—*A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes* and *100 Standard Recipes*, each 10 cents. All three for 25 cents. Send stamps or coin, and use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. .....

City..... State.....

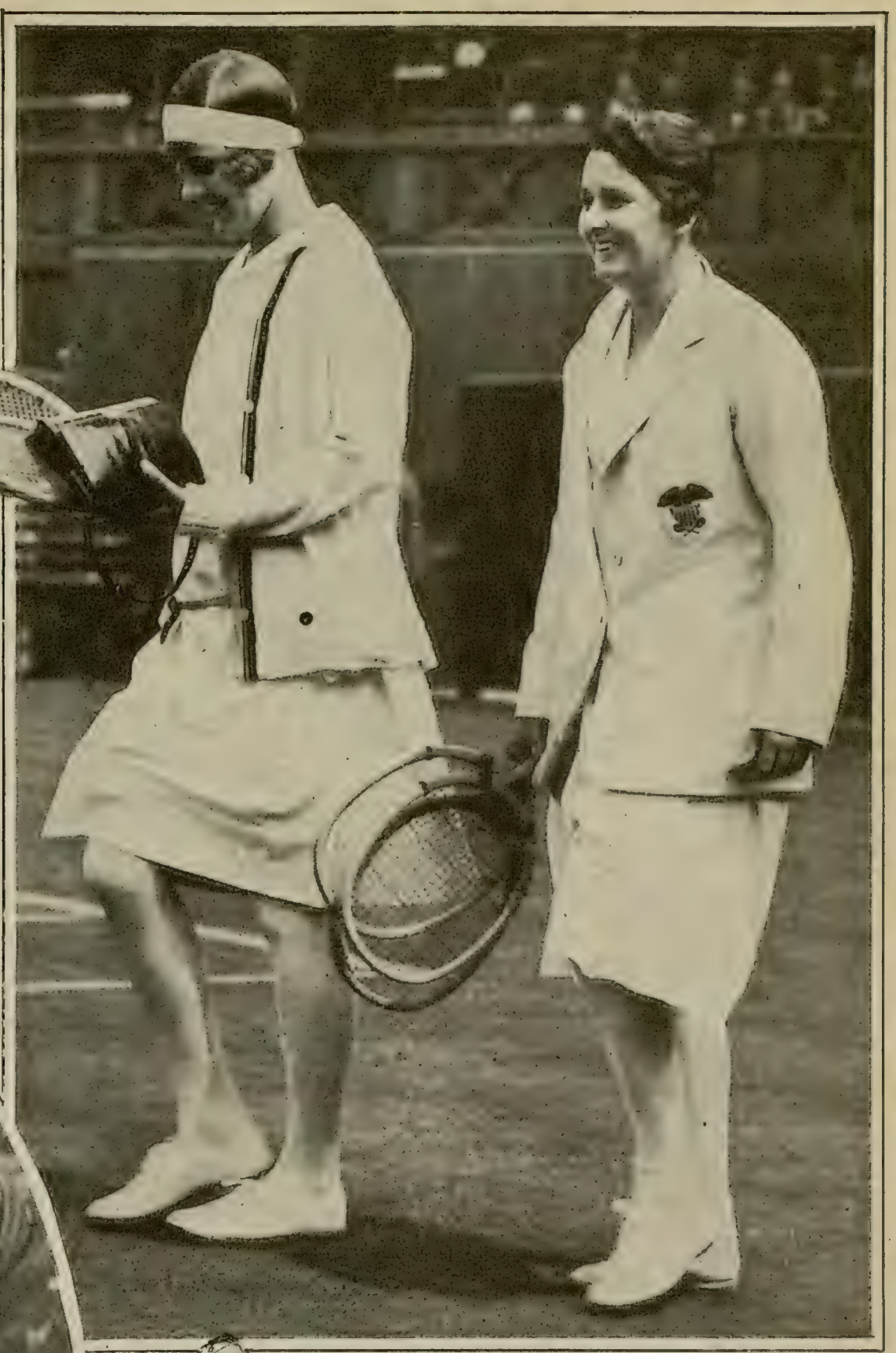
7-9-27

Groomed for PLAY

Tips from a Famous Athlete on the Serious Business of Dressing for Sports

An Article by

MARY K. BROWNE



© Keystone

Joan Fry (left) and Mary K. Browne, the author of this article, at Wimbledon last year. Miss Browne, who has played tennis for nearly twenty years, won numerous major championships before she turned professional last fall.

CLOTHES! I ignored their importance—minimized their influence—laughed at the adage, "Clothes make the man."

But, since one cannot live long in the company of the great in any line and not change one's point of view, four months' tour with the best-dressed sportswoman in the world changed my point of view about clothes.

I am not particularly pleased about it, either; for it has made me acutely self-conscious about my appearance.

I haven't forgiven a particular New York journalist who, when covering a tennis match in Paris, referred to my brand-new English tweed coat as "faded."

"Heavens!" I thought. "Is *that* the effect it has on the press?" I haven't worn the coat on the court since.

Suzanne Lenglen enhances her brilliant play with rich and exclusive silken costumes.

That is not the only occasion when I was shocked into paying special regard to the effect of my attire on the spectators.

Two years ago I decided to roll my stockings and romp on the green. I selected Boston for the first appearance, knowing that if I could pass that censorship I could roll 'em at Wimbledon. But the idea did not survive Boston. I needed only to see a few pictures of myself in action to decide against it. Besides, there were some gentle hints dropped to me by my kind hostess, who had always taken a motherly interest in me.

The fact is, that certain costumes are permissible and attractive for bathing, track events, and winter sports which I do not believe are appropriate for tennis or golf.

Each costume has its place, its own accepted design. I do not believe women, as a whole, will ever play tennis in anything more extreme than the knee-length, sleeveless dresses now accepted everywhere as a perfectly modest and comfortable dress for tennis.

Knickers, shorts, Annette Kellermans, knee-length, and sleeveless dresses all have their place in sports, but are attractive only in their particular place.

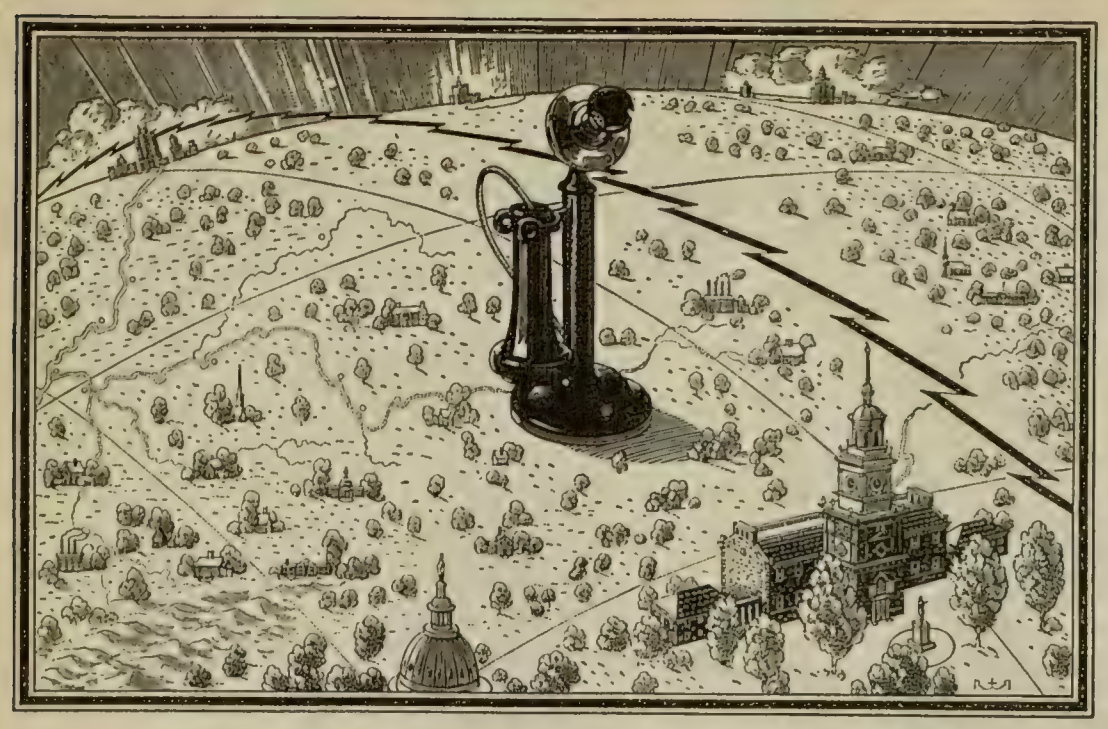
One cannot picture Helen Wills in a track suit for tennis, or Glenna Collett in a bathing-suit for golf, Helen Filkey in knickers for her track events, or Gertrude Ederle in a dress for swimming.

I am a great admirer of a trim figure, of straight and well formed legs, and believe in costumes that show them. There is nothing to shock anyone in the fine form of the young girl athlete, whose grace and beauty rival the classic dancer's. Yet, unaccountably, we would not sanction this costume for the tennis court or the golf course.

Simply incongruous! There is no reason why we should not go shopping in a bathing-suit on a hot summer day, but we don't.

The conventional color for lawn tennis is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



The Traveler's Telephone

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

AMERICANS are the greatest travelers in the world. They have knit the country together by steel rails and made it the largest and most prosperous business community the world has ever seen. Business, friendship and political solidarity are maintained by personal touch, by travel and the telephone.

Wherever the business man goes in this country, be it thirty miles or three thousand, he is still within earshot of his office, his family and his friends.

He can get them and they can get him, and for the longest call in the United States the day rate is only $12 and the night rate is only $8.

For the Bell Telephone System is an idea in force nationally. All the instruments are designed in the largest industrial laboratory in the world and made in the same factories to the one standard of fitness. All of the telephone builders, repairers and operators are trained to the same ideal and aim; stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for the nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors or delays, and enabling at all times anyone anywhere to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

YOU Buy This Binder for What It Costs Us ~ 80¢

THE handsome LIBERTY Binder is sold at cost as part of LIBERTY's service to its readers. Get one —put your LIBERTYS in it—and read or re-read them when you want.

Black leatherette—gold stamping. Makes a fine book for your library. Send 80¢ *now*. Use the coupon.

Binder Dept., LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York

Please send me, for the enclosed 80¢, a copy of the binder to hold 3 months' issues of LIBERTY.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

7-9-27

[GROOMED FOR PLAY Continued from Page Seventy-one]

undeniably all white, except for a light-colored bandeau or sweater of unobtrusive shades.

The players who wear very bright sweaters should wear them only while warming up and after the game. It is considered unethical to wear a bright sweater while actually competing, because a player so garbed attracts the eye of the opponent, making it difficult for him to fasten his attention on the all-important tennis ball.

Of course, one must not take this literally, for soft tones of any of the colors may be worn throughout the game without any great hardship to one's opponent. But it is conceded, even then, that it is better taste to discard the sweater entirely and to play the game all in white.

However, we often have superstition and conceit to contend with in this regard. There are players who are superstitious about taking off their sweaters if they are playing well. There are others who do not wish to appear to be working hard enough to make it necessary to remove the sweater, even though they may be broiling underneath.

FOR a long time Molla Mallory, present national tennis champion of the United States, thought she could not play well except in a sweater.

I guess even the superstitious Molla can discard that idea now; for she played without a sweater this year and staged a most brilliant comeback.

She doubtless has taken up the idea now that she cannot play with a sweater. Still, she has won six championships of the United States with a sweater and only one without. Being superstitious is just that silly. You never know what to do.

Jean Borotra, national indoor champion, thinks he cannot play without his Basque cap. Helen Wills insists that she can't play without her eye-shade. I am all for the little touches that add color and interest to the game; and, after all, superstitions afford amusing conversation.

There are some players who require woolens to warm them up and relax their muscles. Vincent Richards, the leading professional tennis player of the world, plays in his sweater for that reason. Elizabeth Ryan, world's doubles champion, always wears a jersey sweater and a flannel skirt during play, claiming that silk is "clammy."

In my opinion, the best practical material for tennis dress is a good quality of piqué; for it launders well, keeps its plaits, and is inexpensive.

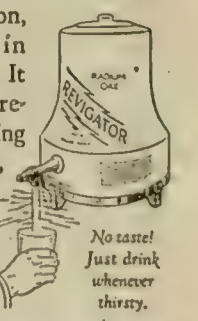
The silk dresses of Suzanne Lenglen are most attractive. They wave gracefully as she leaps and floats over the court. But it takes a famous and expensive modiste and an attentive mother and maid to provide Suzanne with her beautiful and immaculate costumes.

Few players can afford such luxury. Suzanne's tennis wardrobe is conceded the best in the world. There is no one to compete with her for that distinction. Yet her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Drink your way to Health

The REVIGATOR is a radio-active water jar that restores to any water the radio-activity, or Natural Niton, lost through standing in reservoirs or in bottles. It gives the same beneficial results as obtained by drinking the waters of Hot Springs, Arkansas, Vichy, France or Baden-Baden, Germany, RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME OR OFFICE.



No taste! Just drink whenever thirsty.

Attested Proofs of Highly Beneficial Results in Following Ailments:

Constipation	Bronchitis	Neuralgia and
Indigestion	Weakness After	Neuritis
Stomach Disorders	Influenza	Hay Fever
Skin Diseases	Diabetes	Sciatica
Anemia	Gout	High Blood Pressure
Arthritis	Rheumatism	Kidney Complaints

REVIGATOR

Sold in most cities and towns throughout America. Look in telephone book for "Revigator Agency". If you do not find this name, write us for location of nearest office. An interesting, vital book "Restoring Water's Lost Element" sent free upon request.

Certain desirable districts still available for reliable distributors. Write for details to nearest office

Radium Ore Revigator Co.
Revigator Building, San Francisco
Park Row Bldg., New York — Mallers Bldg., Chicago

Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. They cleanse the system without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Known by their olive color. They'll give you glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

EDUCATIONAL

Chicago TECH College
DAY and EVENING CLASSES *Earn While Learning*

Engineering Architecture Electricity Drafting

Enter any time. Opportunities for self-support while studying. 2-yr. diploma; 3-yr. B. S. degree; and short courses. 24th year.

Write for copy of our 84-page "Blue Book," mailed free.
Dept. 96
118 E. 26th St., Chicago **Chicago Technical College**

Start in Cosmopolitan Chicago — **BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE** 110,000 Graduates 72 Years Old — A Position for Every Graduate

University Grade Business Training for every commercial requirement. Faculty of Foremost Business Educators. Unexcelled equipment, high type co-educational student body. Courses in Business Administration, Accounting, Executive-Secretarial, Stenographic, and short-time business courses.
Write for free copy of "B & S Success Book"
BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
Box L, 116 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Detroit Conservatory of Music
Finest Conservatory in the West. 54th yr. opens Sept. 12, 1927. Depts.—Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Theory, Classic and Ballet Dancing. Diplomas and Degrees conferred. Dormitory accommodations. For catalogue address Dept. 91, 5035 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION *ACCREDITED CO-EDUCATIONAL*
Normal, 3 yr. B. P. E. Degree Courses. 1 yr. Physical Therapy Course (Department of Athletic Coaching). Dormitory. Fall Semester opens Sept. 20, 1927. 1 yr. Playground. 2 yr.
Chicago, Illinois—1019 Diversey Parkway, Dept. L. M.

KINDERGARTEN & PRIMARY
Training. 33rd Yr. Accredited. High School graduates admitted. 2 and 3 Yr. diplomas. Student residence. Athletics. *Fall Term opens Sept. 12. Address Registrar for Illustrated Bulletin.*
Chicago Teachers College, 715 Rush St., Chicago

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

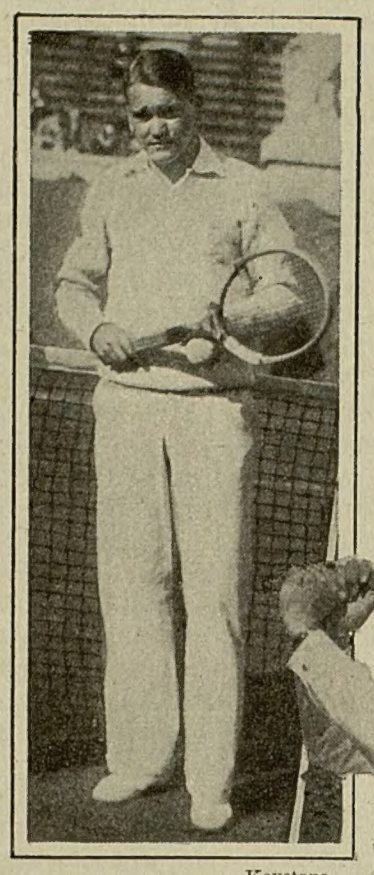
costumes have influenced the dress in tennis to a very marked degree. Her sleeveless dresses and the two-toned bandeau are gaining rapidly in popularity.

Spangles, bracelets, pearls, earrings, are *out*.

Your dress should not have a wrinkle for each day in the week. You may avoid this by appearing in one tennis dress, and by changing to a fresh costume just before playing. If the dressing-rooms are not convenient to the court and you must wait in the dress you are to play in, try to sit so as to muss it as little as possible; for on the court each wrinkle is noticeable and unattractive.

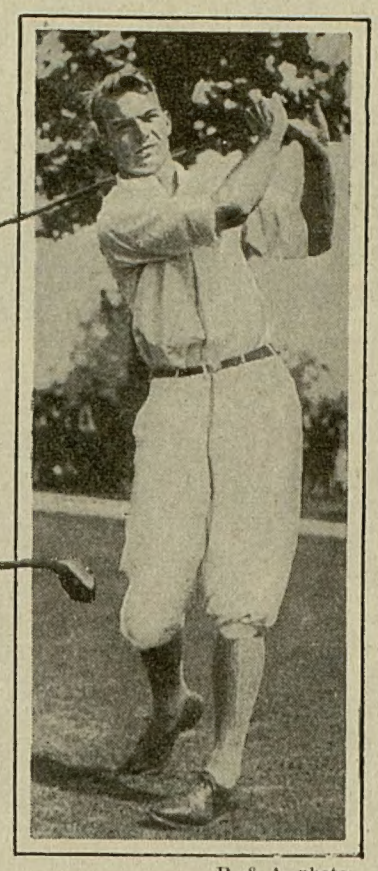
The maid will clean your shoes. They should be immaculate.

Of course, if you are playing the game you cannot be thinking of how you look; but you are not playing before you reach the court, so there is little excuse for not looking trim at the start, regardless of how you look at the end of the match.



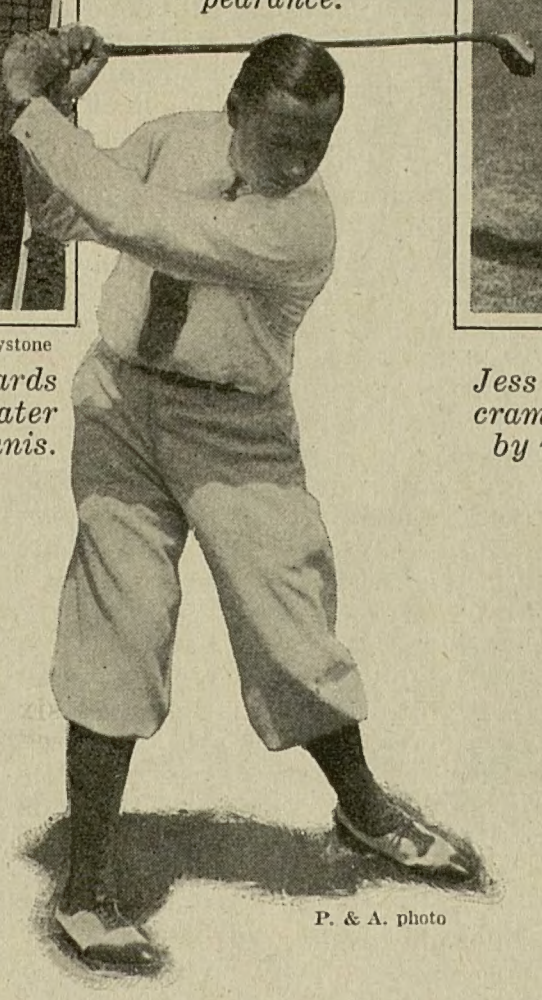
Keystone

Vincent Richards wears a sweater while playing tennis.



P. & A. photo

Jess Sweetser won't cramp his golf swing by wearing a coat.



P. & A. photo

Walter Hagen (below) is especially careful of his feet, both in comfort and appearance.

BOBBY JONES always looks well groomed when he starts his golf matches; but if he is having a tough time he discards his tie, opens the neck of his shirt, takes off his sweater, and rolls up his sleeves. When Bobby Jones reaches this point his opponents may well be flattered, for he apparently gets ruffled only when he is hard pressed.

We all agree that this is certainly the correct thing to do, and should hate to see any player so vain about his looks that he would lose rather than discard any of the accessories to his costume. However, there are more players, in both tennis and golf, who are careless of their appearance than otherwise—doubtless because they do not realize how conspicuous they are.

Though you may not wish to admit it, you are on display—14,000 eyes riveted upon you at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. Your strokes may be the neatest in the world, but they will not so hold the spectators' attention that your clothes will escape them.

Horses are groomed for races and shows; dogs are washed and curled; stage stars are marcelled and primped; toreadors are bedecked, their costumes embroidered in gold and silver; the Roman athletes were gorgeously attired.

This is all a part of the show, and the public likes it.

European tennis players are very particular, and would not think of appearing in any attire that is not immaculate. It may be that these players are used to appearing before kings and queens, and for that reason are more careful of their appearance.

There were present this year in the royal box at Wimbledon the King and Queen of England, the King and Queen of Spain, ex-King Manuel of Portugal, Indian princes, dukes, duchesses, ladies, and lords.

The Duke of York competed at Wimbledon—the first time a member of the royal family ever entered the tournament.

I have noticed that our tennis players, after having a turn on the courts abroad, are so impressed that they become more interested in looking well at home.

Helen Wills, three times national tennis champion, spent much of her time planning clothes while in Paris last summer, and improved her appearance a great deal. This is not vanity—just a healthy pride.

THE Prince of Wales has been the guiding spirit in fashions for men. I remember when he spent several weeks on Long Island during the international polo matches. The men were turning down the brims of their hats and copying his color schemes. Wasn't it the Prince who popularized plus fours for golf?

Walter Hagen is very particular about his golfing costume. I have heard that he pays forty dollars a pair for his golf shoes and that they are made to order in England. During a tournament he changes his shoes twice a day. He rubs his feet and hands with olive oil. (Many persons are under the impression that hardening the hands and feet prevents blisters, while actually the reverse is true.)

Jess Sweetser, British amateur champion, cannot accustom himself to playing golf in a sweater or a coat, and plays in his shirt sleeves. He not only violated an English custom in dress for golf, but exposed himself to the penetrating cold of the English climate, resulting in a serious illness.

This clothes business makes for social distinction in England.

Amateur golfers were the only ones who wore knickers for golf until Vardon, the professional, came to America and dared to don knickers. On his return to England, he broke through to a certain extent, for others followed his example. Yet many of the more conservative pros in England still wear long trousers.

OWING to our lack of social barrier in America between professionals and amateurs, all professionals wear knickers — except Freddy McLeod of Washington, who is five feet four inches tall, too short for knickers, and Jim Barnes of New York, six feet six inches tall, too tall for them.

Dress, anyway, is as individual as the individual. Yet it strikes me that dress is usually based on practicability first, and then smartness.

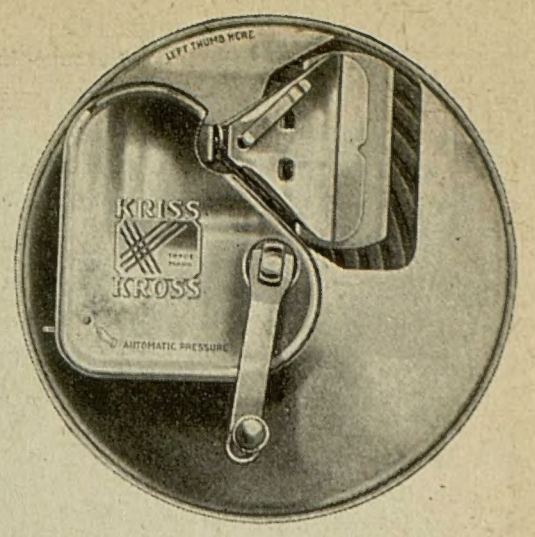
You will find in sports that the costume must first of all be practical. It must be designed to afford the player freedom of motion; and in rougher sports the garb must also afford protection.

In golf the weather sometimes treats us rather roughly. I have never been successful in finding any material that is waterproof and made so that one can play golf in it comfortably. Such garments are usually made too full and rustly. It is not considered healthful to play in an absolutely waterproof garment, for if it shuts out the rain it also shuts out the air and does not allow evaporation.

It is best to trudge along in a sweater, even though it may be soaked.

The sweater, no matter how bright—in fact, the brighter the better—is correct for golf, with loud stockings to match. Good old sweater! There is no question in my mind that there never has been a coat designed that is as comfortable as a sweater; for the sweater gives elastically when one swings,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Amazing New Way To Shave
-Without Buying Blades

Remarkable New Invention Cuts Shaving Cost 83%—Makes Old Blades Keener Than New. Users Report 365-600 Slick Shaves from One Blade. See Generous Introductory Offer Below.

THINK of it! 365 keen, cool shaves in a year from the same blade! That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere. This amazing invention has revolutionized shaving. Strops any make of blade on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready, *with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!*

New Razor Given

To introduce KRISS-KROSS I am giving a surprising new 3-way razor without extra charge. Really three razors in one. Simply zips through the toughest crop of whiskers. Gives a *sliding* instead of a *pulling* stroke. Patented features reduce beard resistance 45%. Made of *rustless* metal. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before. Limited offer. No obligation. Send the coupon today for full details.

AGENTS!

$30 a day and better! Men everywhere are reporting amazing profits as KRISS-KROSS representatives. Kellogg made over $200 in 7 days—Paige $104 in 3 days. Spare time workers, too, often make $5-$10 EXTRA every day showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow workers. *S. Kantala made* $154 *extra* in 3 weeks working evenings. Check bottom of coupon and mail *at once* for full details.

RHODES MFG. CO. Dept. H-381, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. H-381,
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me without obligation details of KRISS-KROSS Stropper and Free razor offer.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative

FRECKLES

OTHINE
Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

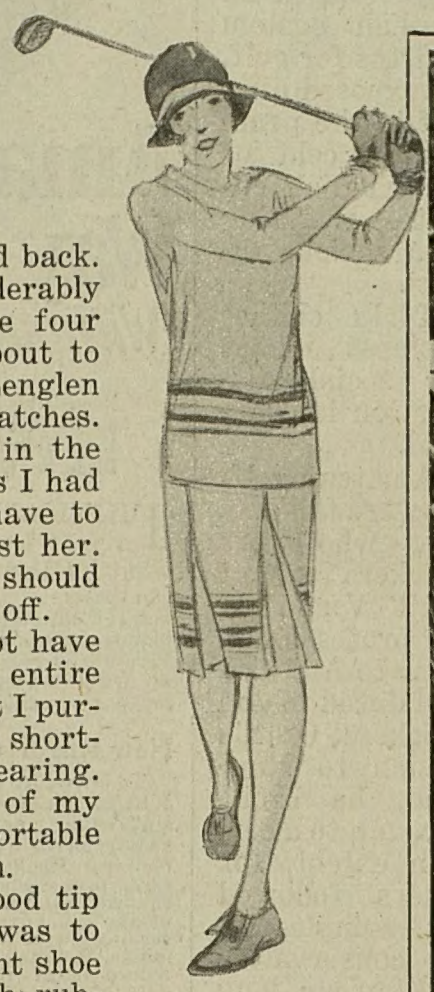
Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

[GROOMED FOR PLAY
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

and can therefore be made to fit snugly, giving a trim appearance.

The English gentleman golfer, however, prefers his coat, and does not feel properly dressed in anything else.

Going back to Walter Hagen and the care he takes in selecting his shoes, I can appreciate thoroughly his reasons, for there is nothing more trying than to have one's feet hurt. While Hagen finds it important in golf, I think it is even more important in tennis.



Just a year ago I discovered what makes blisters when playing tennis. I was playing in shoes too long for me. They allowed my foot to slip forward and back. This worried me considerably when I thought of the four months' tour I was about to take, playing Suzanne Lenglen in forty consecutive matches. If I acquired blisters in the same ratio per match as I had in the past, I should have to play on crutches against her. Sometimes I think I should have been just as well off.

At any rate, I did not have a single blister on the entire trip, due to the fact that I purchased shoes half a size shorter than I had been wearing. A close fit to the end of my foot, and a good, comfortable width, was the solution.

I also got another good tip from Suzanne. That was to select the lightest-weight shoe possible, with a smooth rubber sole for play on hard surface, such as wood or canvas or cement; for the crepe rubber grips the hard surface too firmly and retards movement. There is virtually no chance of slipping on the hard court; but the reverse is true of the grass surface, and the crepe-rubber sole comes into its own for play on the turf.

SELECTING a light-weight shoe is very important; for I can remember when I played in heavy buckskin shoes that I tired very quickly. The sneaker of light canvas is the best shoe for tennis.

Suzanne wears a very light-weight pad on the inside of her tennis shoes, made of wool. In this manner she avoids the necessity of wearing wool stockings.

I like to wear silk-and-lisle stockings, with a short light wool sock over them that just reaches the ankle.

Spikes! I never shall forget my first match played in spiked tennis shoes. It was my first national tennis tournament, also my first tournament on a grass surface. I was told I should have short spikes on the soles of my shoes.

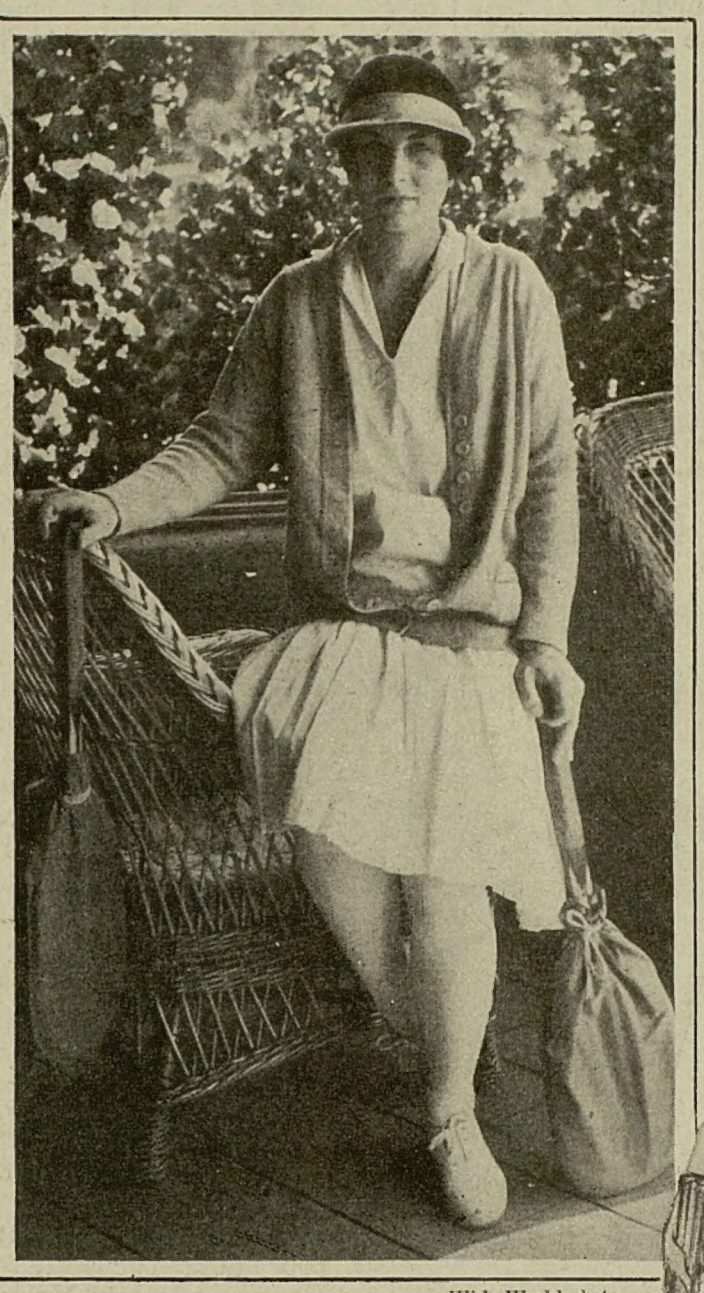
I could not buy any such shoes ready made other than the ordinary black track shoes. Preferring white, I had some made specially, and they did not arrive until the second day after the national was in progress.

I knew they would be quite different to play in from the ordinary shoes, and I wanted to become a little accustomed to them, for I had a very important match that afternoon. So very early in the morning I put on my spikes, and ran for about a mile on the golf course.

But straight running is very different from the starting, stopping, and quick steps on the tennis court. I had been used to sliding around the courts of California; but I found that on grass and with spikes I had to lift my feet.

It was terrible. I had a terrific match with Miss Adelaide Browning (now Mrs. Green of Ardsley, New York), the hardest match of my first national. The match was three sets, the deciding one eleven-nine. At nine all, in the last set, I decided to discard my spikes; and, though I could not keep my footing in the other shoes, I found I could "fall and pick myself up" faster than I could move in the spikes.

I honestly believe that the number of falls I took in the next two games upset my opponent, so that I won the games and the match before she could recover from the shock.



Wide World photo

The eye-shade worn by Helen Wills on the courts has become almost as famous as her championship game.

With more practice I learned to use spikes, and found that I was faster and more sure-footed than without them. But after this time the tournament committees decided that the use of spikes was ruining the turf and they were voted out.

We all had to learn to navigate the best we could in crepe-rubber soles—which are an improvement over smooth rubber, but even they will not help on some courts.

At Seabright, in 1925, Elizabeth Ryan played in her stocking feet, and defeated Helen Wills in this match. I took the cue from her, and played a match in my stocking feet at Easthampton, and won against Mrs. Mallory. It is a great help in keeping your footing on slippery courts, but plays havoc with the stockings.

Still, there is nothing so good as spikes on a very wet grass court, and I believe that this year will find the tournament committee more lenient with the players in this regard.

In golf, spikes predominate, and do little or no harm; for there is no quick stopping or starting as there is in tennis. Besides, there are miles and miles more turf in golf.

The fact is, it is very nearsighted for any golfer to start around in shoes other than the ones constructed for slippery turf. One never can tell when a storm may come up; and often it is necessary to play from a bog even on the driest days.

In the Woman's National Golf Tournament at St. Louis in 1925, Miss Ada MacKenzie, Canadian golf champion, virtually lost her match to Glenna Collett because Miss MacKenzie started her round in smooth rubber soles.

She was two up on Glenna going to the fourteenth hole. Suddenly, out of a clear sky, came a big black cloud that brought with it a deluge of rain. The match continued, and Miss MacKenzie was helpless. She could not keep her footing. She tried standing on a handkerchief and sprinkling sand on the tee, but nothing would avail. Someone arrived with her spiked shoes at the seventeenth hole, but it was then too late, for she had lost three holes in a row, and she finished one down to Glenna.

That match taught me a lesson. Weather conditions in the East and Middle West are too uncertain to take a chance. So go out with spikes or rough rubber soles, in your bag at least, if you do not care to wear them until the weather makes it necessary.

Knickers! Personally, I am dead set against them for women in either golf or tennis.

Doubtless they are very comfortable; but so are properly constructed dresses or sweater-and-skirt combinations. I have never seen a woman in knickers that I thought looked attractive, except those worn for winter sports. For hiking, yes.

I remember some years ago a woman golfer from Washington asking me if I approved of knickers for golf or tennis, and I said, "No."

She replied, "But they are so comfortable!"

I said, "Doubtless I would find a bathing-suit very comfortable for tennis, but I should not think of appearing in one at Forest Hills or at Wimbledon."

Knickers simply are not attractive on any woman, and therefore I think we need not worry about them as a menace.

Women's costumes are being reduced to a minimum in weight and very short skirts.

On my tour with Suzanne I succeeded in reducing my clothing to a minimum, guided by her example, and I have never been so comfortable in all my nearly twenty years of playing tennis.

I wore the lightest-weight canvas smooth-soled tennis shoes, silk stockings, and light-weight wool socks to the ankle; two pieces of underwear; and a sleeveless one-piece wash silk dress. Suzanne beat me by two pieces, for she did not wear the socks. She thought they made the ankles look thick.

I used to wear a flannel skirt, a long-sleeved shirt waist, a sweater, a hat, a tie, woolen stockings, and heavy buckskin shoes with heels! What I wore underneath is better left unmentioned—it was entirely too much.

I could not believe I ever played in such ridiculous clothes if I had not the pictures for evidence—and a fairly good memory.

I am glad that the styles have changed; that we are wearing less and less; that we are adopting the straight lines of the tailored costume. The only danger lies in aping men too much in our dress. However, I believe it is usually the affected mannish mannerisms, rather than the dress, that jolt the public's and our own sensibilities.

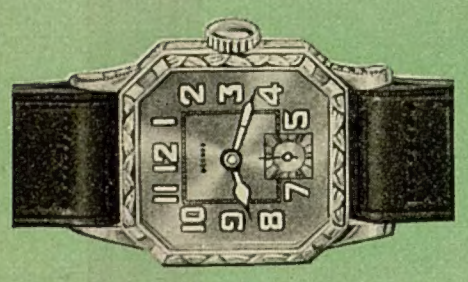
THE END

BENRUS

THE STRAP WATCH OF SPORTSMEN

The Watch of

"RED" GRANGE
JOHNNY WEISMULLER
HUGH FULLERTON
BENNY FRIEDMAN
LOREN MURCHISON
TY COBB



BENRUS FORREST—$28.50

BENRUS OLYMPIAN—$37.50

BENRUS PRINCETON—$45.00

BUILT FOR AN AGE OF

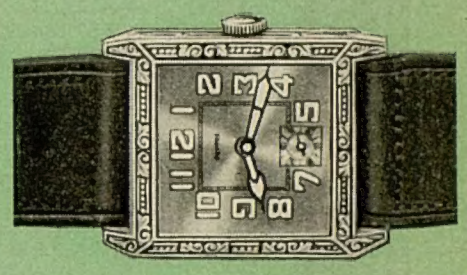
Action!

Great sportsmen were the first to discover Benrus dependability. Men like Walter Johnson, Gene Sarazen, Earl Sande — men who give a watch the hardest kind of service! ¶ But *every* man seems to want a dependable strap watch! Beauty, accuracy, convenience, *dependability* — you, too, want these Benrus qualities! ¶ Take this page to your jeweler—show him the Benrus *you* want to buy. He has many other handsome Benrus strap watches—and exquisite Benrus watches for women — "The wrist watches of Fashion".

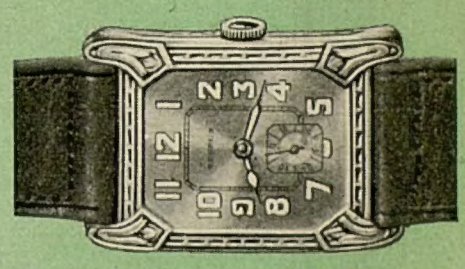
BENRUS WATCH COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Worn by

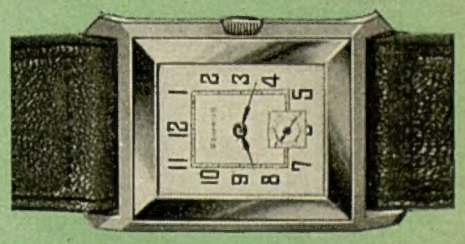
Captain
ROALD AMUNDSEN
Commodore
HERBERT HARTLEY
PRINCE WILLIAM
of Sweden



BENRUS BROOKLINE—$35.00



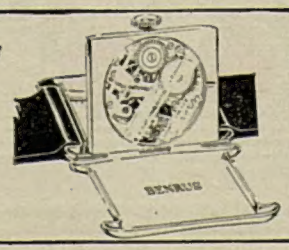
BENRUS COMMODORE—$45.00



BENRUS CROMWELL—$110.00

COMPLETELY DUSTPROOF

The Benrus 3-piece case protects the movement thoroughly. Around the stem is a special guard which strengthens and seals this vital point.



A BENRUS IMPROVEMENT

Over the *back* of the movement is an extra, unbreakable crystal. This inner cover keeps out damaging dust — protects Benrus dependability.

Toasting brings out the hidden flavor of the world's finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

Your Throat Protection